

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

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VOL. V.

CONTENTS.

The Lion's Head.		
ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF PIERRE DE RONSARD.		
Early French Poets.....	501	
<i>Song</i>	516	
Sketch of the City of Naples.....	517	
<i>Lovely Woman, a Scottish Song</i>	524	
<i>The Princess of Moonland, an owre</i> <i>true Tale. Cum notis variorum ..</i>	525	
<i>Life, Death, and Eternity</i>	531	
A COMPLAINT OF THE DECAY OF BEGGARS IN THE METROPOLIS.		
By ELIA	532	
Catullus, with New Translations :		
<i>The Dedication</i>	537	
<i>Consecration of his Pinnace</i>	538	
<i>Peninsula of Sirmio</i>	538	
<i>Hymn on a Festival of Diana</i> ..	539	
Leisure Hours, No. VIII.		
THE DEATH OF THE LAIRD OF WARLSWORM.		
Tales of Lyddalcross, No. VI... 539		
Janus Weathercock's Reasons against writing an Account of the EXHIBITION.....	549	
<i>Song. By John Clare</i>	556	
POLYHYMNIA; by Mr. MONTGOMERY		557
LIFE OF WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.		
Lives of the Poets, No. VIII...		559
SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF PATRICK HENRY, the Orator of Virginia...		564
A VOICE FROM ST. HELENA		572
The Russian Tragedy.....		577
THE DRAMA.		
The Law of Java, &c.		580
Report of Music		583
Necrological Table for the Year 1821.		588
Abstract of Foreign and Domestic Occurrences		594
—		
Monthly Register.		
Agricultural Report.		95
Horticultural Report		96
Commercial Report.....		97
Works preparing for Publication and lately published		101--103
Bankruptcies and Sequestrations		103, 104
Births, Marriages, and Deaths.		105, 106
Ecclesiastical Preferments		106
Meteorological Journal, for April....		107
Observations on the Weather, for April		108
Markets, Stocks, &c.		109-112

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LONDON MAGAZINE

THE LONDON MAGAZINE

The London Magazine is a quarterly publication, containing a variety of original and selected articles, including history, biography, literature, and general information. It is published by Taylor and Francis, and is one of the most respected and influential magazines of its kind. The magazine is known for its high quality of writing and its wide range of subjects. It is a valuable resource for anyone interested in the history and culture of the United Kingdom and the world.

PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND FRANCIS.

[Signature]

THE LION'S HEAD.

ELIA assures his pleasant Remembrancer * * * * *, that he has not lost sight of the topic he recommends so warmly. He has only put it off for a Number or two.

S. G. is requested to undertake the duty which he would impose on us. If he has Atlantean shoulders, it may not be too heavy for him ; and, should he equal the spirit of his present private Communication in the exercise of his talent as a public functionary, our pages are freely at his service.

Our Lancashire friend shall be gratified next month, if possible ; and *Quando* shall have no occasion to repeat his inquiry.

G. Y. is certainly in error as to the rule of the Ancient Concert. If he will only turn to the very last bill (May 15), he will there find compositions of Webbe's, which is a proof of his mistake. A good defence might be made of the expression to which he objects, although much that he advances is true. The writer has attended the Concert some years, though not regularly.

The Ode to America may as well be published in the Country to which it is dedicated. Mathews, the actor, is about to "trip" there, as the bills inform us, and he would perhaps find a corner in his trunk for two feet of poetry.

We are happy to find that we are still on good terms with Beta ; and that we may continue to deserve the favour with which he regards us, we must decline his "Broken Heart."

SONNET TO THE BAT.

Twilight's dull herald, who dost flitting come
 From some lone cloister'd nook, by foul imp driven,
 Where thou long time with Famine's pinch hast striven !
 Flitting along through the deep darkening gloom,
 Pleased with unsightly shapes and shadows dim ;
 Pleased with lone churchyard scenes, and paths forbidden ;
 Unsocial Bird ! thou comest forth like him
 Who seeks where Avarice' hoarded pelf is hidden.
 The Moon is up ; but oh ! shines not for thee :
 Say for thy thanks are those harsh shriekings given ?
 Behold yon scene of rare felicity,
 Lovers enjoying Courtship's earliest Heaven !
 'Tis for their sake fair Luna breaks the gloom,
 For thee she conjures up the shadows of the tomb.

There, Mr. ———, we have inserted one of your Sonnets (the other is too bad), in return for your kindly unbosoming yourself to our Lion's Head. To reply to the various particulars of your Letter, *adeo sunt multa*, is more than our patience or our place permits.

O'Keefe is alive, somewhere at Chichester : E. P.'s Elegy therefore may be had at the publishers', if the Author will either call or send. His Sonnet to Miss Tree is forwarded to her by the twopenny post.

The Essay on Agricultural Distress would only increase it.

The Sonnet by Φ (O fie !) is warm with other fires than those of poesy.

The Captive is ready to be restored ; other favours, viz. The Fountain, H. L., Berkshire Ballad, Sonnet to the Moon, Essay on Happiness, Stanzas to Mary, On the Essence of Wit, and Imitation of Gray's Novelty, are disposed of according to their deserts.

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London Magazine.

N^o XXX.

JUNE, 1822.

VOL. V.

The Early French Poets.

PIERRE DE RONSARD.

THERE is no poet I am acquainted with, ancient or modern, who has impressed his own character so minutely and strongly on his writings as Ronsard. His loyalty to his sovereigns, accompanied by the most perfect frankness; the openness of his heart, equally disposed to form friendships, and constant in preserving them; his generosity and placability; his great learning, that unhappily served, for the most part, only to make him ridiculous; the high value he set on his noble birth,* which, as he said, enabled him to imitate Pindar, when Horace had failed in the attempt on account of his wanting that advantage; his gallantry, made up of pedantry and passion; his hearty love of the country in its natural and unembellished state; his zeal for the poetic art, to which every thing else was subordinate;—all these, like so many quarterings in a coat of armour, are on his pages blazoned at full and in their proper colours. From the account which his affectionate friend Claude Binet has given of his life, corrected by such notices as he has left of himself, I have extracted some of the principal incidents, and shall place them here as the best introduction to the remarks which I have to make on his writings.

Pierre de Ronsard descended from a noble family, was born on Saturday the eleventh of September, 1524, the year in which Francis I. was made prisoner in the battle of Pavia.† The first of his ancestors who came into France, was the younger son of an opulent and powerful nobleman settled on the banks of the Danube. This man, incited by a spirit of enterprise, left his home with a band of companions, who, like himself, were younger brothers; and entering into the service of Philip of Valois, then at war with the English, satisfied the French king so well, that he was rewarded with an ample estate on the banks of the Loire, where he and his posterity continued to reside. The father of our poet was thought a fit person to accompany Henry, the son of Francis I. when he was sent as a hostage for his father into Spain; and to be entrusted with the management of the young prince's household. Pierre, who was the sixth son, having been brought up till he was nine years old at the Chateau de la Poissoniere, his native place, in the lower Vendomois, was then sent to the Royal College of Navarre at Paris; but not bearing the restraint laid on him by his preceptors, he was brought by his father to Avignon, and placed in the

* Odes, B. I. O. xi. Epode iv.

† See his twentieth Elegy, addressed to Remy Belleau.

service of Francis, eldest son of the French king. That prince dying soon after, Ronsard was transferred to the train of his brother Charles, Duke of Orleans, by whom he was again passed over to the retinue of James V. king of Scotland, who had come to marry Madelaine, daughter of the French king. By James he was taken to Scotland, where he passed two years and a half. He then spent six months in England, where he learnt our language; and afterwards returned to his former master the Duke of Orleans, who now retained him as his page. Being master of the accomplishments usual at his age, he was despatched on some affairs to Flanders and Zealand, whence he was charged to proceed on a mission to Scotland. On his second visit to that country, he narrowly escaped shipwreck. He returned at the early age of sixteen. Henry, who was afterwards king, then placed him in the suite of Lazare de Baïf, who at that time was ambassador to the Diet at Spire. On this journey he acquired the German language. His next service to his country led him to Piedmont, with the Capitaine de Langey. But these exertions were disproportioned to his time of life, and occasioned a fever, with a defluxion on the brain, that in the end deprived him of his hearing. This misfortune, however, served only to determine him to the pursuit of those studies to which he had not hitherto had time to apply himself. His love of letters is said to have been awakened by one of his brother pages, who had always a Virgil in his hand, and who used to explain to him passages in that poet. In the Preface to the *Franciade*, he says, that his master at school had taught him Virgil; and that having learnt him by heart from his infancy, he could not forget him. To the Latin poet he now added Jean le Maire de Belges, the *Romant de la Rose*, and the works of Clement Marot. By Dorat, who was the preceptor of young Baïf, Ronsard was encouraged to the study of Greek, in which he made such a proficiency, as to translate the *Prometheus* of Æschylus; at the same time asking his master, why he had so long kept such treasures concealed from him? His next attempt was a

version of the *Plutus* of Aristophanes, part of which still remains. It was represented on the French theatre; and from such a beginning, we can, in some measure, account for the excellence at which the French have since arrived in this species of composition. He was next desirous of trying his strength with Pindar, whose manner he was so studious of imitating, that he drew on himself the sarcasms of his contemporaries. So far did he carry his admiration of every thing that had the most remote connection with his favourite poets of Greece, that he is said to have been influenced in the choice of a mistress to celebrate in his verses, by the accidental circumstance of her bearing the name of Cassandra, the daughter of Priam. But in the Epistle to Remy Belleau, he leaves it doubtful whether this was the real or fictitious name of a young lady, of whom he became enamoured when he was following the court at Blois.

His idolatry for the antients was not such as to make him neglect the means which his own country afforded him for enriching its vernacular tongue. He is said, like Burke, to have visited the shops of artisans, and to have made himself acquainted with all sorts of handicrafts, in order that he might learn the different terms which were employed in them, and derive illustrations whereby to diversify and ornament his diction. In his *Abregé de l'Art Poétique*, and in the Preface to the *Franciade*, he himself recommends this practice; and at the same time advises the poet to appropriate the most significant words that he can collect from the different dialects of France.

About 1549, on his return from Poitiers to Paris, he chanced to fall in with Joachim du Bellay; and joining together on the journey, the fellow-travellers were so much pleased with one another, that they determined to reside under the same roof. In this party, Jan Antoine de Baïf made a third. It did not, however, continue uninterrupted by jealousy. Ronsard accused Bellay of wishing to forestal the favour of the public, by a collection of poems which he had closely copied from some of his own. He even instituted a suit, as Binet relates, for the

recovery of some papers, of which du Bellay had surreptitiously obtained possession for this purpose, and gained his cause. But so little resentment was harboured on either side, that they renewed the intimacy; and Ronsard encouraged his rival to the cultivation of the art to which he was himself so much attached, by means at once more honourable, and more likely to ensure success—namely, by trusting to the resources of his own mind. Another instance of his noble temper showed itself in his forgiveness of Mellin de Saint Gelais, who, after having disparaged the works of Ronsard, as he had reason to believe, in the presence of the King, afterwards sought his friendship; whereupon the injured poet not only altered a passage in one of his poems, in which he had expressed his sense of this malignity, but honoured him with those praises to which he thought the merit of Saint Gelais entitled him.* In answer to the charges brought against him of obscurity and unconnectedness, he haughtily declared his indifference to the taste of the vulgar; and compared his enemies at the court to dogs that bite at the stone which they cannot digest.

Mais que ferai-je à ce vulgaire,
A qui jamais je n'ay sceu plaire,
Ny ne plais, ny plaire ne veux ?

L. v. O. ii.

At the end of ten years he quitted his Cassandra, thinking, perhaps, that having stood as long a siege as Troy without yielding, there was no further chance of winning her affections. A young damsel of Anjou, named Mary, was the next object of his poetical courtship. To her he altered his style, and condescended to speak his passion in plainer terms.

Margaret, Duchess of Savoy, is said to have changed the opinion of the French King with respect to the merit of Ronsard, and to have done

it so effectually, that the monarch afterwards thought himself honoured by possessing so great a genius in his dominions; and gave proofs that he did so, by the honours and pensions which he conferred on him, though not in such measure as to satisfy the expectations of Ronsard. The sage Michel de l'Hôpital, Chancellor to this lady, as he afterwards was of France, also undertook his defence; and wrote a Latin poem in his praise. In return, Ronsard addressed a long and laboured ode (the tenth of the first book) to l'Hôpital. The Cardinal de Chatillon, Charles Cardinal of Lorraine, and other great men of the day, now enlisted themselves in the number of his patrons and friends; and the Presidents of the Jeux Floraux, not thinking the customary prize of the eglantine sufficient for his deserts, sent him a figure of Minerva in silver, which he presented to the King.

At the death of Henry II. and during the religious dissensions which followed at the succession of Francis II. Ronsard, in his defence of the established form of worship, exposed himself to some rough treatment from the Reformers. Amongst other things, they accused him of heathenism, for having assisted at the sacrifice of a he-goat; an affair that turned out to be a frolic, in which he and some of his literary companions engaged, in consequence of a tragedy by Jodelle being represented before the King. However he might think himself bound to support the ancient religion of his country, that he was no bigot I am disposed to believe from the following lines in an Ode to one of his friends:—

Ne romps ton tranquille repos
Pour Papaux ny pour Huguenots,
Ni amy d'eux, ni adversaire,
Croyant que Dieu Pere tres-dous
(Qui n'est partial comme nous)
Scait ce qui nous est necessaire.

L. v. O. xxviii.

Break not thy peace, nor care a jot
For Papist or for Huguenot,
Nor counting either friends or foes,
Thy trust in God alone repose,
Who, not like us with partial care,
Bids all a Father's blessing share.

* In the Odes, L. iv. O. xxi. it appears that Mellin had disavowed the calumnies which it was reported that he had uttered in the presence of the King against Ronsard; and that their friendship was restored.

When the short reign of Francis II. was terminated by the death of that King, his brother, Charles IX. did not suffer Ronsard to quit him, by which the poet was much gratified. Amongst other subjects, to which Charles directed his pen, were such vices in his people as he should think deserving of his satire, at the same time, desiring him not to spare what he found worthy of reprehension in himself. Ronsard was hardy enough to take him at his word, and so fortunate as to escape the fate which befel the monitor of the Archbishop of Grenada. The King in his turn kept the bard in good order, declaring that poets were to be used like good steeds, to have sufficient food allowed them, but not to be pampered. The courtiers availed themselves of the fertility of his Muse; and borrowed his pen for the celebration of their mistresses. The Queen Mother, Catherine de' Medici, directed him to make choice of one of the ladies of the chamber, whose name was Helené de Surgeres, descended of a Spanish family, to receive the homage of his own person, and bade him address her in the pure and refined style of Petrarch, as most suitable to his age and gravity. Between the discipline thus imposed on him by his royal master and mistress, it is likely that the poet must have felt himself under some constraint. He continued, however, to warble many a sonnet in his cage; and as a reward of his submission and docility, was presented with the Abbey of Bellozane, and some priories. At the succession of Henry III. to whom he used the same freedom as he had done to his predecessor, he complained that he was no longer caressed, as he had been by Charles. He found some consolation in the attentions of the two rival queens, Elizabeth of England, and Mary Stewart,—the former of whom compared him to a valuable diamond of which she made him a present,—and the latter, from her prison, sent him in 1583, two years before his death, a casket containing two thousand crowns, together with a vase representing Parnassus and Pegasus, and inscribed—

A Ronsard l'Apollon de la Source des Muses.

"To Ronsard, Apollo of the Muses'
Fountain."

During the latter part of his life

he was much afflicted with the gout. The Sieur Galland, chief of the Academy of Boncourt, was the friend in whose society he now found most comfort, calling him his "second soul." To him, on the twenty-second of October before his death, he wrote:—"Qu'il étoit devenu fort foible et maigre depuis quinze jours, qu'il craignit que les feuilles d'Automne ne le vissent tomber avec elles; que la volonté de Dieu soit faite, et qu'aussi bien parmi tant de douleurs nerveux, ne se pouvant soutenir, il n'étoit plus qu'un inutile fardeau sur la terre, le priant au reste de l'aller trouver, estimant sa présence lui être un remède." "That for the last fortnight he had become very emaciated and feeble; that he feared the leaves of Autumn would see him fall with them; that his prayer, however, was God's will be done; and that moreover, not being able to support himself amid such nervous pangs as he endured, he was no longer any thing but a useless burden to the earth; for the rest, that he entreated him to come and see him, for that he thought his presence would be a cordial to him." Hoping for some ease from change of place and objects, he removed from one of his benefices to another. His piety was fervent and unremitting; and his repentance for the excesses of his earlier life, into which the court had led him, earnest and sincere. He manifested no uneasiness, except in a frequent desire, which accompanied him to the last, of dictating the verses that presented themselves to his mind. The last were two sonnets, in which he exhorted his spirit to confidence in his Saviour; and thus he expired on the twenty-seventh of December, 1585, with his hands joined in prayer.

According to his own directions, he was buried in the choir of the church of Saint Cosme en l'Isle, one of his priories, where he died.—Claude Binet caused, as he says, a little monument to be erected, on which the following epitaph was inscribed:—

Κόσμος ἄκοσμος ἦν, ὅτε κόσμος ὁ
Ρώνσαρδος

Κόσμον ἐκόσμησεν κόσμῳ ἑὼν ἐπίων.
Νῦν δὲ θανόντος ἔχει τύμβος Κοσμά
ἐνὶ ναῶ

Ὅτι αὖ τῆς φήμης μνήμα δὲ κόσμος
ὅλος.

This is such a string of puns as, if they were once slipped out of their Greek setting, it would be impossible to thread again.

His biographer observes, that Europe lost several of her most illustrious men about the same time: one of them was Antoine de Muret, whom Ronsard had reckoned among his friends, and who united with Remy Belleau in writing annotations on his poems.

The French poets, whom he esteemed as having begun to write well in that language, were Maurice Sceve, Hugues Salel, Antoine Herroet, Mellin de Saint Gelais, Jacques Pelletier, and Guillaume Autels. To them succeeded a set of writers who were in some measure, though older some of them than himself, influenced by his example, and who have been already mentioned as constituting, together with him, the French Pleiad. Others, whom he highly esteemed, were Estienne Pasquier; Olivier de Magny; Jean de la Peruse; Amadis Jamyn, whom he had educated as his page; Robert Garnier, a tragic writer; Florent Chrestien; Scevole de Sainte Marthe; Jean Passerat; Philippe Desportes; the Cardinal du Perron; and Bertaud. Among those learned foreigners who paid their tribute to the excellence of Ronsard, occur the distinguished names of Julius Cæsar Scaliger, Pietro Vettori, and Sperone Speroni.

His conversation is said to have been easy and pleasant. He was himself free, open, and simple; and associated willingly with none who were otherwise, being a declared enemy to every thing like affectation. In short, Claude Binet considered him in manners and appearance as the model of a true French gentleman.

His usual residence was at Saint Cosme, a delightful spot, (l'oeillet de la Touraine) the pink of Touraine, itself the garden of France; or at Bourgueil, where he went for the sake of sporting, in which he took much pleasure; and here he kept the dogs given him by Charles IX., a falcon, and a goshawk (un tiercelet d'autour). Another of his amusements was gardening, in which he had considerable skill. When at Paris, his favourite retirements were at Meudon, for the sake of the

woods and the Seine; or at Gentilly, Hercueil, Saint Cloud, and Vanves, for the sake of the rivulet of Bièvre and its fountains. He took delight also in the sister arts of painting, sculpture, and music, and was skilled enough in the latter to sing his own verses.

The poems that stand first in his collection are the *Amours de Cassandre*, consisting, besides a few other pieces, of two hundred and twenty-two sonnets, one only of which is in the Alexandrine, the rest are in the vers communs, or decasyllabick measure. In the Preface to the *Franciade* he says, that he had changed his mind as to the Alexandrine measure, which he no longer considered as the proper heroic. His reason is, that it savours too much of an extremely easy prose, and is too enervated and flagging; except it be for translations, in which it is useful, on account of its length, for expressing the sense of an author. He thought differently when he wrote his *Art Poétique*, as may be seen by referring to the chapter on versification.

Ronsard must sometimes have puzzled Cassandra, unless she was tolerably learned, and well read in Aristotle. Thus in Sonnet 68, he asks her—

O lumiere! enrichie
D'un feu divin, qui m'ard si vivement,
Pour me donner l'être et le mouvement,
Etes vous pas ma seul entelechie?

"O light! in whom I see
The fire divine, that burns me to bestow
Whate'er of being or of life I know,
Say art not thou my sole entelechy?"

In the 104th, he reminds her of the violation of her person by Ajax, the son of Oileus.

His attempt to mould the French language to the purposes of poetry did not succeed. When, in imitation of Petrarch, he says—

Le seul Avril, de son jeune printemps
Endore, emperle, enfrange notre temps.
Son. 121.

Vedi quant' arte 'ndora e'mperla e'nostra
L'abito eletto.

the French being the language of Europe, will not easily endure such innovations as these, which tend to make it less generally intelligible.

The fifty-second sonnet is no unfavourable specimen of his Platonic manner:—

Avant qu'Amour du Chaos ocieux
 Ouvrit le sein qui couvoit la lumiere,
 Avec la terre, avec l'onde premiere,
 Sans art, sans forme estoient brouillees les cieus.
 Tel mon esprit de rien industrieux,
 Dedans mon corps, lorde et grosse matiere,
 Erroit sans forme et sans figure entiere,
 Quand l'arc d'Amour le perca par tes yeux.
 Amour rendit ma nature parfaite,
 Pure par lui mon essence s'est faite,
 Il m'en donna la vie et le pouvoir.
 Il echauffa tout mon sang de sa flame,
 Et m'emportant de son vol, fit mouvoir
 Avecques lui mes pensées et mon ame.

Or ever Love drew forth the slumbering light,
 That in the bosom of old Chaos lay,
 Earth, sea, and sky, without his primal ray,
 Were in blank ruin sunk and formless night :
 So, whelm'd in sloth, erewhile, my heavy spright
 Did in a dull and senseless body stray,
 Scarce life enough to stir the lumpish clay,
 Till from thine eyes Love's arrow pierc'd my sight.
 Then was I quicken'd ; and, by Love inform'd,
 My being to a new perfection came :
 His influence my blood and spirits warm'd ;
 And, as I mounted this low world above,
 Following in thought and soul his sacred flame,
 Love was my being, and my essence Love.

The fifty-ninth is an imitation of Bembo. There is more elasticity and freedom in the copy than in the original.

Comme un chevreüil, quand le printemps detruit Du froid hyver la poignante gelée, Pour mieux brouter la fucille emmiellée, Hors de son bois avec l'aube s'enfuit : E seul, e seur, loin de chiens et de bruit, Or sur un mont, or dans une vallée, Or près d'une onde à l'escart recelée, Libre s'egaye où son pied le conduit : De rets ne d'arcs sa liberté n'a crainte ; Sinon alors que sa vie est atteinte D'un trait sanglant, que le tient en lan- geur.	Si come suol, poi che'l verno aspro e rio, Parte e da loco alle stagion migliori, Uscir col giorno la cervetta fuori Del suo dolce boschetto almo natio : Ed or su per un colle, or-lungo un rio Lontana dalle case e dai pastori, Gir sicura pascendo erbetta e fiori Ovunque più la porta il suo desio : Ne teme di saetta o d'altro inganno, Se non quand' ella è colta in mezzo il fianco Da buon arcier che di nascosto scocchi. Cosi senza temer futuro affanno Moss' io, Donna, quel dì che bei vostri occhi M'impigar lasso tutto 'l lato manco.
Ainsi j'allois sans espoir de dommage, Le jour qu'un oeil sur l'Avril de mon age Tira d'un coup mille traits en mon coeur.	

As when fresh spring apparels wood and plain,
 Forth from his native lair, a tender fawn
 Issues alone and careless, if the dawn
 Gin the grey east with flecker'd crimson stain ;
 And all unheeding of the hunter's train,
 Wherever through his roving fancy drawn,
 By lake or river, hill or flowery lawn,
 Sports with light foot, and feeds and sports again ;
 Nor aught he fears from meshes or from bow,
 Till to his liver a fleet arrow sped
 Has pierced, and panting on the earth he lies :—
 In my life's April thus wont I to go,
 Of harm unfearing, where my fancy led,
 Ere the dart reach'd me from her radiant eyes.

The hundred and sixty-second, to Baïf, proves his high esteem for that writer, whom we have seen so much disparaged.

Pendant, Baïf, que tu frapes au but
 De la vertu, qui n'a point de seconde,
 Et qu'a longs traits tu t'enyvres de l'onde,
 Que l'Ascrean entre les Muses but;
 Ici banni, ou le mont de Sabut
 Charge de vins son epaule seconde,
 Pensif, je voy la fuite vagabonde
 Du Loir qui traîne en la mer son tribut.
 Ores un antre, ores un bois sauvage,
 Ores me plait le secret d'un rivage,
 Pour essayer de tromper mon ennui;
 Mais je ne puis, quoique seul je me tiennne,
 Faire qu'Amour m'accompagnant ne vienne
 Parler a moi, et moi toujours a lui.

The conclusion of this is from Petrarch:—

Ma pur si aspre vie e si selvagge
 Cercar non sò, ch'Amor non venga sempre
 Ragionando con meco, ed io con lui;

where the variety in the metre gives the Italian poet a striking advantage over Ronsard.

Baïf, who, second in our age to none,
 Dost with free step to Virtue's summit mount,
 While thou allay'st thine ardour at the fount
 Of Ascrea, where the Muses met their son;
 An exile I, where sloping to the sun
 Rich Sabut lifts his grape-empurpled mount,
 Am fain to waste mine hours, and pensive count
 Loire's wand'ring waves as ocean-ward they run.
 And oft, to shun my cares, the haunt I change;
 Now linger in some nook the stream beside,
 Now seek a wild wood, now a cavern dim.
 But all avails not: whereso'er I range,
 Love still attends, and ever at my side
 Conversing with me walks, and I with him.

There is more nature and passion
 in the two hundred and fourteenth
 sonnet, which begins—

Quand je te voy, discourant à par toy,
 than I have observed in any of the
 others.

The Second Book of his Amours,

which contains, besides other short
 poems, eighty sonnets, is devoted to
 the praises of his Marie, the last
 thirteen being written after her
 death. It is confessedly in a more
 familiar style than the First Book;
 yet is filled with images drawn from
 the heathen mythology.

J'aime la fleur de Mars, j'aime la belle rose,
 L'une qui est sacrée a Venus la deesse,
 L'autre qui a le nom de ma belle Maistresse,
 Pour qui troublé d'esprit en paix je ne repose.
 J'aime trois oiselets, l'un qui sa plume arrose
 De la pluye de May, et vers le ciel se dresse:
 L'autre qui veuf au bois lamente sa destresse:
 L'autre qui pour son fils mille versets compose.
 J'aime un pin de Bourgueil, où Venus appendit
 Ma jeune liberté, quand pris elle rendit
 Mon cœur, que doucement un bel oeil emprisonne.
 J'aime un beau laurier de Phebus l'arbrisseau,
 Dont ma belle Maistresse, en pliant un rameau
 Lié de ses cheveux, me fit une couronne.

Le Second Livre des Amours. Son. 28.

Two flowers I love, the March-flower and the rose,
 The lovely rose that is to Venus dear,
 The March-flower that of her the name doth bear,
 Who will not leave my spirit in repose:

Three birds I love ; one, moist with May-dew, goes
 To dry his feathers in the sun-shine clear ;
 One for his mate laments throughout the year,
 And for his child the other wails his woes :
 And Bourgueil's pine I love, where Venus hung,
 For a proud trophy on the darksome bough,
 Ne'er since releas'd, my youthful liberty :
 And Phœbus' tree love I, the laurel tree,
 Of whose fair leaves my mistress, when I sung,
 Bound with her locks a garland for my brow.

In one of his odes (Book v. O. xi.) he again expresses his preference for these two flowers, the rose, and the violet, which he calls the flower of March, and supposes to bear the name of his Marie. That the lark was his favourite bird, appears from a passage in his *Gayetez* :—

Alouette,
 Ma doucelette mignolette,
 Qui plus qu'un rossignol me plais
 Qui chante en un bocage epais.

After a few sonnets and madrigals on another lady, whom he calls *Astree*, and of whom we are not told whether she was of the Queen Mother's choosing or his own, we proceed to his two books of sonnets on *Helene*. These are a hundred and forty-two in number. He begins with swearing to her by her brothers *Castor* and *Pollux* ; by the vine that enlaced the elm ; by the meadows and woods, then sprouting into verdure (it was the first day of May) ; by the young Spring, eldest son of Nature ; by the crystal that rolled along the streams ; and by the nightingale, the miracle of birds,—that she should be his last venture.

Ce premier jour de May, Helene je vous
 jure
 Par Castor, par Pollux, vos deux freres
 jumeaux,
 Par la vigne enlassée à l'entour des or-
 meaux,
 Par les prez, par les bois herissez de ver-
 dure,
 Par le nouveau printemps fils aîné de na-
 ture,
 Par le crystal qui roule au giron des
 ruisseaux,
 Et par le rossignol miracle des oiseaux.
 Que seule vous serez ma dernière avan-
 ture. Son. 1.

Whether she was so or not, does not, I think, appear ; but it was full time, for he was about fifty years old. There is, however, another short book, entitled *Amours Diverses* ; and besides this, a large gleanings of sonnets and odes, many of them on the same subject, which he did not think worth gathering ; but which his editors were careful enough to pick up and store along with the rest. Amongst these are some which for more reasons than one I cannot recommend to the notice of my reader. We will pass them, and go on to his odes.

These may be divided into two classes ; some, in which he has imitated the ancients ; and others, that are the offspring of his own feelings and fancy. In the former, unhappily the larger number, *Anacreon*, *Pindar*, *Callimachus*, *Horace*, are all laid under contribution by turns, and that with no sparing hand. It was in his ability to transfuse the spirit of the old Theban into Gallic song, or as he called it, to *Pindarise*, that he most prided himself, and it was here that he most egregiously failed.

Si dès mon enfance
 Le premier en France
 J'ai Pindarisé,
 De telle entreprise
 Heureusement prise
 Je me voy prisé.

Nothing can well be more unlike the poet, whom he boasts to have introduced into his own language,* than this tripping measure. As for the music of *Pindar*, indeed, that was out of the question. It was not in the power of the French, nor perhaps of any other language, to

* At the beginning of the next century, there was a translation of all *Pindar* into French, partly in prose and partly in verse. It is not mentioned by *Heyne* when he is recounting the versions that have been made of that writer ; nor have I seen any notice of it elsewhere. I will add the title of the book, and a specimen of it, taken from the beginning, which will be enough to satisfy any reader's curiosity :—*Le Pindare Thebain*.

return even a faint echo of it. But those who are acquainted with that poet, know that another of his distinctions consists, not only in the hardness of his metaphors, but in the no less light than firm touch with which he handles them. One instance will be enough to show how ill Ronsard has represented this characteristic of his model. Pindar, speaking of a man who had not, through neglect or forgetfulness, his task to do when it ought to have been already done, says, that "he did not come, bringing with him Excuse, the daughter of Afterthought;" or literally, "of the late-minded Epimetheus."

"Ὅς οὐ τὰν Ἐπιμαθείος
Ἄγων ὀψινόου θυγατέρα Πρό-
-φασιν Βαττιδᾶν
Ἀφίκετο δόμους. Pyth. V. 38.

How has Ronsard contrived to spoil this in his application of it to the Constable Montmorency!

Qui seul mettoit en evidence
Les saints tresors de sa prudence,
Ne s'est jamais accompagné
Du sot enfant d'Epimethée,
Mais de celui de Promethée,
Par longues ruses enseigné.

L. i. O. i. Strophe 6.

Another of Pindar's excellences are those *γνώμαι*, sentences, or maxims, the effect of which results not more from their appositeness than their compression. One of these is, that "Envy is better than pity," *κρίσσω*

γὰρ οἰκτιρμοῦ φθόρος, which Ronsard has left indeed no longer one of the dark sayings of the wise, but has made almost ludicrous by the light in which he has placed it:—

C'est grand mal d'être miserable,
Mais c'est grand bien d'être envié.

L. i. O. x. Strophe 22.

Sometimes on Pindar's stock he engrafts a conceit, than which no fruit can be more alien to the parent tree. Thus, of a passage in the Second Pythian, v. 125 to 130, in which the Theban appears to intimate, as he does elsewhere more plainly, that he expects a reward for his song; Ronsard avails himself to tell his patron, that he shall see how liberally his praises will sound, if "a present gilds the chord,"

Prince je t'envoie cette ode,
Trafiquant mes vers à la mode
Que le marchand baille son bien,
Troque pour troq': toy qui es riche,
Toy Roy des biens, ne soit point chiche
De changer ton present au mien.
Ne te lasse point de donner,
Et tu verras comme j'accorde
L'honneur que je promets sonner,
Quand un present dore ma corde.

L. i. O. i. Antis. 8.

This is truly anti-pindaric.

Of that other class of odes, which appear more like the overflowings of his own mind, and which have a better chance of pleasing the English reader at least, I would point out the following:—in the first book, the

Traduction meslée de vers et de prose. Par le Sieur Lagausie. 1626. 8vo. Paris. Chez Jean Laquehay.

OL. 1.

La force de chasque element
Paroit par leurs effects contraires,
Mais le moindre de l'eau surmonte absolument
Tous ceux de ses trois freres.
Parmy les differens metaux
Des thresors d'un superbe avare
L'esclat de l'or fait trouver faux
L'esclat des autres le plus rare,
Brillant contre eux comme un flambeau qui luit
Dans les tenebres de la nuict,
Si tant est que mon coeur se pique
De soin de descrire un combat
Dont tous les Grecs vont voir l'esbat,
Il faut parler de l'Olympique.
D'autant que comme on voit que l'astre du soleil
Allumant un beau jour a perruque expandue
Esclaire la vaste estendue
De l'air sans avoir son pareil.

Je ne scaurois non plus trouver un tournay comparable à l'Olympique, &c.

seventeenth ; in the second, the eleventh, to his preceptor Jean Dorat, and the eighteenth to his lacquey ; in the third, the eighth to the Fountain Bellerie, the twenty-first to Gaspar D'Auvergne, and the two following it ; in the fourth book, ode the fourth, on the choice of his burial-place, together with the eighteenth and nineteenth, which I subjoin with a translation ; and in the fifth and last book, odes eleven and seventeen.

Dieu vous gard, messagers fidelles
Du printemps, vistes arondelles,
Hupes, cocus, rossignolets,
Tourtres, et vous oiseaux sauvages,
Qui de cent sortes de ramages
Animez les bois verdelets.

Dieu vous gard, belles paquerettes,
Belles roses, belles fleurettes,
Et vous boutons jadis connus
Du sang d'Ajax et de Narcisse :
Et vous thym, anis, et melisse,
Vous soyez les bien revenus.

Dieu vous gard, troupe diaprée
De papillons, qui par la prée
Les douces herbes suçotez ;
Et vous nouvel essain d'abeilles,
Qui les fleurs jaunes et vermeilles
De votre bouche baisotez :

Cent mille fois je resaluë
Votre belle et douce venuë :
O que j'aime ceste saison,
Et ce doux caquet de rivages
Au prix des vents et des orages
Qui m'enfermoient en la maison.

L. iv. O. xviii.

God shield ye, heralds of the spring,
Ye faithful swallows fleet of wing,
Houps, cuckoos, nightingales,
Turtles, and every wilder bird,
That make your hundred chirpings heard
Through the green woods and dales.

God shield ye, Easter daisies all,
Fair roses, buds and blossoms small ;
And ye, whom erst the gore
Of Ajax and Narciss did print,
Ye wild thyme, anise, balm, and mint,
I welcome ye once more.

God shield ye, bright embroider'd train
Of butterflies, that, on the plain,
Of each sweet herblet sip ;
And ye new swarm of bees that go
Where the pink flowers and yellow grow,
To kiss them with your lip.

A hundred thousand times I call—
A hearty welcome on ye all :
This season how I love !
This merry din on every shore,
For winds and storms, whose sullen roar
Forbade my steps to rove.

L. iv. O. xix.

Bel aubespın florissant,
Verdissant
Le long de ce beau rivage,
Tu es vestu jusqu'au bas
Des longs bras
D'une lambrunche sauvage.
Deux camps de rouges fourmis
Se sont mis
En garnison sous ta souche :
Dans les pertuis de ton tronc
Tout du long
Les avettes ont leur couche.
Le chantre rossignolet
Nouvelet
Courtisant sa bien aimée,

Pour ses amours allegier
Vient loger
Tous les ans en ta ramée.
Sur ta cime il fait son ny
Tout uny
De mousse et de fine soye,
Ou ses petits esclorront
Qui seront
De mes mains la douce proye.
Or vy, gentil aubespın,
Vy sans fin,
Vy sans que jamais tonnerre,
Ou la coignée, ou les vents,
Ou les temps
Te puissent ruer par terre.

Fair hawthorn flowering,
 With green shade bowering
 Along this lovely shore ;
 To thy foot around
 With his long arms wound
 A wild vine has mantled thee o'er.

In armies twain,
 Red ants have ta'en
 Their fortress beneath thy stock :
 And, in clefts of thy trunk,
 Tiny bees have sunk
 A cell where their honey they lock.

In merry spring-tide,
 When to wooe his bride
 The nightingale comes again,
 Thy boughs among,
 He warbles the song
 That lightens a lover's pain.

'Mid thy topmost leaves,
 His nest he weaves
 Of moss and the satin fine,
 Where his callow brood
 Shall chirp at their food,
 Secure from each hand but mine.

Gentle hawthorn, thrive,
 And for ever alive
 Mayst thou blossom as now in thy prime ;
 By the wind unbroke,
 And the thunderstroke,
 Unspoil'd by the axe or time.

In several of his odes there are passages of extraordinary splendour. What can exceed in magnificence this description of Jupiter coming in the form of a swan to Leda ?

L'or sous la plume reluit
 D'une semblable lumiere
 Que le clair oeil de la nuit
 Dessus la neige premiere :
 Il fend le chemin des cieux
 D'un long branle de ses ailes,
 Et d'un voguer spatieux
 Tire ses rames nouvelles.

L. iii. O. xx. *Premiere Pause.*

His plumes beneath are glittering bright
 With such a golden glow,
 As when the broad eye of the night
 Is on the earliest snow.
 He shaketh once his out-spread wing,
 And cleaves the sky amain,
 And at one stroke his new oars fling
 The billowy air in twain.

One of his odes concludes with a wish, to the completion of which I would willingly contribute. After invoking the other heathen deities, he adds—

— Vous dryades et vous fées
 Qui de jones simplement coiffées
 Nagez par le crystal des eaux,
 Fendant des fleuves les entorses,
 Et qui naissez sous les escorces,
 Ames vertes des arbrisseaux ;

Ornez ce livre de lierre,
 Et bien loin au ciel, de la terre
 S'il vous plait enlevez ma vois :
 Et faites que tousiours ma lyre
 D'âge en âge s'entende bruire
 Du More jusques a l'Anglois.

L. iv. O. xv.

Ye dryads and ye fays that bind
Your brows with simple reed entwined ;
Who down the crystal rivers swim,
Turning the bends with lithsome limb ;
And ye, that in the green bark dwell,
Meek sisters of the quiet dell ;

With ivy deck this favour'd page ;
And let my lyre from age to age
Still echo on, in strains that rise
Above this mean earth to the skies,
Till at the world's extremest bounds,
The Moor and Briton learn the sounds.

The seventeenth ode of the same book is prettily rendered from the well-known idyllium, whether it be Moschus's or Bion's, which begins—

"Εσπερε, τὰς ἐρατὰς χρύσειον φάος
Ἀφρογενείας.

Ronsard's version of it much excels that by Claudio Tolommei, inserted by Mr. Mathias in his *Selections from the Lyrical Poets of Italy*, V. iii. p. 227. There have been several attempts to imitate it in our own language. I will not now add another to the number.

The third ode of the fifth book is addressed to three English ladies, who had composed a book of Christian Distichs in Latin ; which it is said, in a note by Richelet, had been translated into Greek, Italian, and French, and inscribed to Margaret, sister to Henry II. ; as Michel de L'Hôpital had remarked in his Third Epistle.

The eleventh and twelfth odes are attempts at the Sapphic measure. One, and I believe one only, is in blank verse. It is the eleventh in the third book.

It is wonderful how much learning and pains his commentators have thrown away on these poems. Nothing can more prove the high esteem in which they were then held.

His *Franciade* succeeds next. The death of his patron Charles IX. discouraged him from continuing it, and he has left only four books, which, like most of his other writings, are composed of shreds of the Greek and Latin poets, but with some splendid patches of his own interspersed among them.

At the end of the fourth book, he has very candidly added this confession :—

Les Francois qui mes vers liront,
S'ils ne sont et Grecs et Romains,
En lieu de ce livre ils n'auront
Qu'un pesant faix entre les mains.

"The Frenchmen, who shall read my verses, if they be not Greeks and Romans too, instead of this book will have but a cumbersome weight in their hands."

The hero Francus was the same person with Astyanax, and is said to have derived his new name from the Greek compound epithet Pheréenchos, Porte-lance.

All this affectation of antiquity is not very consistent with the anger expressed in his Preface against those, who, neglecting their vernacular tongues, composed in the Greek and Latin. "Encore vaudoit-il mieux, comme un bon bourgeois ou citoyen, rechercher et faire un lexicon des viels mots d'Artus, Lancelot, et Gauvain, ou commenter le Romant de la Rose, que s'amuser à je ne sçai quelle grammaire Latine qui a passé son temps." "It would be better, like some good burgess or citizen, to search for and make a lexicon of old words from Arthur, Lancelot, or Gawen, or to write notes on the Romant of the Rose, than to amuse oneself with I know not what Latin grammar, that is now completely out of date."

There is nothing in the *Franciade* with which I have been so much pleased as with the meeting between Francus and Hyante. It is copied from Apollonius Rhodius and Valerius Flaccus, but surpasses both.

Ils sont long temps sans deviser ensemble
Tous deux muets l'un devant l'autre assis :
Ainsi qu'on voit, quand l'air est bien rassis,
Deux pins plantez aux deux bords du rivage,

Ne remuer ny cime ny fucillage,

Cois et sans bruit en attendant le vent :
 Mais quand il souffle et les pousse en avant,
 L'un pres de l'autre en ourmurant se jet-
 tent
 Cime sur cime, et ensemble caquettent.
 Ainsi devoient babiller à leur tour
 Ces deux Amans. L. iv.

Between Charles IX. and Ronsard there passed some pleasant verses. The monarch bantered him on his old age, but concluded by owning his own inferiority in the gifts of mind.

Par ainsi je conclu, qu'en sçavoir tu me
 passe,
 D'autant que mon printemps tes cheveux
 gris efface.

The poet replied, by reminding him, that he must some day be like himself.

Charles tel que je suis vous serez quelque
 jour,—

that youth is the season of danger and temptation, and that old age has many advantages over it; that the King was wrong to call him old, for that he should yet be able to serve his Majesty at least twenty years

longer. He ended by a courteous avowal, that if Charles would but take a little pains, he might be as good a poet as himself.

To the succeeding monarch, Henry III. he was not sparing of good advice.

Vous ne venez en France à passer une mer
 Qui soit tranquille et calme et bonasse a
 ramer.

Elle est du haut en bas de factions enflée,
 Et de religions diversement soufflée;
 Elle a le cœur mutin, toutes fois il ne faut
 D'un baton violent corriger son défaut.

Il faut avec le temps en son sens la re-
 duire :

D'un chatiment forcé le mechant devient
 pire.

Il faut un bon timon pour se sçavoir
 guider,

Bien calfeutrer sa nef, sa voile bien guinder :
 La certaine boussole est d'adoucir les tailles,
 Estre amateur de paix, et non pas de ba-
 tailles,

Avoir un bon conseil, sa justice ordonner,
 Payer ses creanciers, jamais ne maçonner,
 Etre sobre en habits, etre prince accointable,
 Et n'ouïr ni flateurs ni menteurs à la table.

*Le Bocage Royal, p. 691.**

Think not in France, thy voyage, King, shall be
 O'er the smooth face of an unruffled sea:
 O'er her swoln waves the blasts of faction sweep,
 And warring zealots lash the angry deep.
 Her heart is stubborn. But thou must not goad
 Her rage, or think to tame her by the rod.
 Time's lenient hand her senses will restore:
 Chastise the furious, and they storm the more.

Be these thy cards and compass—to make light
 The people's burdens, and to rule by right;
 For the state's welfare all thy plans to frame,
 War thine aversion, peace thy love and aim;
 To chuse for council men most sage and skill'd;
 To pay thy creditors, nor ever build;
 Grave in apparel, faithful to thy word;
 Nor suffer, though a free and courteous lord,
 One sycophant or lyar at thy board.

He earnestly exhorted Charles IX. to deliver the Greeks from the tyranny of their Turkish masters:—

Bref cette Grece, oeil du monde habitable,
 Qui n'eut jamais ny aura de semblable,
 Demande, hélas ! votre bras tres-Chrestien
 Pour de son col desserrer le lien,
 Lien barbare, impitoyable, et rude.

Ibid. p. 713.

Grecia, the world's fair light, that on this earth
 Ne'er had, nor e'er will have, her like in worth,
 Demands thine arm of Christian Majesty,
 To set her neck from this base bondage free.

* This reference is to Claude Binet's folio edition; but I did not make a memorandum of the year.

In his verses to Queen Elizabeth he describes England; and having said that Bacchus alone of the Gods had denied it his gifts, he passes an encomium on its native liquor, which would lead one to conclude that the

bard had enjoyed his cup of mild ale in this country, as much as he did the bottle of wine that was brought to him from the nearest village, under a hawthorn tree, in his own.

Mais quelque jour Cérés la vagabonde
Ayant tourné les quatres parts du monde,
Cherchant sa fille a travers des humains,
Tenant deux pins allumez en ses mains,
Doit arriver lassée a ton rivage,
Qui pour du vin te doit faire un breuvage
Non corrosif ni violent ni fort,
Trouble-cerveau ministre de la mort,
Mais innocent a la province Angloise,
Et de Cérés sera nommée cervoise,
Qui se pourra si gracieux trouver,
Que tes voisins s'en voudront abreuver.

Ibid. p. 716.

When Ceres o'er the world's four parts had stray'd,
Seeking in every clime the ravish'd maid;
She, while her hands two piny torch-lights bore,
Came faint and weary to thy distant shore.
A beverage then instead of wine she gave
In golden plenty o'er thy fields to wave;
Not violent or strong; nor apt to fire
The troubled brain, and deathful deeds inspire.
Named from herself, as the fair harvest grew,
She call'd its smiling produce mild cwrw.*
The neighbours quaff the novel cups with glee,
And social share the harmless jollity.

In his verses to Catherine de' Medici, he tells her that Nature after making her had broken the mould.

Elle en rompit le moule, à fin que sans
pareille
Tu fusses ici-bas du monde la merveille.

Ibid. p. 731.

The Bocage Royal is followed by the Eclogues. At the beginning of

the first he commends the beauty of nature unadorned and wild, beyond all the embellishments of art.

Car tousiours la nature est meilleure que
l'art.

Among the other sovereigns of Europe, he eulogizes Elizabeth and Mary.

Passant d'autre coté j'allois voir les Anglois,
Region opposée au rivage Gaulois :
Je vy leur grande mer en vagues fluctueuse ;
Je vy leur belle Royne honneste et vertueuse :
Autour de son palais je vy ces grands milords,
Accorts, beaux et courtois, magnanimes et forts,
Je les vy tous aimer la France leur voisine,
Je les vy reverer Carlin et Catherine ;
Ayant juré la paix, et jetté bien-avant
La querelle ancienne aux vagues et au vent.
Je vy des Escossois la Royne sage et belle,
Qui de corps et d'esprits ressemble une immortelle :
J'approchay de ses yeux, mais bien de deux soleils,
Deux soleils de beauté, qui n'ont point leurs pareils :
Je les vy larmoyer d'une claire rosée,
Je vy d'un clair crystal sa paupiere arrosée,
Se souvenant de France, et du sceptre laissé,
Et de son premier feu comme un songe passé.
Quiairoit en la mer ces deux Roynes, fameuses
En beauté, traverser les vagues escumeuses,
Certes on les diroit a bien les regarder,
Deux Venus qui voudroient en Cythere aborder.

Eclogue Premiere, p. 797.

* The British name for ale, pronounced cooroo.

Next pass'd I to the British nation o'er,
 A land right opposite to Gallia's shore.
 I saw the wild waves of their ocean-flood ;
 I saw their chaste Queen, beautiful and good.
 Her palace with great lords was throng'd about,
 Fair, courteous, wise, magnanimous, and stout.
 I saw them cordially to France inclined ;
 Our ancient feuds deliver'd to the wind ;
 For they had vow'd—henceforth, with heart sincere,
 To love her people, and her kings revere.
 I saw the Scottish Queen, so fair and wise,
 She seem'd some power descended from the skies.
 Near to her eyes I drew : two burning spheres
 They were, two suns of beauty, without peers.
 I saw them dimm'd with dewy moisture clear,
 And trembling on their lids a crystal tear ;
 Remembering France, her sceptre, and the day
 When her first love pass'd like a dream away.

Whoe'er should mark the two Queens in their pride
 Of beauty, traversing the foamy tide,—
 Would surely say, in wonder lost the while,
 Two Venuses approach their favourite isle.

In the third Eclogue we have the chief poets of his day, under the names of shepherds. Bellot is Bellay ; and Perrot, Ronsard himself ; Janot is Jean Dorat ; Micheau, Michel de l'Hôpital ; Lancelot, Lancelot Carles, a great poet, says the annotator Marcassus ; and Bellin, Belleau.

In the fourth Eclogue, some of these appear again. In the fifth, we have the two royal brothers, Charles IX. and Henry III. as shepherds, with the names of Carlin and Xandrin.

In the second of the Elegies, Ronsard warns his friend Philippe Desportes against harassing his mind with too much study.

After the Elegies come two books of Hymns. Towards the end of the third, in the first book, he has made bad work of the story of the Gemini and Idas, which is so beautifully told in Pindar. The seventh, entitled *Daimons*, is a curious collection of the superstitions that prevailed in his time respecting spirits. Book ii. Hymn ii. he runs a strange parallel between Hercules and Jesus Christ. Hymn xiii. of the Husbandmen to Saint Blaise, is exceedingly pretty.

The first book of Poems which is next in order, is inscribed to Mary Stewart, whose captivity he deplores, and blames the cruelty of Elizabeth. In the second poem to her (p. 1174), he represents her leaving Fontainebleau to return to Scotland. In describing the colour

of her eyes, which he calls "*un peu brunet*," he says—

Aussi les Grecs en amour les premiers
 Ont à Pallas Déesse des guerriers
 Donné l'oeil verd, et le brun à Cythere.

There is a great deal of heart in these verses to the unhappy Queen of the Scots. Saying, that she sometimes chuses some of his own poems for her reading, he adds—

Car je ne veux en ce monde choisir
 Plus grand honneur que vous donner plaisir.

"I would not chuse in this world a greater honour than to give you pleasure."

And towards the conclusion of this Envoy, as it is called—

Elle courtoise, O livre glorieux,
 Te recevant d'un visage joyeux,
 Et te tendant le main de bonne sorte,
 Te demandra comme Ronsard se porte,
 Que c'est qu'il fait, ce qu'il dit, ce qu'il est :
 Tu lui diras, qu'icy tout luy desplait, &c.
 P. 1176.

"She, courteous as she is, O glorious book, receiving thee with joyful face, and stretching out her hand to thee kindly, will ask thee how Ronsard is, what he is doing, what he is saying, what his present state is : thou shalt say to her, that there is nothing here which gives him pleasure," &c.

We cannot leave Ronsard more honourably employed, than in thus endeavouring to alleviate the sufferings of an oppressed, and perhaps an innocent woman.

A SONG.

Is this the generation of love?—let thy song be love :
 this love will undo us all. *Troilus and Cressida.*

1.

In thine April eyes
 The watery pearls are set ;
 For Love?—Oh ! sigh no more
 Beautiful Amoret.

2.

For Love?—so cruel-kind
 That never will he flee,
 So long as he can nurse
 In the soul jealousy ;

3.

Self-scorn, that comes and goes ;
 Doubt, which ever flies ;
 Pale Hope, and radiant tears,
 Sad yet pleasant sighs :—

4.

For Love?—so cruel-kind
 That seldom will he stay,
 While he can leave behind
 Remorse and heart-decay.

5.

If he cometh not,
 The simple joys will rain
 Unharming mirth on us :—
 But desires vain,

6.

And hot trancing pleasures
 And entangled dreams,
 Which the day discovers
 Like all idle themes,

7.

Fill his path, and fling—
 As the morn-bright Hours
 In Aurora's path
 Flung the rose-leaf flowers.

8.

They were fresh and fair ;
 But his *upas* leaves
 Shed a sweet despair,
 Till the wrung heart heaves

9.

With unmingled pain,
 Doubt that never flies,
 And desires vain :—
 So the lover dies.

B.

SKETCH OF THE CITY OF NAPLES.

Naples 22d Dec. 1821.

IN our last,* we took leave of you at the moment of our casting anchor in the Bay of Naples. The scene which was presented to us on deck, though not new, was of that character with which the mind can never become familiar; dim, varied, and solemn. Across the Bay we saw the flames of Vesuvius, flashing up in glaring brightness, or sinking down into their crater, like a mighty conflagration on the point of being extinguished, while the long black slope of the mountain was fringed half way down with fire; at hand were the many vessels heaving to and fro; the lamps seen among them here and there, shed an indistinct illumination on dark masses of collected hulks, on an endless labyrinth of ropes, or on the figure of a solitary sailor leaning over a ship's side in southern listlessness. A thousand lights twinkled through the casements of the city, and the hum of crowds just murmured in our ears, and mixed with the hasty dash of waters beating against the vessels, or with the dipping of distant oars. At brief intervals we heard the rattle of wheels passing over a bridge near which we were anchored, and we could distinguish the passing forms, and hear the loud voices of stragglers who were wandering near the Sanita.

On the following morning, about ten o'clock, a *Cavaliere* came off in a boat. The passengers and crew were summoned to the side of the vessel; the *Cavaliere*, addressing himself to the captain, made the usual inquiries. "From what port do you come?" "Leghorn." "What is your lading?" "Cheese and rice." "Nothing else?" "Nothing." "How many passengers have you on board?" "Five." "What is your crew?" "Nine." "You have changed no one of your company since you received the bills of health at Leghorn?" "No one." "You have had no communication with any vessel, nor touched any shore since leaving Leghorn?" "No, none." "You will

swear to all this?" "Yes." "Are all on board in health?" "Yes; but a boy on board has a bad foot." "He must be examined." The boy was brought nearer to the inquisitors, and showed his wound to a surgeon in the boat, who declared it to be of no consequence. "When shall we take pratique, Sir?" "In six or seven days." "Six or seven days, *Madonna*, how so?" Here our captain entered on a preconceived chapter of lies, with great spirit. A squadron of small vessels, under the convoy of a Neapolitan brig of war, that had sailed from Leghorn the day before us, and had arrived one day previously, had not been condemned to any quarantine. Don Giuseppe very wisely wished to take advantage of this circumstance; he declared we were in the squadron, but had been separated from it just round the Capo Miseno, in consequence of having broken our yard, and of having been obliged to lie to several hours; he pointed to the yard which had been mended as evidence, and pledged his honour and his saint, and even offered to swear to the truth of what he said. All this, however, was of no use; the *Cavaliere* was obstinate, and the lies were thrown away. The great man turned to depart. "But *Eccellenza*," cried the captain, in a plaintive voice, "six or seven days!" "You must petition the board of health," said the *Cavaliere*, as he rowed off. It was clear that the great man in the boat saw through our great man's lies, but the exception was foolish enough, or rather the privilege enjoyed by the squadron was absurd, since being convoyed by a Neapolitan brig could not insure the health of a number of vessels united in haste at Leghorn from different parts of the Mediterranean.

Quarantine laws are very necessary in such a port as Naples, and they should be jealously observed; but the regulations here are ill adapted to attain their end, and very little respected, except in times of

* Vide Sketches on the Road, page 60 of the present Volume.

alarm.* A nominal quarantine is imposed on all merchant vessels in every season, and from whatever foreign port they may come; the time fixed by the law for vessels coming direct from England is fourteen days, which, however, are always diminished to ten or eleven. The vessels, except in very particular cases, are admitted into the midst of a crowded harbour, and are only to be distinguished by yellow flags. A considerable annual sum is thus drawn from traders, and a great number of *impiegati* (a part of the exuberant population) are supported, who live upon the abuse and violation of the law.† The captain of almost every country ship carries on a little snug smuggling, and the guards appointed by the health office, and stationed in boats to prevent any communication between different vessels, and with the shore, are very generally employed by the captains, while they lie in quarantine, to convey commodities away in contraband. These fellows at deep midnight receive any thing into their boats, and carry it, or have it carried, into the city without difficulty; their prices are regular, and they are said to act honestly enough towards their employers. This sort of "honour among thieves" is said not to be infrequent here; but we are much inclined to doubt its extent and force, as we can see no reason why one rogue should not cheat another, whenever opportunity and interest invite.

About noon a boat came off to us,

containing the captain's family, consisting of his mother, his wife and children, and an old priest; we were astonished to see the coldness of this meeting; there were no welcomings home, no kind salutations or inquiries, no joys expressed on either part at seeing each other again after three months' absence; there was no tenderness, no love: almost the first questions from the boat were, What have you brought us from Genoa?—What did you buy at Leghorn?—Have you got any rosolio? And presently a conversation ensued, in which the probable gains of the voyage were calculated and discussed at length.

The captain's eldest son, a boy about fourteen, had already assumed the greasy three-corner hat, the broad shoe-buckle, and the loose frock of a priest—he appeared the most impudent and vulgar of the party. It is from classes such as these that the poorer, and now the most numerous orders of priests and monks are drawn. The vulgar Neapolitans consider a connexion with the priesthood as conferring a sort of nobility on their families, for which reason they generally use all their endeavours to get one of their sons into the church. The individual selected receives a little education, and a cowl or a cocked hat; becomes idle and mendicant for the rest of his life; and furnished with some hypocrisy, a little Latin, and a good deal of snuff, has nothing more to do but to pray and beg, and get fat. The mother and

* In consequence of the ravages of the yellow fever in Spain, and of its appearance at Marseilles, several regulations have been lately made, and a law promulgated, denouncing sentence of death against such as shall be detected in violating them.

† These laws are frequently oppressive and unreasonable. It was our fortune in the month of July, 1816, to take a passage on board a country vessel for Gallipoli, the journey by land being rendered perilous by the Vardarelli Banditti; after a wretched voyage of fourteen days we reached our destination, and were condemned to twenty-eight days' quarantine, because, forsooth, an epidemic disease *had been* raging in Noja, a town in the middle of the kingdom, around which a *cordon* had been drawn for several months. There was no Lazzaretto, and we passed the time in a deserted church, on a rock outside of the town. When, after our painful imprisonment, we were set at liberty, besides paying a ducat per day for two guards who were placed over us, the Cavalieri, or deputati di Saluta, made a demand of forty ducats for their fees! Be it known, at the same time, that these were there considered as honorary employments, and were filled by the patricians of Gallipoli.

We entered the port late at night; a boat glided out presently from under the walls, and three ruffians came out, and leaped on board our vessel to see if the captain had any thing to smuggle. The next morning the captain made a present of a roll of American tobacco to one of the deputati di Saluta, who took it home on his person! and we passed twenty-eight days in quarantine.

wife wore blue silk jackets, covered with tawdry gold lace; their big sun-burnt hands were loaded with rings, and ear-rings of extravagant forms and dimensions hung half way down their necks. The whole of the family, like its worthy head, Don Giuseppe, were very unfavourable specimens of their caste.

We passed four days in our uncomfortable confinement, during which we envied the felicity of every ragged fellow we saw running at liberty on the wide *terra firma*; at length, however, the morning arrived on which the Cavaliere again came along side; we were all again ranged before him, and after a few matter of form questions put to the captain, we were informed that our bonds were removed, and that we might go on shore. On landing, we were conducted to the health office hard by, thence we repaired to the Prefettura di Polizia, where we were detained an hour about our passports, and then left at liberty to go where we chose.

On quitting the health office, which building is better known under the name of L'Immacolata, we elbowed our way along a terrace open to the port to the well known Strada Molo, which is certainly one of the most singular streets in Europe, and here we felt ourselves once more in Naples. It would be impossible to give a description that should do justice to this spot; we know it well, and we are aware that no sketch from our pens could convey to the mind of the stranger any idea of its hurry and confusion, its noise, its lengthened farce and caricature, or rather not caricature but nature in a whimsical and antic dress; a few words, however, may recall to the memories of those who have visited this spot some of its half-forgotten scenes. The Strada Molo runs from the Largo del Castello down to the mole, being the grand passage to that primitive and national theatre; it is formed on one side by the Castello Nuovo, a large dark castle with a broad fosse; and, on the other side, by as incongruous a row of houses as one may desire to see. It is a broad street: in descending towards the sea, you have the high lantern of the mole, the ships, a little of the bay, and the mountain of Vesuvius in view; in

ascending towards Toledo, you see a green hill rising close behind the city, capped by the white and many-windowed monastery of San Martino, and the old frowning castle of Sant Elmo, (or more properly Sant Eremo;) either way the views are picturesque, and the place is altogether open and pleasant.

On one side of this street, under the castle, are ranged stalls of old clothes men, venders of old copper, jewellery, and watches "made to sell;" merchants who deal in every variety of rusty locks and keys, pistols without locks, knives without handles, pewter, copper, iron and wooden spoons, saucepans, gridirons, screws, nails, curiosities, and antiquities *made in the newest way*, and a vast variety of other wares. Formerly, almost every stall had an assortment of old stilettos, but now it is not permitted to sell them. On the other side, you get among much more dignified personages; here are the Cavar Mole (or tooth drawers) flourishing their enormous pin-cers, and displaying a large board, something like a Mexican's shield, covered with tusks of every shape and size, rent from the jaws of hapless Lazzaroni; just by is a still more important character,—a mountebank hoisted on a tottering table, flanked by a large open case of bottles, of various colours, each a specific for a thousand diseases, and a picture representing the marvellous cures he has performed,—and perhaps by another case containing trusses, bandages, and plasters for such as want or may want them. He is surrounded by a gaping crowd; his words flow from him "smooth, rapid, deep, and clear," one may see they cost him nothing; it is amazing how many dead, at least as good as dead, he has resuscitated by his art; it is incredible how many letters he has received from dukes and duchesses, and *celeberrimi professori*, inviting him to take up his residence in a palace, or in a university, and how he has refused them all—all; preferring to sell bottles and plasters in the Strada Molo, and to cure Lazzaroni, Marinari, and Calessieri, of incurable diseases, at ten or fifteen grains a head. He proudly displays his power over the brute creation, by twisting long live serpents round

his arms and neck, and also, "not to speak it profanely," by making the by-standers open their mouths and their pockets, and gaze at him in a stupor of credulity and astonishment.

A little farther on, just by the post-office, under the shade of a tattered boat-sail, sits a man of letters, with a pen in his hand, an inkhorn, an iron snuff-box, containing the true *erba santa*, and some white (that is to say, rather white) sheets of paper before him. We have frequently walked up to him, for to us scribblers there is always something inviting curiosity in these paraphernalia of Apollo; they are our own tools; they are to us what the helmet and feather and bright sword are to the hero. Here, too, we have at times played the eavesdropper, and have had occasion to smile at the variety of subjects which pass under this good man's pen, for he is one of a multitude who assist with their literary abilities those who have not happened to cultivate the art of writing. The manufacturers of fine sentences, who write on mahogany tables covered with green baize, would find it hard work to get through the *pêle-mêle* variety of knotty subjects which are here indited with the utmost composure. This poor fellow sits here, ill sheltered from wind and weather, and scribbles and gossips away from morning till night, and covers a whole sheet of paper for five grains. The versatility of his talent is kept in continual exercise; he now listens to a tight *donnetta*, and having dispatched her letter of tender, or reproaching, or despairing love, turns round to a haggard old woman who is overflowing with ire, and who bursts out into complaints of debts not paid, and menaces of a prison; when that is done, perhaps his ear is filled and his hand arrested by a *galantuomo* who makes excuses for debts he cannot pay, and promises to pay very soon; his facile pen next returns thanks for a bundle of *caccio-cavallo*,* or runs through a letter of compliments which is to accompany a basket of real *Maccaroni della Costa*, and then prepares to follow the

story which a sturdy *paesano* is ready to pour into his listening ear, that he has sold his master's pigs, and bought the calesso, and will return, without fail, on the second day after the festa di San Gennaro. All this is delivered in pure unorthographical Neapolitan; nor does the business always pass off currently; frequent doubts and difficulties are proposed to the scribe by the persons who employ him, and who are not quite satisfied that he has expressed their meaning with precision and force; this elicits various explanations on his side, when the common reply, "non dubitate," fails of its effect.

From these spectacled sages, we are called away by the sounds of cracked trumpets, and crazy long drums, interrupted at intervals by the shrill voice of Polcinello, inviting passers by, with jokes two hundred years old, just to step into his Teatrino (about as large and as clean as a blacksmith's shop) and to see all its wonders at the very reasonable price of three grains; near this is a strapping wench in trowsers and a short red jacket, sawing across a squeaking fiddle with a long bow (of the same odd shape as those which Luca Giordano and Solimeno put in the hands of their fiddling angels), and a little hump-backed gentleman blowing a clarionet; pictures divided into squares are suspended behind; in one compartment there is a fair lady lifting up a donkey by her hair, and in another, a troop of dapper horses and horsemen passing between her legs. A few doors off is a show of Marionettes, where the invitations are equally clamorous; and, next to that, is an iron bedstead maker, who, if possible, makes still more noise. Opposite is a famous *lollypop* maker, dabbing, beating, and screwing out the glutinous mass, to the no small temptation of a crowd of children, and Lazzarani and Lazzarone, who are children also in their affection for sweets, as in most other particulars. Here too there is generally an old woman singing, accompanied by an old man playing the fiddle; the subject of the songs, and of the grotesque paintings on a large board

* Caccio-cavallo is a dry salt cheese, made of goat or sheep's milk. The best maccaroni is made on the shores of the Bay of Naples, at the Torre dell' Annunziata, near Pompeii, at the most celebrated manufactories.

just by, are the miracles of some Madonna, some one among thousands; * the music, the poetry, and the pictures are very odd, but very well adapted to each other, and to the people to whom they are directed. Here and there you see various curious groupings; as, for instance, in one place a celebrated operator, surrounded by four or five fellows, from whose jackets or coats he is cleaning the grease and other impurities by means of a marvellous composition which is contained in little phials;—venders of maccaroni, polpetti, stufato, &c., some of whom possess a shop in a cellar, but the greater part display their kitchen in the street, and cook over their charcoal fires the precious morsels of life: they ladle out their maccaroni, and their customers seize and dispatch it in a moment; they make no account of the modern luxuries of plates and spoons, or knives and forks; they catch up a handful, lift the long slippery strings up in the air, open their capacious mouths, and adroitly introducing them, let them slide down their throats; and when all is over, with a deep sigh, partly from satisfaction, and partly from regret that the good things are so soon gone, they walk off, looking round as they go, with an air of superiority, upon the poor rogues standing by who have not four grains to do the like, and then each with a grain or two that is still left him, directs his steps to a cantina just at hand, where two or three share a carafa of wine between them, of course, without the use of glasses; and if they are particularly expert, their method is to reverse the bottle in the air, and catch the red stream in their mouths as it descends; this they do almost without spilling a drop, and by some means, instantly stop the current when they have drunk their share.

By the doors of these cantini, one hears at nearly all hours vehement cries of *quattro, nove! cinque! sette!* &c. these proceed from Lazzaroni playing at La Morra, a primi-

tively simple game, but which still is not without its flats and its sharps, its adroit and its maladroit. It is thus performed: two players close their hands, raise them above their heads, and bringing them rapidly down again, open as many of their fingers as they think fit; each guesses at the aggregate number, and both cry out at the same moment, and while their hands are descending. Twelve, sixteen, or twenty is game; the one who guesses right gains a point, of which he keeps account by opening a finger of his left hand, which is always held up in the air. The principal beauty and advantage of the game is, that continual disputes arise between the players about the numbers they have cried, which are frequently difficult to decide, as they both hawl out together and form one voice; or whether one or the other has not opened or closed a finger or so after the numbers were called. These trifling differences of opinion are referred to the by-standers, who sometimes decide according to their partialities, sometimes according to justice, but not infrequently fall by the ears among themselves upon the point in dispute; so that it is very common to see the game end in a general squabble, in which case, faces and arms are clawed and bit, shins kicked, large stones caught up, and spittle and bad words distributed *con brio*. When the fracas is at its height, some little dirty police officer interposes his authority, the disturbance ends, and in ten minutes after, the fierce combatants may be seen kissing one another, or walking along with the arm of one thrown over the other's neck, in all imaginable amity.

On each side of the street are large tables, covered with aquavite, terragli (a sort of biscuit), coarse sweetmeats, rosolio, &c. On each of these tables are placed one or two enormous horns, painted and gilt, as ornaments. The Neapolitans are "vastly fond of the horns;" besides being exhibited on these plebeian tables, they are very often stuck up in the

* The Madonnas are almost innumerable, there is a Madonna for every thing; La Madonna del Monte, La Madonna del Piano, La Madonna de' Setti Dolori, La Madonna del Pozzo, La Madonna del Carmello, La Madonna del divino Amore, La Madonna dell' Arco, La Madonna del Ponte, La Madonna della Colonna, La Madonna della Scala, La Madonna della Catena, della Vita, della Vittoria, &c. &c. &c.

halls, or even in the gallerie di compagnia of the nobility; they always grace the apothecaries' and barbers' shops; and, in short, there are few houses in Naples destitute of these elegant ornaments.

At short distances there are droll old barbers with a couple of chairs, and the apparatus which they employ in the exercise of their mystery, scraping rough black beards that would turn an edge of adamant: one sees, every now and then, a Lazzarone grinning fiercely through his suds; but as there is something *piquant* in this operation we must describe it. The patient pays a grain beforehand, takes off a coat or jacket, that is to say if he has one (those gentlemen not being always embarrassed with that encumbrance), which he hangs at the back of the chair, and then sits down; the operator ties a large rough cloth of a variety of tints, black, red, and yellow, round the neck of the sufferer, and puts a tin soap-bason, something like Mambrino's helmet, in his hands; then pouring a little water into it, makes a lather with his fingers, which he daubs over the chin, mouth, nose, and ears of the wight who wants to lose his beard; then grasping his razor, proceeds to the serious part of the work. The operation is enlivened by a variety of complaints and retorts. "Ah, managgio me fui male!", "Ma per San Gennaro hai n'a barba di ferro!" "Nè, chiano, chiano!" "Non dubitate, non dubitate niente."* At length the operation is completed, the patient gets up, slides his hand across his chin, and, delighted with its unusual smoothness, goes away chuckling, and resigns his seat to another.

These are the main groupes, but there are many others of less importance, as fellows roasting and boiling chesnuts over charcoal fires, vociferating as they toss the pan or stir the fruit, "O! che galanteria! O! che castagne, caudè, caudè!"†—and Acquajoli, some fixed and some ambulatory. These are persons whose trade it is to sell water made cold with snow; the vagrant tradesman goes

running about from place to place, carrying on his back a barrel of cold water, and in one hand having a bottle of sambuco, in the other a couple of glasses; when he meets a customer, he very actively throws his barrel on one of his knees and fills a glass. The more dignified members of this class have fixed situations; they are furnished with a high counter, whereon are displayed oranges and lemons, bottles, glasses, &c. of various sizes, large coarse lemon squeezers made of iron, and a few other instruments; four columns rise from the corners of the counter, which support a sort of roof, which is made very gay with flags and figures, and the whole of the apparatus is painted, and roughly and gaudily carved and gilded from top to bottom. Between the columns at each end, a barrel is hung upon swivels between columns; these vessels are ever and anon put in motion, in order to dissolve the snow which is in them, or to draw off the water for the thirsty applicants. The Acquajolo stands behind, raised on a little stool; his shirt-sleeves are tucked up to his shoulders, and he has a white cotton night-cap on his head. The price of this water, which is always cold and clear, is half a grain for a large glassfull with a little sambuco or lemon juice in it; but the cunning rogues always ask foreigners the insinuating question, "La volete per un grano?" by which means a double price is generally obtained. The Acquagelata is in Naples almost a necessary of life; the Sorbetti and Gelati may be considered as luxuries; great quantities are consumed in the coffee-houses by the middling and upper classes, and as the low Neapolitans like luxuries as well as their superiors, there is a considerable number of Sorbettari in the streets; they sell a coarse sort of Sorbetto, which is served out in little cups resembling gally-pots, at a grain each; they furnish no spoons, but as the Sorbetto is almost liquid, the purchasers easily gulp it down; the cups are then returned to the vender. Here also "Punch and Judy" exhibit their

* "Ah, d—n it you hurt me." "By Saint Januarius you have a beard of iron."
"Do not doubt—do not doubt any thing."

† *Caude, caude, or caldè, calde.* In the Neapolitan dialect the letter *l*, is very generally changed into *u* or *v*.

tricks; their theatre and personages are just the same as those which used to amuse us in London, nearly the only difference being in the language, which is true Neapolitan.

All this goes on every day, if the weather permits, with little variation, from eight in the morning till five, in the winter, and eight in summer; the grotesque crowd never fails, the broad humour scarcely ever flags; every show, every professor, every individual we have mentioned is encircled by an admiring group. The Molo is, perhaps, still more excellent in its kind; but the Molo is only frequented in the evening, and is never *brilliant* except on holidays; whereas the Strada Molo is always busy, and always the same. The middle of the street is generally occupied by carriages and carts, and by the Corriboli* and Calessi, which are whirled along with great rapidity by tough little horses, while the drivers, standing behind, crack their whips, joke as they pass their fellows, or show, by signs of their hands, how much they are cheating their customers of.

After making our way through this street we reach the Largo del Castello, a large piazza with a few young trees, and with a great deal of rubbish and filth in the midst: here the chief trade is the sale of old clothes, which are thrown over the wooden rails or spread out upon the ground: at this time there is a large booth on one side, where various scenes are represented by figures in wax, as large as life; the favourite performance at present is the miraculous adventure of San Gennaro in the amphitheatre of Pozzuoli, which is a burlesque imitation of the adventure of the prophet Daniel in the lion's den. In this square also are the two famous minor theatres, San Carlino and La Fenice, of which we shall speak at a future time. From the Largo several streets lead into the celebrated Strada Toledo, which is esteemed and boasted of by the Neapolitans as being the busiest and finest street in the world; and busy it certainly is, but much

might be said against its being the finest. It is three quarters of a mile long; and though it would not be considered wide in England, it certainly is wide for a continental street; it is paved with large flags of lava from Vesuvius, and after a day of heavy rain is tolerably clean. The first view is striking; the houses or palazzi, for here every house of more than two stories is called a palazzo, are very high,—four, five, six, or even seven stories, each of which is lofty; nearly all the windows open upon balconies, and nearly all the roofs are terraced. Not one of the buildings is fine in an architectural point of view; and the ground floor of every palace, whoever may be its inmates, is turned into shops and coffee-houses, very few of either of which are at all respectable. The street is filled at all hours with a most motley and incongruous crowd, and is ever echoing with a thousand discordant voices. You do not see here mountebanks, or Punch, or Polcinello; but Acquajoli are stationed at the corner of every street, and stalls of fruit, bread, fish, flowers, and perfumery, and the counters of money-changers, disfigure both sides of the way and almost the whole length of the boasted Toledo. In the evening the number of stalls is greatly increased, and at that season the street, seen from a little above the Largo della Carità, presents a very singular vista; there is a long succession of stall-lights, more frequent and brighter than the lamps of the street; some are placed on the ground, some a little higher, and some above-head suspended to the Acquajoli; a thick dark line of carriages is continually rushing up and down, and on either side there is a waving crowd also in quick motion.

Toledo is certainly a very singular street, perhaps the most remarkable one in Europe; the superior part of the crowds that frequent it are generally better dressed and more *all' Inglese* than the same class in any other city in Italy; the Signori take great

* The *Corriboli* are the Neapolitan hack gigs, which always ply in the streets. The *Calessi* are country gigs without springs; their shafts generally make an aspiring angle up in the air; sometimes a second horse is put to outside of the shafts; they are nearly always sadly loaded. We have frequently seen them with three on the seat, two on the shafts, two behind, and one poor devil in a net under the body of the vehicle.

pleasure in exhibiting themselves regularly in carriages, on horse-back, and on foot in Toledo: but the poor rogues are also very fond of Toledo, and generally contrive to come in for a very good share of it; the vulgar pursue their various avocations in this resort of the fashionable and the gay; cavalieri on horse-back are jostled by jackasses loaded with great panniers of dung; carriages grate against carri drawn by huge oxen, and filled with similar materials; and Signori and Lazzaroni hustle and elbow one another on foot. The crowd, which is always much the same, is spread over the whole street from side to side, and from end to end; coaches and corriboli dash on, their drivers shouting out "avantè;" the crowd gives way for a moment and then closes immediately. Strangers, unused to this street, in endeavouring to escape from horses and carriages, usually run to the sides, and get in among maccaroni and fish-stalls, egg-baskets, and money-changers, and find

themselves unawares at a dinner-party of dirty rogues, amidst all the odours of fish-broth, garlic, grease, and God knows what besides.

We are told, and we believe it, that Naples was very much improved in appearance during the residence of the French; those who knew Naples before the memorable epoch of ninety-nine, say it can hardly be recognised, it is so much more civilized; but Lazzaroni are still found in every corner, and particularly in every place which, from its locality, its grandeur, or its size, is likely to be the resort of the better classes. In the Largo before the royal palace there is a large supply of every species of vagabond, from the porter with his basket and red sash, to the beggar, half naked, and filthy, and diseased; in fact, several of the trades hold, as it were, a general house of call; and not only the mendicants, but the understrappers in the cause of nearly every vice, volunteer their services at the same spot.

LOVELY WOMAN.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

I've rock'd me on the quivering mast
Through seas all chafed and foam in;
I've braved the toiling of the storm
From dawning day till gloamin;
I've girdled round the good green earth,
In search of pleasure roamin—
And scorn'd the world to smile with thee,
Loved, loving, lovely woman.

2.

The farmer ploughs the pleasant land;
The merchant ploughs the ocean;
The soldiers' steeds gore-footed snort,
Through warfare's wild commotion;
And princes plot, and peasants moil,
From morn till dewy gloamin,
To win thee—heaven's divinest gift—
Sweet, wiling, witty woman.

3.

The savage in the desert drear
The lion's lair exploring;
The king who rules, the sage who charms,
The nations round adoring;
The bard, who 'neath the bright moon meets
The dew-hair'd muses roamin;—
All seek to win thee to their will
Wise, witty, lovely woman.

C.

THE PRINCESS OF MOONLAND,

"AN OWRE TRUE TALE." *

Cum notis variorum.

Letter the First.

TO CATHERINE PEAR. †

YOUR letter, Kitty, of the 13th ult,
Writ in a tender crowquill kind of hand,
Came duly by the post, and the result
Is this long letter—longer than the Strand.
And so you hint, Miss, that you understand
I have a marvellous story to relate,—
Well—you shall hear it all,—a fairy's wand
Could not call stranger things to light.—But
Kate!
Truth is alone my theme, in circum-
stance and date!

II.

One summer-day, in 1794, ‡
(Magazine day) the very first of June;
The *Gentleman's* was then in full church
flower,
Nor dead the *Universal*—gone too soon!
Dull periodicals were all in tune,
And Urban then ne'er mock'd the face of
Munden;
Each page was dark from morn to noon,
from noon
To dewy eve,—no naughty writer punn'd in
Reviews,—and not a leaf had budded of
the *London*!

III.

One summer evening, when the gallant sun
Was dancing on the Severn's silver tide,
And I had trod (my tale is now begun)
With angle-rod along the water side,—
Waving, and waving free, and far, and
wide, §
My *yellow palmer* 'mid the live fly throng,

To cheat the merry trout, the speckled bride
Of my delight—sudden, the reeds among—
I paused to hear a rich, and strange,
and lulling song!

IV.

I tarried at the river's shallow edge,
And wound my line in, and couch'd low to
hear
A soft dull voice over the hawthorn hedge,
Murmuring a magic ditty—wild and dear
The hushing music came upon my ear;
It floated, as the water at my feet,—
"That day I fish'd no more," ||—but, with
a fear,
Coil'd down upon the grass—and thrill'd to
meet
A voice so soft, and oh! so mystically
sweet!

V.

—It pass'd away!—nor could I chuse but
deem
It was a phantom voice—or voice just
breath'd
By some fair thing, the creature of a dream,
Some Ariel of the moment, flower-en-
wreath'd,
And with its music to the day bequeath'd,
In honour of the summer.—Thus I lay
With all harsh thoughts even as a weapon
sheath'd
Deep in my mind!—Lord! what a foolish
way
Boys have of drawing beauty; thinking
odes, like Gray.

* The authors of *The Bride of Lammermuir*, and *Some Passages in the Life of Adam Blair*, have called their tales "owre true;" and certainly the *sandy* or Scotch death of the hero in the first, and the Doddridge kind of seduction in the last, are, to our notions, *over* true. There is nothing more extravagant in the following poem than in those tales. We cannot resist pointing out the blending of the English, Scotch, and Latin languages in the title to this poem. We wish it had been written by an Irishman, to have made it complete in its varieties.

† *Catharine Pear*; a pretty girl and a friend of the author; supposed to have been some relation of Miss *Tree*. King Henry VIII. married a lady of the same name; but in those days they did not know how to spell it.

‡ The reader is requested to read "seventeen ninety-four," leaving out the "hundred" for the sake of the measure.

§ These lines are admirably descriptive of fly-fishing, though scarcely long enough. Fly-fishing, indeed, requires an *Alexandrine* of a line.

|| Dante has a similar passage. The author of this poem protests he did not borrow from the Italian:—but there is another mode of getting at the line.

VI.

Albeit, I made "a lady of my own,"
 (Like Wordsworth) and I crown'd her all
 with love,
 And set her on my heart as on a throne ;—
 A kind of coronation, far above
 That which adorn'd the Abbey's pillar'd
 grove
 And set men feeding in the costly hall ;
 A coronet of water-flowers I wove,
 And back'd my Pegasus, just fresh from stall,
 Through fancied peers, and plates, and
 aldermen, and all ! *

VII.

This was sheer folly—poetry ;—the moon
 Rose o'er the river like a crescent fair,
 And silver'd every ripple, and full soon
 Fill'd with soft passion'd mistlight all the
 air :
 The trees in hallowing † whispers every-
 where
 Bow'd as in vernal worship—and the reeds
 Sang melancholy psalmody, ‡—oh ne'er
 Was seen such homage—even the water
 weeds
 Grew flowers beneath her light—(on light
 the green thing feeds).

VIII.

The moon trod measuredly the azure skies
 Amid the stars, and—but in short this moon
 Beat all the moons § of many centuries,
 And put the *fulls* and *halfs* all out of tune.
 I once upon a sabbath afternoon,
 Before the sun was down, I freely own,
 Saw one o'er Shrewsbury towers arise, a
 boon
 Of beauty to the world ; but dull as stone
 Compared with this, which quite a poet's
 lantern shone.

IX.

Poor soul ! the poets make sad work with her,
 (I mean the moon)—So I shall let her pass ;

I fix'd my eyes, their lids without a stir,
 Full on the sky—and lay on the damp ||
 grass :
 Straightway the crescent orb'd—then seem'd
 a glass
 That mirror'd a small world as true as life,
 A small mankind peopled it with a mass
 As usual, of ** child, father, man, and wife,
 And all, as usual too, loving, or else at
 strife !

IX.

The orb descended—mov'd—and seem'd
 each minute
 To come upon my eyes ;—until I seem'd,
 Not seeing it—nor under it—but *in* it.—
 And then I thought (I do not say I *dream'd* ;
 Because I really *slept* not) that I *beam'd*
 (Not breath'd) no bigger than a long legg'd
 gnat—
 All in such precious perfect smallness
 gleam'd
 That life seem'd shrivel'd up ;—oh my
 cravat
 Was a mere silken thread—and, had you
 seen my hat !

X.

Dean Swift drew little people, but he never
 Harass'd tall Captain Gulliver with one
 So short as Ego †† (I), my eyes were ever
 On my own figure, and 'twas one of fun !
 I walk'd about a bit,—then tried to run,
 And ran ten inches in the hour—a feat !
 They thought me quite a Rayner,—when
 I'd done,
 I look'd and saw a road,—and then a street,
 With gutters very clean, and pavement
 very neat.

XI.

I entered a small city. Little men
 And very little women walk'd the streets ;
 A sort of Hyde-park corner met my ken,
 With such a penny ‡‡ turnpike ! my two
 feet,

* This is not the only passage in which our author's imagination goes a *Dymoking*.

† Quere "hallooing." *Printer's devil*.

‡ Reeds have a sort of organic complaint in their lungs. We knew an old gentleman who declared, he could often make out the *Old Hundredth* from the meaning of the river reeds. We scarcely could believe him. Spurzheim would have found an *organ* in his head with a vengeance !

§ The moon, from the time of Homer to that of Mr. Ex-Sheriff Parkins, has figured away in skies and epics. The moon here drawn appears to be the *Pam* of the pack.

|| A dangerous, though a poetical situation, and, as Shakspeare would say, a *humorous* one.

** The reader is requested to be informed, that the child comes before the father and the mother in this place for the sake of harmony. It is, perhaps, quite an inversion of the order of nature, or, as mathematicians would say, the rule of three inverse ; but poets are allowed inversions, and if critical magistrates are to take away an author's *licentia poetica* for such trifles, the muse must shut up her tap.

†† We really think this little word might have been left alone with the readers. The author, indeed, appears to have translated it more for the benefit of his measure than his friends.

‡‡ Qu. Is this intended as a diminutive, or a toll ?

(Feet!) patted through it, and I stared to
meet
A minikin kind of London—coaches—
carts—
And Jews and barrow-women all complete,
And little pastry-cooks with little tarts,
And butchers very small, with very small
calves' hearts. *

XII.

I know not what this place was call'd—of
course
It was not London; but was mighty like it; †
St. Paul's—the Strand—the Horse-Guards
—and the Horse—
The Foot—and those that learn to lance and
pike it;
The Monument so like that you might strike
it,
Only no higher than a candlestick;
If any doubt me, tell them that they lie,
Kate,
And I shall bear you out,—I know no
trick:
Romancing (i. e. lying) always makes me
sick.

XIII.

I sought an inn, a tavern, an hotel,
(No matter which)—I tried them o'er and
o'er!
I did not like the Brown Bear, or the Bell,
The Old Black Bull, or George and the
Blue Boar:
The Swan with Two Necks tempted me full
sore,
But then I fear'd two bills instead of one;
I tried the Golden Crosses by a score,
And Saracen's Heads, Belle Sauvages; but
none
Pleased me, or touch'd my purse, not even
the Bolt in Tun. ‡

XIV.

I took a little lodging up two pair,
In a diminutive § Craven-street,—a crack,

A street of a hair's breadth, no more—and
there
I straight began my best clothes to unpack,
My coat, French blue, upon my shoulders
slack,
|| And yet a tight fit for a humble bee,—
A waistcoat, and, some other garments,—
black,
Boots (like refined liquorice), and three
Shirts, six cravats, two stocks,—made
all the stock of me.

XV.

I soon bethought how I should live, for all,
The very least of living things, *must* live;
'Tis true my gullet and my mouth were
small,
And a mere nothing would repletion give:—
But mites would find it difficult to thrive
Without a little mastication—cheese
Would do for me I thought; so I did hive
A minikin single Glo'ster,—and did tease
My brain to hit some plan by which to
live at ease.

XVI.

Trade would not do; I hated trade—I
spurn'd
The half-inch counter and the apron; bright
Within my soul poetic fury burn'd;
Homer contriv'd to live, and he did write! **
Well—an heroick?—No,—or else indite
A little string of odes;—or tell Scotch tales,
Or cut out sonnets;—or with puny spite,
Point epigrams, and watch the monthly
sales,
And sell them by the hundred like tin-
tacks or nails.

XVII.

I sat me down, and wrote a little ode
To Beauty for my bread ††—but it brought
little;
I quite piled up a Tommy-Moorish load
Of love and moonlight, yet it fetch'd no
victual;—
It really scarcely served to boil the kettle:

* Quite "a picture in little."

† As far as we can understand this place, it seems to be a model of a city. It certainly resembles London; and some of the characters "hereinafter mentioned," have a London mark on them.

‡ It is curious that this little metropolis should have inns, *signed* like the inns of London; but this is not the only thing in which the wee city apes its betters.

§ The poet is wrong here:—Craven-street is a *great* street for lodgings, and garrets let high.

|| In spite of all the author's talk about his "French blue" coat, it turns out that he had nothing but smallclothes to his back. He might as well have mentioned his great-coat, which we dare say he had as little as the other.

** Quere "Right?" *Printer's Devil.*

†† To write to Beauty for bread is an instance of a little brain, quite in character with the subject of this poem. If any gentleman ever got a two-penny roll by an ode, we would consent to eat it! "Oh, bread from the fancy is light weight enough!"

The Muse, like Richard, without teeth was
born,*
Or should have been ;—her bread is never
brittle,
For it is seldom broke.—I do not scorn
My ode—although the points and end of
it are torn.

ODE.†

Thy precious little eye,
That o'er thy tiny cheek
Shineth, to me doth speak
Of a star and a Lilliput sky.

Thy little balmy mouth,
With its little balmy kiss,
Giveth a giant bliss :
Long may it speak of youth !

Thy little little feet,
In their little Spanish shoes,
Admonish a slipshod muse
To a pace more staid and neat.

Thy little wan sleek hand
Is polish'd ivory ; chess
Might thy fingers steal, I guess,
For pawns to check——(torn.) ‡

And, oh, thy little sweet heart,
That such havock makes with men,
Would not fit the breast of a wren,
It is such a tiny part !

XVIII.

This was the ode, to my landlady's daughter,
A pretty little loving lovely thing,
That brought to me each morning my
warm water,
And waited like a genie on my ring ; §

One Friday evening she had chanced to bring
The tea-things up (she did not look amiss)
I saw a smile over her forehead wing
Its dove-like flight,—there was no standing
this—
I caught her like a fly, and tore away
a kiss.

XIX.

Her little violet-scented lips were sweeter
And smaller than the curled rose-bud leaf ; ||
She squeak'd and struggled—call'd me a
base creature,
And seem'd to be devour'd by shame and
grief :
I really thought myself a desperate thief,
And loos'd my prisoning arms, which like
a spell
Had held her ; off she went, and I in brief
Despondence sat, lamenting in my cell,
When in she peep'd again, and “ thought
I had rung the bell ? ”

XX.

We lov'd !—and not a pang our hearts
foreboded ;
The little world was all before us !—I
By day her name besonneted and oded,
And dreamt at night of her small star-like
eye !
She told anon a wondrous history
Of what she was—and where I was—her
pretty
And bee-stung looking lips the tale did ply,
And soon I found her marvellous learn'd
and witty—
That she was but a fay—and fairy was
the city !

* By the bye, *Richard* was born *with* teeth, and not *without*, as the poet hath drawn them. But there are many other persons in the latter predicament, whose names would serve the author as well, and preserve the passage.

† This ode would do to set in a broach, or to print in *Little's* works ; but we have some verses to match :—

TO A LILLIPUT LADY.

Sure, lady mine,
You spoke in sport,
To call my line
A mile too short.

Those lines I sent
To tell my smart
Were only meant
To reach your heart.

But when you stretch,
The Muse with pleasure
Will run and fetch
A longer measure.

Surely this author's Pegasus is a pony.

‡ The point is quite worn off. Finely pointed instruments, such as epigrams and bodkins, seldom retain their sharpness long.

§ Dick Symes, a smart fellow with a ready tongue, and a discreditable wit, declares that the lady, unless she had been a Madame Vestris, who makes a tolerable hobble de hoy, neither a man nor a boy, could not enter like *A lad in* ; but he forgets, in his punning eagerness, that only the *genie* is alluded to. Puns are the pests of society.

|| We question whether violets *are* sweeter than roses, and we see no reason why truth should be sacrificed to poetry. “ Daisy-scented lips ” would set the passage on its legs.

XXI.

She told me that she was no servile child,
No homely waiting maid of Craven-street,*
(Although to pleasure her enjoyment wild
She had enacted such), how trebly sweet
Her treble voice became!—I tried to meet
Her pearl-sized azure eyes, and saw them
smile;

She said she was a princess, and her feet
Were brightly diamonded—I blushed a-
while—

Then stared to see the room change to a
lordly pile!

XXII.

For, at her bidding, quick my second pair,
With its six chairs, and feature-twisting
glass, †

And one poor table—vanish'd;—Heaven
knows where!

And I saw all the opposite houses pass
(Like a side scene), and 'stead of them a mass
Of trees, and walks, and terraces began
To assemble at the will of this fay-lass,
And my smallclothes grew bright—and my
small wan

Thin visage plump'd, and show'd an al-
ter'd little man! ‡

XXIII.

We sat in bright apartments (very small),
Ourselves no longer than a thin tin-tack; §
And little liveried servants at her call,
Little starch'd men came, standing at her
back;

We took a little something as a snack,
A blue-fly's merrythought, a bilberry ice—
A drop of ratafia, and soon the clack
Of my companion was let loose;—a slice
Of fly, with small talk season'd, tasted
mighty nice!

XXIV.

“This is my room!|| This is in fact my
palace,

This is my servant; (Stephen,** show your-
self!)

This is my—but you do not fill your chalice,”
(She said, and pass'd the bottle) on the
shelf,

That is my royal bowl, china not delf,
(We'll †† squeeze a lemon into it to-
night.) ‡‡

This is my city—each man-jack's an elf—
These are my sovereigns.”—I strain'd my
sight,

And saw but yellow dust—such dust
would come down light.

XXV.

My city you shall see—I'll take you through
it—

To-morrow, not to-day; to-day we'll chat,
'Tis like all other bigger cities; view it,
And tell me where's a better;—tell me that!
We've taxes, poets, play-houses—(now drat
The man, he has not brought the bills to-
day!)

We'll go—(but I must buy you a flat
hat,) §§

To the opera; we've a Catalani fay!

And I will get our little span-long Kean|||
to pla'!

XXVI.

With talk like this we reach'd the dinner-
hour,

And, oh! the comfortable cloth to view!—
The pretty pin's-head of a cauliflower,
Fish, and a breast of lamb, and one or two
Patties (not girls but tarts) and melted dew,
(No butter), and a ham from fairy pig,
And fowls, mere flea-bites, peas, and then
a few

* O ho!—The truth is coming out—“No waiter, but a *Night Templar*,” as Dick Symes writes it. The changes in this marvellous poem (that “lies like truth, and yet most truly lies,”) are as rapid as the changes in a Christmas pantomime. First we have a gentleman fishing, with very little sport, after the manner of all gentlemen anglers; then a song from the invisible girl; then a descent of the moon upon the said gentleman, like a tin cover on a turkey; then a long rigmarole about a little city; then a landlady's daughter, who is no daughter, but a princess!—“Gad a-mercy, Mr. Puff, how is all this?”—But we shall see anon; it is a knavish piece of work.

† A friend of ours, a lady, has a glass of this *tangling* description, which we never dare to look into, for it makes the face like a letter S. She declares she prefers it, for having naturally very straight hair, it saves her the trouble of putting it in *papers*.

‡ Another change. We shall have change for a guinea soon, as George Selwyn says.

§ This is the second *tin-tack* that has been driven into the reader already in this poem. An author, as Mr. Puff says, never knows how to make enough of a good thing.

|| The Princess *loquitur*.

** Ben Jonson calls him *Master Stephen*.

†† How these little people like to talk big! If the lady had said “*pinch* a lemon,” the expression would have been quite strong enough.

‡‡ This is what Dick Symes calls a *Belcherian* line; an allusion to a *punch* in the *inside*. But this is low.

§§ Our author is extremely fond of *parentheses*.—They would, if picked out, make a little poem of themselves, and certainly would not be missed.

||| Many of the public prints have endeavoured to make Kean appear as little as our poet, but, in spite of all, he is a *Gog* of an actor!

Potatoes, the best fairy-kidneys *—dig
The world, you'd not find better though
you might as big!

XXVII.

We drew the table very near the fire,
My lady † drank pure water out of choice;
I tried a little Tritton's best entire,
And found the fay-stout made my heart re-
joice!

Verily soon uplifted was my voice,
Strengthen'd with small strong beer and
dainty food;
"Thomas, ‡ the hock!—green glasses—
make less noise!"
'Tis many years since this was in the wood!"
I tasted it—look'd wise—smack'd—and
pronounced it good!

XXVIII.

The cloth remov'd—the long-neck'd bottles
came
Like curious people stretching in a crowd;
And precious fruits, dwarf-apples all a-flame,
And blushing pears, sun-smitten, in a cloud
Of leaves lay nestling:—well §!—I fill'd
and bow'd
Over my claret to my princess;—she,
Fill'd—gave the King with three, not over
loud,
Then fill'd again, and push'd the wine to me;
Begg'd me to name a friend,—and I gave
Mrs. D——. ||

XXIX.

We pass'd the bottle, "not too freely"—but
So as to make our mirth and fancies tell,—
And now we schemed for some amusement;
put, **

Or loo, back-gammon, †† brag, or bagatelle;
My little stock of money went pell-mell,
For she *could* win;—some people would say,
rob;—

I hinted at a game at cribbage,—well—
We play'd—the fives came to her in a mob,
And lauk! How vast her luck,—'twas
ever "two for his nob!" ††

XXX.

I soon became the pennyless prey of tick! §§
I left off paying, and she left off playing:
I push'd away the cards, for I was sick
Of such a cursed run of twoing, traying;—
She saw that I was hurt, and, just waylaying
My lips with a sweet kiss, she laugh'd away,
And looking in my face, *her* face arraying
In most arch smiles, she sang, or seem'd
to say,

(A wily little witch!) the song of *Duncan
Gray*! |||

XXXI.

"Call me a poet!" (the song done) she
exclaim'd!
(Poets were there like coaches hack'd and
number'd),
"I'll have my little lover brightly fam'd,
And to that end his name must be encumber'd
With rhymes and measures, things o'er
which I've slumber'd
Often, though woven by a fairy brain!
I'll have this little man compared with some
bird
Of delicate plume!—It goes against the
grain
To call these creatures up—they're such a
hungry train!

* We know not whether all these things are in season together, or eatable at the time our author states; but poetry is remarkable for the mildness of its seasons, and fairy peas may, like fairy ladies, be excused for being a little too forward.

† "How would you do at sea if you were out of water?" said Dick Symes to a gentleman that professed to drink nothing else. "Why, I would suck my pumps," was the answer. "Right," said Dick, "you would have two feet in your hold." The lady, however, is not a *thorough-bred* water-drinker; indeed the *breed* is as scarce as the Earl of Tankerville's wild bulls at Chillingham. It appears that even a fairy can push the bottle. Dick Symes says, that bottles were not invented in the days of fairies, and that the poet is therefore guilty of an *Anacreonism*.

‡ It was Stephen but just now. The author seems to be in a Falconbridge mood—"An' if his name be George, I'll call him Peter."

§ It is a proverb that, "Truth lies in a well."—It is difficult to understand how *Truth* can lie at all, but at any rate, we suspect she does not lie in *this* well.

|| A friend of the author. This is one of the prettiest compliments we ever remember:—to be toasted immediately after the king, and by a Fairy Princess.—"Well, mem!—This is what I call an honour!"

** "Only let me catch her at *put*," says Lord Duberly.

†† Backgammon is a terrible game for a lady's temper; and we only wonder that the gentleman should have proposed it. He was sure of getting more *hits* than *gammons*.—See a picture on the subject.

‡‡ Some players are fond of saying, "two for his *heels*," but we prefer the other end. We have heard of a patron who used to point out a dining-table (at which Porson had sat), and say, "There, Sir! under that table have been some of the most intellectual *legs* of the age!"—A gamester had been more germane to the matter.

§§ Another friend of the author, we presume.

||| We half suspect that this little princess is of Scotch extraction, by her turning the penny so prettily. At any rate, she gives herself Scotch airs.

XXXII.

Stephen, in blue turn'd up with yellow,
 bow'd,
 Like a respectful Edinburgh Review,
 Received his lady's message, hemm'd aloud,
 Smirk'd sideways through his whiskers and
 withdrew !
 He went to Grub-street, search'd the fam-
 ish'd crew,
 Before he gave his summons to appear ; *
 For if he called a shabby one he knew
 He might be turned into a flea, and hear
 An order to hop off himself in his own
 ear. †

XXXIII.

One came ; a lax young nobleman, a fay
 Jaundiced with moody indolence and pride,
 A savage, half-inch poet, and they say
 Married (to speak more properly, allied)
 To a high learned fairy ; he had tried
 To harbour underneath her nose loose
 elves—
 But she rebuked—so he forsook a bride
 Of such harsh morals, and he fill'd men's
 shelves
 With lampoons on her love, so keen,
 they bit themselves !

XXXIV.

He was a moody Lord, as you shall see,—
 For, like the pavement at a baker's door,
 He took distress of weather differently
 From all around him ;—others would run
 o'er
 With tears, when he was warm and dry at
 core ;
 If *they* were hard and frozen, he was wet :
 Apollo often damn'd him for a bore,
 And all the Muses, when to chat they met,
 Rubb'd with hard truths his name till
 it was black as jet.

XXXV.

But, Kate, my dear, this letter's long
 enough,—
 So what this coroneted poet said,
 And what my princess said to him, are stuff
 For the next canto, or epistle ;—wed
 This story to your memory !—I have read
 All that I've writ,—and if it be not true—
 I am not living, nor is Queen Anne dead !
 Nor are you fair, nor is Miss Brown a Blue !
 I've still some facts to state : ‡ at pre-
 sent, Kate, adieu !

* Query, a peer ! *Printer's Devil.*

† Nothing but fairy ingenuity could accomplish this. He would indeed be wrapt up in himself. We should think he would be "as deaf as a *beadle*" to all orders afterwards.

‡ We are in possession of much more "stuff," as the author terms it ; with which, at some future time (if the medicine be liked) we may again dose our readers.

LIFE, DEATH, AND ETERNITY.

A SHADOW moving by one's side,
 That would a substance seem,—
 That is, yet is not,—though descried—
 Like skies beneath the stream ;
 A tree that's ever in the bloom,
 Whose fruit is never rife ;
 A wish for joys that never come,—
 Such are the hopes of Life.

A dark inevitable night,
 A blank that will remain ;
 A waiting for the morning light,
 Where waiting is in vain ;
 A gulph where pathway never led
 To show the depth beneath ;
 A thing we know not, yet we dread,—
 That dreaded thing is Death.

The vaulted void of purple sky
 That every where extends,
 That stretches from the dazzled eye,
 In space that never ends ;
 A Morning whose uprisen Sun
 No setting e'er shall see ;
 A Day that comes without a Noon,—
 Such is Eternity.

A COMPLAINT OF THE DECAY OF BEGGARS IN THE METROPOLIS.

THE all-sweeping besom of societarian reformation—your only modern Alcides' club to rid the time of its abuses—is uplift with many-handed sway to extirpate the last fluttering tatters of the bugbear MENDICITY from the metropolis. Srips, wallets, bags—staves, dogs, and crutches—the whole mendicant fraternity with all their baggage are fast posting out of the purlieus of this eleventh persecution. From the crowded crossing, from corners of streets and turnings of allies, the parting Genius of Beggary is “with sighing sent.”

I do not approve of this wholesale going to work, this impertinent crusado, or *bellum ad exterminationem*, proclaimed against a species. Much good might be sucked from these Beggars.

They were the oldest and the honourablest form of pauperism. Their appeals were to our common nature; less revolting to an ingenuous mind than to be a supplicant to the particular humours or caprice of any fellow-creature, or set of fellow-creatures, parochial or societarian. Theirs were the only rates uninvincible in the levy, ungrudged in the assessment.

There was a dignity springing from the very depth of their desolation; as to be naked is to be so much nearer to the being a man, than to go in livery.

The greatest spirits have felt this in their reverses; and when Dionysius from king turned schoolmaster, do we feel any thing towards him but contempt? Could Vandyke have made a picture of him, swaying a ferula for a sceptre, which would have affected our minds with the same heroic pity, the same compassionate admiration, with which we regard his Belisarius begging for an *obolus*? Would the moral have been more graceful, more pathetic?

The Blind Beggar in the legend—the father of pretty Bessy—whose story doggerel rhymes and ale-house signs cannot so degrade or attenuate, but that some sparks of a lustrous spirit will shine through the disguisements—this noble Earl of Flanders (as indeed he was) and memorable

sport of fortune, fleeing from the unjust sentence of his liege lord, stript of all, and seated on the flowering green of Bethnal, with his more fresh and springing daughter by his side, illumining his rags and his beggary—would the child and parent have cut a better figure, doing the honours of a counter, or expiating their fallen condition upon the three-foot eminence of some sempstering shop-board?

In tale or history your Beggar is ever the just antipode to your King. The poets and romancical writers (as dear Margaret Newcastle would call them) when they would most sharply and feelingly paint a reverse of fortune, never stop till they have brought down their hero in good earnest to rags and the wallet. The depth of the descent illustrates the height he falls from. There is no medium which can be presented to the imagination without offence. There is no breaking the fall. Lear, thrown from his palace, must divest him of his garments, till he answer “mere nature;” and Cresseid, fallen from a prince's love, must extend her pale arms, pale with other whiteness than of beauty, supplicating lazar alms with bell and clap-dish.

The Lucian wits knew this very well; and, with an opposite policy, when they would express scorn of greatness without the pity, they show us an Alexander in the shades cobbling shoes, or a Semiramis getting up foul linen.

How would it sound in song, that a great monarch had declined his affections upon the daughter of a baker! yet do we feel the imagination at all violated, when we read the “true ballad,” where King Cophetua wooes the beggar maid?

Pauperism, pauper, poor man, are expressions of pity, but pity alloyed with contempt. No one properly contemns a beggar. Poverty is a comparative thing, and each degree of it is mocked by its “neighbour grice.”* Its poor rents and comings-in are soon summed up and told. Its pretences to property are almost ludicrous. Its pitiful attempts to save

* Timon of Athens.

excite a smile. Every scornful companion can weigh his trifle-bigger purse against it. Poor man reproaches poor man in the streets with impolitic mention of his condition, his own being a shade better, while the rich pass by and jeer at both. No rascally comparative insults a Beggar, or thinks of weighing purses with him. He is not in the scale of comparison. He is not under the measure of property. He confessedly hath none, any more than a dog or a sheep. No one twitteth him with ostentation above his means. No one accuses him of pride, or upbraideth him with mock humility. None jostle with him for the wall, or pick quarrels for precedency. No wealthy neighbour seeketh to eject him from his tenement. No man sues him. No man goes to law with him. If I were not the independent gentleman that I am, rather than I would be a retainer to the great, a led captain, or a poor relation, I would chuse, out of the delicacy and true greatness of my mind, to be a Beggar.

Rags, which are the reproach of poverty, are the Beggar's robes, and graceful *insignia* of his profession, his tenure, his full dress, the suit in which he is expected to show himself in public. He is never out of the fashion, or limpeth awkwardly behind it. He is not required to put on court mourning. He weareth all colours, fearing none. His costume hath undergone less change than the Quaker's. His coat is coeval with Adam's. He is the only man in the universe who is not obliged to study appearances. The ups and downs of the world concern him no longer. He alone continueth in one stay. The price of stock or land affecteth him not. The fluctuations of agricultural or commercial prosperity touch him not, or at worst but change his customers. He is not expected to become bail or surety for any one. No man troubleth him with questioning his religion or politics. He is the only free man in the universe.

The Mendicants of this great city were so many of her sights, her lions.

I can no more spare them than I could the Cries of London. No corner of a street is complete without them. They are as indispensable as the Ballad Singer; and in their picturesque attire as ornamental as the Signs of old London. They were the standing morals, emblems, mementos, dial-mottos, the spital sermons, the books for children, the salutary checks and pauses to the high and rushing tide of greasy citizenry—

——— Look

Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there.

Above all, those old blind Tobits that used to line the wall of Lincoln's Inn Garden, before modern fastidiousness had expelled them, casting up their ruined orbs to catch a ray of pity, and (if possible) of light, with their faithful Dog Guide at their feet, —whither are they fled? or into what corners, blind as themselves, have they been driven, out of the wholesome air and sun-warmth? immersed between four walls, in what withering poor-house do they endure the penalty of double darkness, where the chink of the dropt half-penny no more consoles their forlorn bereavement, far from the sound of the cheerful and hope-stirring tread of the passenger? Where hang their useless crutches? and who will farm their dogs?—Have the overseers of St. L—— caused them to be shot? or were they tied up in sacks, and dropt into the Thames, at the suggestion of B——, the mild Rector of P——?

Well fare the soul of unfastidious Vincent Bourne, most classical, and at the same time, most English, of the Latinists!—who has treated of this human and quadrupedal alliance, this dog and man friendship, in the sweetest of his poems, the *Epitaphium in Canem*, or, *Dog's Epitaph*. Reader, peruse it; and say, if customary sights, which could call up such gentle poetry as this, were of a nature to do more harm or good to the moral sense of the passengers through the daily thoroughfares of a vast and busy metropolis.

Pauperis hic Iri requiesco Lyciscus, herilis,
Dum vixi, tutela vigil columenque senectæ,
Dux cæco fidus : nec, me ducente, solebat,
Prætenso hinc atque hinc baculo, per iniqua locorum
Incertam explorare viam ; sed fila secutus,
Quæ dubios regerent passûs, vestigia tuta

Fixit inoffenso gressu ; gelidumque sedile
 In nudo nactus saxo, quâ prætereuntium
 Unda frequens confluit, ibi miserisque tenebras
 Lamentis, noctemque oculis ploravit obortam.
 Ploravit nec frustra ; obolum dedit alter et alter,
 Queis corda et mentem indiderat natura benignam.
 Ad latus interea jacui sopitus herile,
 Vel mediis vigil in somnis ; ad herilia jussa
 Auresque atque animum arrectus, seu frustula amicè
 Porrexit sociasque dapes, seu longa diei
 Tædia perpeusus, reditum sub nocte parabat.
 Hi mores, hæc vita fuit, dum fata sinebant,
 Dum neque languebam morbis, nec inerte senectâ ;
 Quæ tandem obrepsit, veterique satellite cæcum
 Orbavit dominum : prisci sed gratia facti
 Ne tota intreat, longos deleta per annos,
 Exiguum hunc Irus tumulum de cespite fecit,
 Etsi inopis, non ingratae, munuscula dextræ ;
 Carmine signavitque brevi, dominumque canemque,
 Quod memoret, fidumque canem dominumque benignum.

Poor Irus' faithful wolf-dog here I lie,
 That wont to tend my old blind master's steps,
 His guide and guard : nor, while my service lasted,
 Had he occasion for that staff, with which
 He now goes picking out his path in fear
 Over the highways and crossings ; but would plant,
 Safe in the conduct of my friendly string,
 A firm foot forward still, till he had reach'd
 His poor seat on some stone, nigh where the tide
 Of passers by in thickest confluence flow'd :
 To whom with loud and passionate laments
 From morn to eve his dark estate he wail'd.
 Nor wail'd to all in vain : some here and there,
 The well-disposed and good, their pennies gave.
 I meantime at his feet obsequious slept ;
 Not all-asleep in sleep, but heart and ear
 Prick'd up at his least motion ; to receive
 At his kind hand my customary crumbs,
 And common portion in his feast of scraps ;
 Or when night warn'd us homeward, tired and spent
 With our long day and tedious beggary.

These were my manners, this my way of life,
 Till age and slow disease me overtook,
 And sever'd from my sightless master's side.
 But lest the grace of so good deeds should die,
 Through tract of years in mute oblivion lost,
 This slender tomb of turf hath Irus reared,
 Cheap monument of no ungrudging hand,
 And with short verse inscribed it, to attest,
 In long and lasting union to attest,
 The virtues of the Beggar and his Dog.

These dim eyes have in vain explored for some months past a well-known figure, or part of the figure, of a man, who used to glide his comely upper half over the pavements of London, wheeling along with most ingenious celerity upon a machine of wood ; a spectacle to natives, to foreigners, and to children. He was of a robust make, with a florid sailor-like complexion, and his

head was bare to the storm and sunshine. He was a natural curiosity, a speculation to the scientific, a prodigy to the simple. The infant would stare at the mighty man brought down to his own level. The common cripple would despise his own pusillanimity, viewing the hale stoutness, and hearty heart, of this half-limbed giant. Few but must have noticed him ; for the accident,

which brought him low, took place during the riots of 1780, and he has been a groundling so long. He seemed earth-born, an Antæus, and to suck in fresh vigour from the soil which he neighboured. He was a grand fragment; as good as an Elgin marble. The nature, which should have recruited his reft legs and thighs, was not lost, but only retired into his upper parts, and he was half a Hercules. I heard a tremendous voice thundering and growling, as before an earthquake, and casting down my eyes, it was this mandrake reviling a steed that had started at his portentous appearance. He seemed to want but his just stature to have rent the offending quadruped in shivers. He was as the man-part of a Centaur, from which the horse-half had been cloven in some dire Lapithan controversy. He moved on, as if he could have made shift with yet half of the body-portion which was left him. The *os sublime* was not wanting; and he threw out yet a jolly countenance upon the heavens. Forty-and-two years had he driven this out of door trade, and now that his hair is grizzled in the service, but his good spirits no way impaired, because he is not content to exchange his free air and exercise for the restraints of a poor house, he is expiating his contumacy in one of those houses (ironically christened) of Correction.

Was a daily spectacle like this to be deemed a nuisance, which called for legal interference to remove? or not rather a salutary, and a touching object, to the passers-by in a great city? Among her shows, her museums, and supplies for ever-gaping curiosity (and what else but an accumulation of sights—endless sights—is a great city; or for what else is it desirable?) was there not room for one *Lusus* (not *Naturæ* indeed, but) *Accidentium*? What if in forty-and-two years' going about, the man had scraped together enough to give a portion to his child (as the rumour ran) of a few hundreds—whom had he injured? whom had he imposed upon? The contributors had enjoyed their *sight* for their pennies. What if after being exposed all day to the heats, the rains, and the frosts of heaven—shuffling his ungainly trunk along in an elaborate and painful mo-

tion—he was enabled to retire at night to enjoy himself at a club of his fellow cripples over a dish of hot meat and vegetables, as the charge was gravely brought against him by a clergyman deposing before a House of Commons' Committee—was *this*, or was his truly paternal consideration, which (if a fact) deserved a statue rather than a whipping post, and is inconsistent at least with the exaggeration of nocturnal orgies which he has been slandered with—a reason that he should be deprived of his chosen, harmless, nay edifying, way of life, and be committed in hoary age for a sturdy vagabond?—

There was a Yorick once, that would not have shamed him to have sate down at the cripples' feast, and would have thrown in his benediction, aye, and his mite too, for a companionable symbol. "Age, thou hast lost thy breed."—

Half of these stories about the prodigious fortunes made by begging are (I verily believe) misers' calumnies. One was much talked of in the public papers some time since, and the usual charitable inferences deduced. A clerk in the Bank was surprised with the announcement of a five hundred pound legacy left him by a person whose name he was a stranger to. It seems that in his daily morning walks from Peckham (or some village thereabouts) where he lived, to his office, it had been his practice for the last twenty years to drop his halfpenny duly into the hat of some blind Bartimeus, that sate begging alms by the way-side in the Borough. The good old beggar recognised his daily benefactor by the voice only; and, when he died, left all the amassings of his alms (that had been half a century perhaps in the accumulating) to his old Bank friend. Was this a story to purse up people's hearts, and pennies, against giving an alms to the blind?—or not rather a beautiful moral of well-directed charity on the one part, and noble gratitude upon the other?

I sometimes wish I had been that Bank clerk.

I seem to remember a poor old grateful kind of creature, blinking, and looking up with his no eyes in the sun—

Is it possible I could have steeled my purse against him?

Perhaps I had no small change.

Reader, do not be frightened at the hard words, imposition, imposture—*give, and ask no questions.* Cast thy bread upon the waters. Some have unawares (like this Bank clerk) entertained angels.

Shut not thy purse-strings always against painted distress. Act a charity sometimes. When a poor creature (outwardly and visibly such) comes before thee, do not stay to enquire whether the “seven small children,” in whose name he implores thy assistance, have a veritable existence. Rake not into the bowels of unwelcome truth, to save a halfpenny. It is good to believe him. If he be not all that he pretendeth, *give*, and under a personate father of a family, think (if thou pleasest) that thou hast relieved an indigent bachelor. When they come with their counterfeit looks, and mumping tones, think them players. You pay your money to see a comedian feign these things, which, concerning these poor people, thou canst not certainly tell whether they are feigned or not.

“Pray God your honour relieve me,” said a poor beadswoman to my friend L—— one day; “I have seen better days.” “So have I, my good woman,” retorted he, looking up at the welkin which was just then threatening a storm—and the jest (he will have it) was as good to the beggar as a tester.

It was at all events kinder than

consigning her to the stocks, or the parish beadle—

But L. has a way of viewing things in rather a paradoxical light on some occasions.

ELIA.

P. S. My friend Hume (not MP.) has a curious manuscript in his possession, the original draught of the celebrated “Beggar’s Petition,” (who cannot say by heart the “Beggar’s Petition?”) as it was written by some school usher (as I remember) with corrections interlined from the pen of Oliver Goldsmith. As a specimen of the doctor’s improvement, I recollect one most judicious alteration—

A pamper’d menial drove me from the door.

It stood originally,

A livery servant drove me, &c.

Here is an instance of poetical or artificial language, properly substituted for the phrase of common conversation; against Wordsworth.

I think I must get H. to send it to the LONDON, as a corollary to the foregoing.

N. B. I am glad to see JANUS veering about to the old quarter. I feared he had been rust-bound.

C. being asked why he did not like Gold’s “London” as well as ours—it was in poor S.’s time—replied—

—*Because there is no WEATHERCOCK, And that’s the reason why.*

CATULLUS, WITH NEW TRANSLATIONS.

LEISURE HOURS.

No. VIII.

The Dedication, the Pinnace, the Peninsula of Sirmio, Hymn to Diana.

ENOUGH has been already said of Catullus in the former pages of the LONDON, with the exception of one point, which seems to have escaped the notice of the writers: I allude to the hard treatment which the poet has received from his professed friends. Whenever they light on any poem of peculiar brilliancy and energy, they directly set their mark upon it as a translation from some other poem of a Greek Writer; which other poem happens always to be

conveniently lost. Thus the Atys, which is full of allusions to Roman customs, is said to be Greek; and if you appeal to the splendid picturing and animated passion of the Peleus and Thetis, in evidence of the capacity of Catullus to have invented the Atys, you are told, “Oh, the Peleus and Thetis is undoubtedly Greek.” The Phaselus, also, where everything in itself inanimate finds a tongue, has life in its motions, and feels the stirrings of human passion, is

much too bold and picturesque to belong to the class of Roman poetry: it must certainly be Greek. Even Mr. Leigh Hunt, whose version of the *Atys*, *Calve tuâ veniâ*, is the most poetical and spirited in the language, takes up the common notion of his inspiring master being a plagiarist; and aware that his favourite theory of the Roman dearth of invention might be opposed by the grand example of Lucretius, he coolly reminds us that Lucretius stole his philosophy from Epicurus: but from whom did he steal his poetry?—He might as well have told us, that Shakspeare could not be an original poet, because the story of his *Romeo and Juliet* is to be found in *Girolamo de la Corte's History of Verona*.

Reasoning from analogy, we should naturally expect that poets of bolder invention preceded Virgil. The Augustan age was the Roman age of Anne; the era of critical refinement

and cautious imitation. The presumption is decidedly in favour of the poetic originality of Lucretius and Catullus. They alone have come down to us; and if they were only retailers of traditionary sentiment and reflected imagery, from whom did the other poets of the Republican era borrow their recorded vigour? Whence came the tragedies of Accius, Pomponius, and Varius? The *Thyestes* of the latter is said by Quintilian (x. 513) to be “comparable to any one of the Greeks.” The same critic affirms, “*Satire is wholly Roman* :” how does this consist with the dearth of invention? He takes leave also to dissent from Horace in his flippant censure of Lucilius, and speaks of the nervous genius of the latter in the warmest terms. If it be objected that satire is excluded from the higher order of poetry, let the moral passages of Juvenal furnish the answer. AN IDLER.

PS. The character which Juvenal gives of Lucilius resembles his own: if Juvenal was only an imitator, what must have been the archetype?

Ense velut stricto quoties Lucilius ardens
Infremuit, rubet auditor cui frigida mens est
Criminibus, tacitâ sudant præcordia culpâ:
Inde iræ et lacrymæ. Sat. i. 165.

But when Lucilius brandishes his pen,
And flashes in the face of guilty men
As with a naked sword, loud blushes speak
The shuddering sin, that reddens on the cheek;
A cold sweat stands in drops on every part,
And rage succeeds to tears, revenge to smart.
*Altered from Dryden.**

DEDICATION OF THE POEMS.

To Cornelius Nepos.

On whom this new, † spruce, tiny volume bestow,
By the porous dry pumice-stone burnish'd but now?
Cornelius, thy own it shall be,
For trifles of mine were still something to thee.

You praised them—for well I remember the time—
When alone of the sons of our Italy's clime,
In three tomes—Jove! what labour! what lore!
You dared to expand the long annals of yore.

Then accept—nor disdain it—this scrip-scrap of mine;
Whatever the sins on its head, be it thine:
And may it perennially last,
O patroness virgin! when ages are past.

* This masterly old translator having stopped short of the sense, the couplet in *Ita* lies is supplied.

† Doering will have it that *novum* and *lepidum* relate to the contents of the book, not to the outward fashion. In this case Catullus is chargeable with an awkward ambi-

CONSECRATION OF HIS PINNACE.

Carm. IV.

Strangers! the bark that meets your eye
 Saith never ship could fleetly fly;
 No tree that swam e'er pass'd her by
 With oar or straining sail:
 She calls on Hadria's threatening shore,
 The Cyclads, Thracia's surges frore,
 Propontis, Euxine's surly roar,
 To contravene the tale.
 In after-time a skiff, she stood
 Tufted with nodding leaves—a wood!
 Full oft from ridged Cytorus' rood
 Her sighing foliage spoke:
 Pontic Amastris, lend thine aid!
 Cytorus wave thy boxen shade;
 Ye knew and know, the Pinnacle said,
 Your memories I invoke!
 Bear witness ye! to what I speak:
 I rooted on your mountain peak;
 Thence launch'd me in your foamy creek,
 And plunged the leafless oar;
 Thence bore my lord through th' idle spray;
 On either tack obliquely lay,
 Or with squared sail-yards right away
 Scudded the gale before.
 No shore-god had my prayers: I pass'd
 From farthest seas, and now my mast
 Rocks on this limpid lake at last;
 My better day is gone:
 Laid up, and dedicate to thee,
 Who with thy twin-star rulest the sea,
 I feel old age insensibly
 Come stealing peaceful on.

TO THE PENINSULA OF SIRMIO.

Carm. XXXI.

Sirmio! soft eye of island scenery,
 Resting on either waters, molten lake,
 Or the broad sea, with what a glad free will
 I visit thee once more; and scarce believe
 That I have left at distance far behind
 The desarts of Bithynia, and am here,
 And look on thee in safety. O what bliss

guity in alluding to the gloss of the pumice, immediately in succession to these epithets. That *lepidus* and *novus* are used elsewhere to express *facetious* in matter, and *new* in manner, it requires not the ghost of Bentley to inform us: but this furnishes not a shadow of reasonable argument, why they should be so understood here. This is eternally the way with commentators, who, instead of weighing the context, ransack their memories for pedagogical common-places. They seem always to have a dread of circumstantiality; especially when it is picturesque and to the purpose. School-masters agree with them in this: perhaps because school-masters have formed their taste on commentators. I remember they would never let us say that Augustus quaffed the nectar with *purple* mouth, or that Dido spoke from her *rosy* lips; *beautiful* was always the word. In the *Atys* the emasculated youth is said to touch the timbrel *niveis* manibus: there is a faint allusion, delicately touched off, to the paleness of effeminated manhood. Then comes Doering with his "*hoc est pulchris*:" *beautiful* again!—"O *seri studiorum*!" Let me, however, recommend Doering's edition of Catullus as a very accurate one, and the notes as generally fraught with useful comments and illustrations.

Greater, than thus to spring as loosed from cares,
 To drop the weary load of mind, and spent
 With foreign travel, by our own dear hearth
 Sink down at once on that familiar couch
 For which we languish'd when away! tis this
 Compensates all we suffer'd. Joy to thee
 Delightful spot! and bid thy master joy
 That he is come: and thou, O Lydian lake,
 Rejoice with all thy waters: all at home
 That laugh in memory, laugh my welcome now!

HYMN ON A FESTIVAL OF DIANA.

Carm. XXXIV.

Girls and boys of spotless age,
 Ours is Dian's patronage:
 Spotless boys and girls, we raise
 In song our Dian's praise.

Infant great of greatest Jove!
 Daughter of Latona's love;
 Newly born she cradled thee
 By Delos' olive-tree.

For thou wert of mountains queen;
 And of all the woodlands green;
 Covert lawns in forest nooks,
 And noisy-gurgling brooks.

Thee, Lucina—Juno,—call
 Mothers in the birth-pang thrall;
 Puissant Trivia, Luna thou,
 With falsely shining brow.

Measuring with thy monthly sphere
 Thy swift journey of the year,
 Thou, O Goddess! fill'st with grain
 The garners of the swain.

By the name that meets thy will,
 Be thou named and hallow'd still;
 Bless with thy accustom'd grace
 The old Romulean race!

Tales of Updalcross.

TALE SIXTH.

DEATH OF THE LAIRD OF WARLSWORM.

It happened on a fine harvest afternoon, that I found myself at the entrance of one of the wild and romantic glens or vales of Galloway; and as a Galwegian vale has a character of its own, it would mutilate my story to leave it undescribed. Imagine an expanse of brown moorland extending as far as sight can reach, threaded by innumerable burns or brooks, and tenanted only in ap-

pearance by flocks of sheep, or by coveys of red and black game. Here and there a shepherd was seen with his dogs, or a bareheaded maiden with her pails of milk, going homewards from the fold, and cheering her way with one of those old tender traditional ballads which some neglected spirit, like that of John Lowe, has scattered so largely among the pastoral glens of Galloway. A shep-

herd's house, or his summer sheal, rising like the "bonnie bower" of the two heroines of Scottish song, on a burn brae, and covered thick with rushes, while it threw its long wavering line of blue smoke into the clear sharp air, spoke of the presence of the sons and daughters of man, or said, in the quaint and homely language of the Galwegian proverb, "where four cloots go, man's twa feet maun follow."

But this heath, barren and wild as it seemed, had other attractions. At the distance of almost every little mile, numerous streams of smoke ascended from the brown moor; the sound and the hum of man, busied with the flail, the hatchet, or the hammer, was heard; the cry and the merriment of children abounded; and here and there a green tree-top or a chimney-head, a kirk-spire, or a ruined tower, projecting above the horizon of blossomed heather, proclaimed to the traveller that Caledonia, amid her deserts, has her well-peopled glens and her fruitful places.

On a summer sabbath morning the people of Galloway are to be beheld in their glory; then every little deep green and populous vale pours forth its own sedate, and pious, and well-dressed multitude. From the dame in the douce grey mantle to the maiden in glittering silks and scarlets; from him in the broad blue bonnet to her in the gallant cap and feather; from the trembling and careful step of age to the firm and heedless stride of youth; from her who dreams of bridal favours and bridegroom's vows, to him bent to the earth with age, musing on the burial procession and the gaping grave,—all are there, moving on staid and soberly to the house of God. Often have I stood and seen the scanty current of people issue out like the little brook of their native glen, join themselves to a fuller stream, and, increasing as they flowed on, become as a river ere they reached the entrance to the burial ground, which, hallowed with their fathers' dust, encompassed their native kirk. I have heard the bell toll, and the melody of their psalms of praise and hymns of thanksgiving flow far and wide. I have thought, while these holy sounds arose, that the bleat of the flocks became softer, the cry of the plover less shrill, and

that the divine melody subdued into music the rough brawling of the brook along which it was heard.

At the heathy entrance into one of these beautiful vales I accordingly stood and pursued the winding of a little stream, which, after leaping over two or three small crags, and forming several little bleaching grounds of greensward for the villagers' webs, gathered all its waters together, and concentrated all its might, to pour itself on a solitary mill-wheel at the farther end of the valley. On either side of the glen the shepherds and husbandmen had each constructed his homely abode according to his own fancy; the houses were dropped here and there at random, facing east, and west, and south, each attached to its own little garden, the green flourishing of which was pleasant to the eye, while the fragrance of some sweet herbs, or a few simple flowers, escaped from the enclosure, and was wafted about me by the low and fitful wind. The whole glen was full of life, the sickles were moving beneath the ripe grain, the bandsmen were binding and stooking it, several low-wheeled cars were busied in depositing this rustic treasure in the farmer's stackyard; while the farmer himself moved about, surveyed the fulfilment of his wishes, and rubbed the full ears between his palms, and examined with a pleased and a curious eye the quality of his crop. At the doors of the cottages the old dames sat in groups in the sun, twirling their distaffs, and driving the story round of wonder or of scandal; while an unsum-mable progeny of barefooted bairns ran, and rolled, and leaped, and tumbled, and laughed, and screamed, till the whole glen re-murmured with the din.

I sat down by the side of a flat grave-stone, bedded level with the grass; the ancient inscription, often renewed by the pious villagers, told that beneath it lay one of those enthusiastic, undaunted, and persecuted peasants, who combated for freedom of faith and body when the nobles of the land forgot the cause of God and their country. Presently the children desisted from their merriment, and gathered about and gazed on me, a man of an unknown glen, with a quiet and a curious eye. I ever

loved the innocent scrutiny of youthful eyes ; so I allowed them to descend at freedom on my southland garb, and wonder what could make me choose my seat by the martyr's tombstone, a place seldom visited, save by men in a devotional frame of mind. A venerable old dame, with a straggling tress or two of grey hair flowing from beneath her mutch or coif, laid aside her distaff, and advanced to free me from the intrusion of a dozen or more of her curly-headed descendants. The admonishing tone in which she said, "bairns, bairns," with the rebuke of her eye, accomplished her wishes ; the children vanished from my side, and retired to a little round green knowe or knoll, which rose on the rivulet bank in the middle of the village, and seemed appropriated for rustic games, pitching the bar, casting the stone, for leaping and for wrestling. "A bonnie harvest afternoon, sir," said the Galwegian matron, "but ye would be wiser to come and rest ye in a comfortable house than sit on the cauld stane, though it lies aboon the dust of ane of the godly auld folk of the saintly days of Galloway, or maybe ye might like the change-house better to birl yere sixpence and be behadden to none, and I cannot say that I can advise ye."

I was prevented from replying by another of the village dames who thus broke in on our parley. "Birl his silver in the change-house!—wherefore should he? what can hinder him from slipping cannilie away up the brae to the gudeman of Warlsworm? he's either dead or as good as dead ; and if he's no departed, so much the better ; he will leave the world with a perturbed spirit, for sore, sore, has he stuck to the earth, and loth will he be to leave his gowd and his gains, and his bonnie broad lairdships ; and who kens but the sight of a stranger breaking his bread and drinking his milk may make him die through downright vexation for the unwonted waste? Andrew, my bonnie lad, take this strange man up to auld Warlsworm's hall door ; I would gang myself, but I vowed never to cross his threshold or enter his land, since he cheated my ain cousin out of the green holms of Dee ; black be his cast, and bitter his doom!" A

little boy came to my side and put his hand in mine ; and, willing to know more of a man of whom I had heard so much, away I walked with my barefooted guide, and soon came within sight of the mansion of Warlsworm.

It was a rough old house built of undressed granite, and covered with a slating of coarse sandstone. The smoke, despairing to find its way through the windings of a chimney almost choaked with sides of bacon and soot, sought its passage in many a curl and turn along the roof, and, finally descending, streamed out into the pure air through window and door. Groups of black cattle, after browsing on every green thing which the garden contained, and trying to digest the withered thatch which depended from the sides of the barn and stable, stood lowing knee-deep in a pool of muddy water before the mansion, and looking wistfully on the green hills and the golden harvest around them. The fowls, undismayed by fowmart or fox, plundered the corn which hung drop-ripe and unreaped in the field ; while a multitude of swine, breaking, in the desperation of hunger, from their pens, ran grunting through the standing grain, crushed the growing potatoes in unwieldy joy ; and finally cooled their sides, and fulfilled the scripture proverb, by wallowing in the mire which encompassed as with a fosse this miserly mansion.

The door stood open. In summer, in the pastoral districts, few doors are closed ; and with the privilege which a stranger claims in a hospitable land I entered the house. Wheeled towards the fire, and bedded thick with sheepskins and soft cushions, stood the lang settle or rustic sofa ; and on it lay a man bald and feeble with age ; and kneeling by his side I saw a fair-haired girl, her hands clasped, and her large blue eyes fixed with a moist and motionless gaze on his face. This was the owner of the mansion, the far-famed laird of Warlsworm ; and the maid was his niece, as remarkable for her gentleness and beauty, as her relative for his grasping and incessant greed. As my shadow darkened the floor, she looked up, and motioned me to silence and a seat. I accordingly sat down, and looked with an

eye of deep interest on the touching scene before me. There lay Age, his face gross and covetous, his mind seeking communion with the riches of the earth, while his body was fast hasting to dust, and his soul to its final account; and there knelt Youth, glowing in health and ripe in beauty, her tresses bright, and flowing over her neck, like sunshine visiting a bank of lilies; her hands, white and shapely, and small, clasped over a white and a perturbed bosom; while from her long dark eye-lashes the tears of sorrow descended drop by drop. On both, a young man in a homely garb, but with a face comely and interesting, sat and looked, and looked too with a brow on which might be read more of love for the maid than of sorrow for the man.

The old man uttered a groan, turned on his couch, half opened his eyes, and said, "Bessie, my bairn, let me have hold of thy hand; my sight is not so good as it ought to be; and I think I see queer things, that should not be seen by a man when he lies down to die. But I have wronged no man; I took but what the law gave me; and if the law grips with an iron hand, it's the worse for them that made it. I thought I heard the footstep of the young portioner of Glaikeitha; he'll be come to borrow gold and to wadset land. But Bessie, my lass, gold's scarce and land abundant; no that I refuse the minted money when the interest will do thee good, and when the security's sicker; sae gang thy ways, my wean, to the old pose ahint the cathud, or hear ye me; there's a saddle-bag of good red gold riding on the rannel-tree that has nae seen sun or wind these seven-and-twenty summers." "Oh! forget the cares of the world," said the maiden, with a voice smothering with sorrow, "and think of your health. This is not the young portioner of Glaikeitha seeking for gold to cast away in eating, and drinking, and dancing, or in more evil pursuits; but a stranger youth come to repose him all night as strangers do, and recommence his journey in the morning." "Repose him," re-echoed the old man, his voice deepening, and his faded eyes brightening, as he spoke. "Have I wrangled any of his kin, that he comes hither to riot on my substance? have I ever

darkened his father's door, that he should presume to darken mine? Alas! alas! the bonnie haughs of Orr, and the fair holms of Dee, will be wasted on loons and limmers, and I shall no find repose where all men find rest. Aye! aye! my hall will soon be a changed place; there will be fizenless tea instead of weel buttered breakfast brose; a pudding with spices and raisins, for a gallant haggis dropping with fatness and full of marrowy strength; and for the pleasant din of the spinning wheel there will be the sounding of fiddle-strings and the leaping of wanton feet. Strangers will feast at my supper-board, where strangers never feasted before; and auld men will shake their heads and say, 'Away fly the riches of honest Warlsworm.' And putting his hands over his eyes, as if to hide the hideous picture of extravagance which his imagination had painted, and uttering groan succeeding groan, he stretched himself at full length on the lang settle.

His niece turned pale as she beheld him writhing under the infliction of the spirit which she mistook for a deadlier pang, and thus she addressed the young man, who seemed to remain there that he might gaze without intermission on her beauty. "Oh, Willie lad, if ye wish for wealth in this world and weal in the ane to come—rise up and run." The youth leaped to his feet, stood with his lips apart, his left foot forward, and his whole face beaming with joy at being commanded by so sweet a tongue. "Oh run, William, run; fly over moor and moss, and seek and bring auld Haudthegrup, a man gifted in prayer and conversant with godly things; he will cheer my uncle's spirit. For oh, they're glad-some when they get thegither. I have seen them sit in the howe heart of winter, laying schemes for gripping and guiding wealth, when the snow was on the hill, and the icicle on the house-side, with less fire to thowe them than would warm a bairn's breakfast. Oh, run, William, run, tell him to hasten; for the sands of life are nearly out; and that my uncle talks of the gathered gold of faith and the set siller of redemption; and that's nae symptom of health with him." The youth looked at her for a moment, then away he darted from

the door, climbed the hill with the swiftness of a fowl in its flight, tarried for a second on its summit to look back on the dwelling, nor were his glances unrewarded; he then vanished along the moor to seek the home of auld Haudthegrup.

This devotional auxiliary soon made his appearance; he seemed a personification of penance and famine. He was tall and lean, with a frame of iron, a forehead villanous low, and eyes small, restless, and glimmering about in quest of gain, like those of a cat seeking prey in the twilight. His nose was sharp and thin, like the style of a sun-dial; while his lips, though very broad, were too scanty to cover a seam of teeth as rusty as the jaws of an unused fox-trap, and wholly unacquainted with the luxury of the pastoral district, the flesh of lambs or ewes, unless when a friend's house had the scourge of his company. He carried under his arm a mighty Bible, garnished with massy clasps of iron, and entered the abode of his dying friend with the satisfied look of a man proud of his gifts, and conscious of the extensive influence of his intercessions. "Peace be among you," said the goodman of Haudthegrup, "and may God claim his ain in his blessed time and way; when the grain's ready let it go to the threshing floor, and when the grapes are ripe, take them to the wine-press." So saying he made a stride or two, and, looking in the face of his ancient friend, thus proceeded to comfort him. "Bless me, laird of Warlsworm, ye're no going to leave us; leaving us, too, when golden days are at hand? Never was there such an appearance of a harvest of gold, and the precious things of the earth, all ripening and getting ready for thy sickle and mine. Cheer up man, ye'll hear the chink of gold in yere left lug for mony a bonnie year yet. Would ye lie there, and let the breath sough away frae atween your lips, like a cow strangled with her tether in a field knee-deep of clover? Look me in the face I say; bankers are breaking, and the credit of cattle-dealers is cracked—gold will be gold soon, and the rate of interest will rise in Galloway. The crouse and ringing frosts of winter will soon come to purify the air, and

make yere auld blood course boldly in yere veins. Then the grass will grow green, the bushes will bud, and the primroses will blow on the bonnie burn bank, and ye'll get yere feet among the braw blooming gowans, that lie scattered o'er the face of the earth, like as mony pieces of a spendthrift's gold. Sae cheer up man, ye would do wrong to die and so many blessings awaiting ye."

The laird of Warlsworm sat erect for a moment; the prospect of life, and the hopes of future gain, passed by him like a bright pageant; his eyes sparkled with that unholy light by which Mammon sums his treasure, and he stretched forth his hand to clutch the visionary gold, which deceitful fancy heaped up before him. But nature could not sustain the effort; the light faded in his eyes, his hand sank, and his head declined, and, sinking on the cushions, he muttered, "Na, na, it winna do; it winna do; I maun away to the worms, and my bits of bonnie gold will get a fearful scattering:" and, fixing his looks on the old bag of coin, which was suspended in the chimney, he lay for a while in woeful rumination, and thus proceeded:—"Aye, aye, ye'll no hang lang in that cozie place now; the hand of the spoiler will come, and thy braw broad pieces which I gathered with care and with sorrow, and regarded as gods, will gang to the silk shop and the maker of golden gimcracks glancing with polished stones for woman's neck and bosom." And, shutting his eyes in despair, and clutching his hands in agony of spirit, he resigned himself to his fate.

Meanwhile the devout twin-brother of Mammon seated himself in an old chair, laid his Bible on his knees, uncovered his head, placed his long iron fingers on the clasps, and, with a prolonged preliminary cough, which hypocrisy had taught to imitate the listless and weary end of a dull sectarian sermon, he opened the volume. He glanced his eye around, to see if his auditors were composed, and commenced his search for a chapter befitting the perilous state of his friend. I was seated beside him, and thus I heard him converse with himself, as he turned over the leaves. "A chapter fit for a sinner's state!—I mauna read about

repentance, nor speak of the benefits of redemption. He'll never forgive me for directing his thoughts to such strange objects." The laird uttered a low groan, and the devout man proceeded with his mutterings.— "He's going gear; he's going gear; he winna shoot over the coming midnight; he'll be a stretched-out corse, and Bessie Lamond, his niece there, a braw rich heiress before the morning light. She'll be a weel tochered lass, when auld Gripagain travels. Let me see, there's Hurleyhawkie, a rich land and well watered; there's Auchenling, a dreary domain it's true, but there's gallant shooting on't, though it bears little but craneberries; then there's Wyliehole, and the sixteen acre parks of Warlsworm; forbye bails and bonds, and gathered gold;—my sooth Bessie, my lass, many a gallant will cast his cap at thee." And he glanced his sharp considerate eyes on the young maiden, to whose mind her uncle's danger seemed alone present. "Aye, aye," he resumed, "she's a welfavoured lass, and I'll warrant has a gift of knowing on't; deil a doubt of that; but I am not so very auld, and have been single for seven year, and, bating a sad cough, which I can mend when I like for sixpence, and sundry grey hairs, the lass may have sillier woosters than me. When I cock my bonnet, and put on my crousest coat, and give my horse a tasting of corn, and then a tasting of the spur, I think the quean will no be a draps-blood to her uncle if she say me nay. And the lassie, too, is modest of demeanour; she wears nae silver in her shoon, nor frights the fowls with the feathers of her oap; and weel I mind it was her thrifty mother's boast, that she should never sit on a sark till she could spin ane. I'll warrant her a gallant lassie, and a good guider of gear. I should like to lead her to a brankan bridal." And, resuming his search of a suitable chapter, he withdrew his looks from the maid, who, with brimful eyes, a troubled brow, and quivering hands, ministered to the sick man.

Her pure sincerity of heart won its way to auld Warlsworm's bosom, frozen as it seemed, and shut up resolutely against the charities of nature. "Ah, Bessie, lass," he murmured, "thy uncle maun leave the

bonnie links of Orr, and the gowany braesides of Dee. Many a tug, and many a toiled brow, has it cost him to get them; but the strength of man cannot endure like the hills, nor his spirit flow for ever like a running stream. And talking of running streams, that reminds me that Miller Macmillan owes me a year's rent, past on Tuesday; gar Jack Candlish gang and fetch it: the miller's a sicker ane; he thinks my dam is nearly run, and that my wheel of existence lacks the water of life, and sae he'll keep up the rent till my head's happit, and then wheedle or swear thee out on't. So that's settled, and my spirit's all the calmer for it. And now for thee, lass, ye'll be a rich quean, Bessie, and the lads will like ye nae the waur because he who lived before ye had a gathering eye, and a sicker grip. But ye maun never wear a towering bonnet with a long feather; for that is an abomination in devout eyes, and a sad drain for the pocket; and sair I slighted bonnie Jenny Duff for the pride of her apparel: wear the snood of maiden singleness as lang as ye can, lassie; and, if ye maun be a wife, wear a douce hood or a devout mutch; ye'll find ane of yere grand-mother's, treasured by among my bonds; for I loved my ain mother better than ever I loved gold; ye'll hardly credit that, Bessie; and I love thee too, my ain sweet sister's wean." He laid his arm around her neck, looked full in her face, with a kind and a glistening eye, and the demon of lucre spread his wings to forsake the mansion where he had lived so long. But it was otherwise ordered. The poor weeping girl knelt over him, and wiped away from his face the tears which flowed from her own eyes, for tears never flowed from his, and hid her face in his bosom with many a bitter sob.

"Ah, ye waster hussey!" exclaimed the laird, in a tone above his strength, "wherefore wipe ye my face with a damask napkin, when a cloth three threads to the pound is too good for a wadset about to be redeemed like me. And see, as I hope to be saved, if ye are not consuming the good dry wood which I kept for the cozie winter night; ground-elding (dried turf) is good enough to warm such an old sapless

bough as me, which the feller's axe is fast lopping away from the green tree of existence." This appearance of unwonted profusion smote sore on the heart of the parsimonious old man, and in a tone of rebuke and bitterness he continued his discourse. "I may waste my breath—and I ought to leave some for a scrap of prayer, it may help me where I am going; I may waste my breath, Bess, I say, in counselling ye how to chuse a husband. When a woman's eye is bright her ear is deaf. Take not a man, Bess, who counts kindred four generations back, he'll call his ancestor a gentleman, and spill the brimming cup of thy fortune in justifying his descent. Nor yet marry a man who scorns his ancestors; the man who mocks his forefathers tramples on their dust. I hold a father's fair name equal with hoarded siller. Above all things wed not a lawyer, lass; ye should aye strive to mend your fortune, and better your fame. Think not of a sailor, for he thinks there is no Sunday in five fathoms of water, and finds a love in every land. Shun, too, the soldier, for shining scarlet, golden shoulder-knots, and a hat filled with fowls' feathers, will consume thy gold and fly away with thy happiness; and, oh, what a gowk he maun be, who stands up to be shot at for saxpence a day, Sunday included. But marry, lass, for all women love to be married, were it only for the sake of having somebody to scold at, and to bear the fault for their folly,—wed, I say, a strong handed chield, who can keep the crown of the causeway, and make himself be obeyed at his own fire-side. A cannie homely lad, who can clip seven score of sheep while another clips six; kens the buttered frae the bare side of the bread; loves nought so well as his own wife, but the knotting of his own purse-strings; and who fears the Lord, and can back five bushels of barley."

This grave and worldly counsellor fairly exhausted himself, and, laying his head on the cushion, and fixing his eye on his bag of gold, which common fame calculated at a thousand pieces, remained silent while that devout person, Haudthegrup, commenced family devotion. He had examined the New Testa-

ment for a fitting and seemly text; but the divine meekness, and charity, and self-denial, and scorn of all terrestrial grandeur, which inspire its pages, rejected all community of feeling, and obliged him to seek consolation under the splendid and ostentatious dispensations of the Mosaic law. "Spoiling the Egyptians," I heard him mutter, as he hastened along, "the heathen Egyptians of their jewels of silver and jewels of gold, a meritorious deed;—making the molten calf, a piece of dark idolatry and a waste of precious metal:—spoiling the Amalekite, a rich and a pagan people, a pleasant act and an acceptable. The temple, aye, aye, the temple of Solomon, the roof thereof was of fine cedar, the pillars of ivory, the floor of pure silver, and the walls of beaten gold,—this has often consoled me, and, doubtless, will console him. It would be pleasant to die with a vision of this golden palace before him." Here he raised his head and said audibly: "Let us begin the worship of Him on High, by reading in his praise first Kings, chapter the sixth." And, elevating his voice, he chaunted forth the history of the building of Solomon's temple, adorning it with the prolonged tone and quavering grace-notes of an ancient Cameronian professor. Nor did he fail to express his own admiration at the profusion of precious metal, by dwelling, with a delight that seemed unwilling to depart, on the passages recording the overlayings of the wall with gold, and the altar, and the floor. As he proceeded, the eye of old Warlsworm looked on his own sooty rafters, and on his coarse unhewn floor, and on the ark which contained his meal; yet what were they, covered, as his imagination made them, with beaten gold, compared to the immeasurable riches of the Jewish temple. Devotion fell prostrate before the divinity of wealth, and the man who had not five hours to live leaped to his feet, smote his hands together, and exclaimed, "Oh Lord, what o'gowd? what o'gowd?"—"Aye lad, and pure gowd too," responded Haudthegrup, casting the Bible from him as he spoke, and pacing round the room with a proud look, and an augmented stride.

At this lamentable conclusion to

family worship and intercession for the soul of a departing sinner, the beauteous relation of Warlsworm seemed deeply affected and incensed. She caught the laird in her arms, replaced him on his cushions, soothed down his worldly spirit, and wiped from his face the moisture which disease and excitement had brought to his brow, and that, too, with a cloth of a texture very unlike the fine twined linen and needle-work of Egypt which had contributed to this unseemly rapture. While this passed, I observed the shadow of a man, lengthened by the departing sun, moving on the hall floor, and seeming to whirlround and round with the agility of a dancer. I looked about, and beheld a singular being, a man about the age of fifty, clad in coarse cloth, called by the shepherds hiplock plaiden, barefoot, bare legged, bare necked, and bare headed. About his shoulders hung a mass of withered and matted hair; and he carried in his hand a long straw, which he held up before his face, moving all the while round and round, and accompanying his gestures with wild and disjointed words. "Alas, alas," said the young maiden, "what can have brought that poor demented simpleton here? he knows our doors were ever closed against him, and that our meal never augmented the little store which he obtained, more by the intercession of his own innocent face, than by the entreaty of his tongue, from the scrupulous charity of our neighbours. Ah, poor houseless, homeless, hapless creature, he is come to express the sorrow of his own harmless heart, for the illness of the head of this house; and hame shall he not go without partaking of the mercies with which we have been so long blessed." And with meat and drink in her hands forth she walked, and approached, not without hesitation, to the little green knoll on which the poor maniac had stationed himself, in order perhaps to give greater effect to the singular ceremony he was performing.

"East and west, and north and south," he chaunted in a tone of dissonance equal to the croak of the raven—"east, west, north, and south; not a cloud—not a breath of wind—a burning heat, and a scorching drouth—the grasshopper cannot sing

for want of her evening dew." He paused, and reversed the straw, and, holding it up before him, renewed his dancing and his chaunt. "North, south, west, and east, the morning sun cannot ascend for the concourse of clouds—the little streams sing among their pebbles, for their banks will soon be overflowed, and the little flowers, bless their bonnie faces, hold up their parched heads, rejoicing in the descending shower. The rains fall, the winds blow, the rivulets swell, and the thunders roll, and rock the green hills. The wide and winding water—even the links of my bright and stately Orr—flows like a wild and a raging sea. I see it, I see it, I see it; man may not ride it; and the saddled steed neighs across the flood, which it trembles to take. Ah! I would not go to be buried in the old kirkyard, beyond that roaring river, though ye were to make me a bed three ell deep, and lay the greenest turf in Galloway aboon me." "Gawain, Gawain," said Bessie Lamond, in her sweetest tone, and with a smile of sympathy and kindness on her lips, "Gawain—hinnie, have ye forgotten how many bowls of curds and cream, and pieces of bread and cheese I have stolen from our penurious board to feed ye in the glen? Turn and speak to me, my bonnie man, and spae nae mair about uncannie things, and see nae mae unsonsie sights."

But Gawain was possest beyond the influence of the tongue and charms of the fair niece of the penurious laird, and continued to elevate and dandle the straw with an increasing wildness of look and gesture. "But who are those who ride mourning on their coal black steeds, two and two, and bear a coffined corse before them? I see some whom I shall not see long, and the owner of this house is among them; stretched full gay in his burial linen, and a velvet pall aboon him—the siller it costs would be a sore sight; it is well for him that his senses are shut, else the expense of the burial wine would break his heart. There is a deep grave dug, and the bedral leans on his spade, and looks to the burial train about to pass the river. Aha! Johnie Feasttheworm, ye're cheated lad, ye're cheated," shouted Gawain, changing the wild seriousness of his

tone to that of laughter and merriment. "Fill your kirkyard hole again with the black mools, for auld Warlsworm's floating down the links of Orr, and his bonnie black coffin will frighten the seamen on Solway; and wha should float aside him but auld Haudthegrup? but he'll no float far, for twa pouchfuls of stolen gowd will tug the sinner down, and sink him to perdition: ye're cheated, Johnie Feasttheworm, ye're cheated, sae fill ye're kirkyard hole with the fat mools again, my cannie man."

These concluding words were too loud to escape notice, and out upon him sallied Haudthegrup, his face inflamed, his hand clenched, and burning anger on his tongue. "What fiend hath possest himself of this man, and utters this falseness through his foolish lips? Verily, I will cast him out; a sore buffeting shall the foul thief abide, that presumes to enter into the living image of the High One, and prophesy against righteous men. Lo! I will rebuke him with my right hand, and chasten him sorely with this rod of rowan tree, with which I once combated and overcame three witch-women in the wicked parish of Penpont." And, advancing upon Gawain, as he spoke, he aimed a blow, which the maniac turned aside, exclaiming: "Aha! auld greedy Haudthegrup, I have ye now, I have ye now; take that, man, for throwing a bone at me, at Joe Tamson's bridal, seven and thirty year syne come beltan." As he uttered these words, he dashed his opponent from him with such force, that he reeled several paces, and plunged into a miry hole, fairly under the verdant mantle with which the summer warmth had decked it. Gawain having performed this feat, stalked perpendicularly into the hall—seated himself by the warm ashes on the hearth, and, looking on the sick man, said, "Ye lie soft and braw on your bonnie white cushions there; and deed and trouth, an I was you, I wad nae die till the cauld frost and winter should come, when I care na to accompany ye to the kirkyard hole mysel, and take my word for't, ye'll lie safest and fealest on the Buittle side of the kirk; I aye think the gowans are bonnier, and the grass the fairer, and the blinks of the simmer sun sweeter on that side than

the other: 'od, but lad, if ye hope to lie wi' me, ye maun lie quiet, and no trouble ane with your weeping, and wailing and gnashing of teeth—the cauld grave's a bad place to repent in."

We were now rejoined by old Haudthegrup, purified by the fair hands of the maiden from the soil of the pond, and anxious to drown shame and mortification by a long and lamentable prayer. The sun was set, and a soft and balmy twilight had succeeded. The sound of the reaper's returning song, and the repeated call of the harvest-horn were audible on all sides,—and in the hall of Warlsworm we had that silence which ushers in prayer, and that fitful and glimmering light afforded by the decaying beams of day, and the twinkling gleam of fading embers. As we knelt, I could not refrain from looking on the singular group thus strangely assembled.

Gawain abasing himself in the ashes, and stooping his forehead quietly into the dust, accompanied with a chousing groan the melancholy cough of the sick man; the maiden knelt by the couch, watching with a steady and uninterrupted gaze the changing looks of her uncle; while Haudthegrup himself clasped his hands, drew down his cheeks to a most hypocritical length, and, fixing his eyes on things above, namely, on the golden hoard which hung beyond reach in the chimney, proceeded with his prayer. The prayers of the righteous avail much, says the Fountain of Belief, but what avail the prayers of the hypocrite? Unwise would that man be who would give them a record and a sanctuary. A strong and a burning faith, a day of firm belief, and an hour of death-bed repentance, were pressed with many a mighty word and many a weary groan. He recommended the health of his friend to Him who sweetened the waters of Marah, and his spirit to that being who presided over angels and thrones, and the souls of just men made perfect. "To thee," said he, making a concluding address to the Fountain of all glory, "to thee who can make silver into gold and the dust upon which we tread into precious gems, it can be little to mend a broken body and revive a contrite spirit. To thee

who made my lambs worth five half crowns at the St. James's fair of Lanark, though when I supplicated thee they were worth but five and sixpence, the renovation of this frail and fainting man is but a breath from thy nostrils. But if it is thy will to glean this ripened ear, to snatch this brand from the fires of this sinful world, let him honour thee and serve thee, and leave a moiety of that worldly dross which men call gold, even unto him who thus wrestled with thee for his welfare and salvation." Here the sick man moaned, and the glances of his gifted friend and him flashed towards the hidden gold like the hostile lights of two adverse planets. Haudthegrup concluded, "and leaving his red gold in thy servant's hand, let him dwell in that house not built with hands, eternal in the heavens."

"A house not built with hands," re-echoed Gawain in the tone of the prayer, and leaping to his feet, "I never saw a house not built with hands except a magpie-nest in the foot of my mother's garden." With him too rose the laird of Warlsworm, the deadly paleness of rage and receding life in his face; he fixed his eyes, shining with a light that seemed of the world below, on Haudthegrup, and stretching his hands towards him to pour forth his departing malediction, seemed inspired by the fiend who presides over the last hours of evil men. He opened his lips, the curse trembled on his tongue; but words never came, for he was stricken speechless, and fell back on the settle, his lips apart, his eyes fixed, and his hands clenched. "He'll never hound me frae his door mair," said Gawain, "nor tell me that wet straw is owre good a bed for a beggar bodie." "Let us carry him into the spence," said Haudthegrup, "his spirit winna part in peace while his eye is fixed on that dross called gold and his worldly goods." The dying man seized his niece's hand, and pointed to several bags which hung among hams and tongues in the chimney.—"Ah, he's making an edifying hinder end," said his parsimonious friend, "his hopes are with things aboon, with the blessed, doubtless." And away he bore him amid some faint resistance to a little secluded chamber, his hands still stretched to-

wards the chimney and his lips moving with the rapidity of one who speaks in haste. His dumb warnings were all in vain.

"Now, my bonnie young lady of Warlsworm," said this sanctified person in a whisper, "watch over the last moments of the righteous, and let these two youths and this simple innocent attend you; verily, they may profit by such an edifying sight; I, even I, a man dead to the things of this earth, will go and kneel down even where I lately knelt, and my intercession shall arise and go upward for the welfare of the body and the glorification of the spirit." The maiden wept, and, half insensible with sorrow, bathed her cheeks in tears, while away strode the comforter to the hall, and presently his voice arose in vehement intercession—the sick man groaned. In a little while, the sound of the prayer seemed to ascend from the floor, the laird made a convulsive effort to rise, the voice of Haudthegrup quavered and hesitated, as the voice of a man will do when his hands are busied, and then the sound as of gold falling was heard. At this mishap, the tongue of the interceder uttered a curse, and the power of speech returning to the dying man, he smote his hands together and exclaimed, "He's herrying me, he's herrying me, and I maun gang to the brimstone pit with no a penny in my pocket," and with these words he expired.

The singular prophecy of Gawain met with a remarkable fulfillment. The day of the burial of the laird was wild and stormy, the place of interment was in an old churchyard on the south side of the river Orr. The mourners were mounted, and the coffin was borne on horses' necks, covered with a pall of black velvet, the parochial mortcloth, which reached nigh to the ground. Haudthegrup was chief mourner, and, to elude the expence of a toll-bar, he proposed to ford the river, red and swollen with rain. When he reached the middle of the stream, his horse, unaccustomed to such processions, startled and plunged, and fairly flung his rider over his ears. In his fall, he seized the coffin of Warlsworm, and the quick and the dead alike found a grave in the

links of the Orr. "Alas, for Haud-the-grup," said one of the mourners, "watch when he swims and let us try to save him." "Swims" rejoined another mourner, "how think ye will he swim, and seven hundred stolen

pieces of Warlsworm's gold in his pocket? I'll prophesy when his body's found, he'll be holding his hands on his breeches-pockets to preserve his treasure."

Janus Weathercock's Reasons

AGAINST WRITING AN ACCOUNT OF

"THE EXHIBITION."

A VERY INGENIOUS PAPER, WITH TWO MOTTOS WORTH ALL THE REST BESIDE.

Thou art too full of figures; that's a word of the Gascon growth; that's a dangerous phrase (I don't reject any that are used in the common streets of France; 'tis a mere jest, to think of opposing custom with grammar); that's an ignorant discourse; a paradoxical sentence; that there is too silly; you often make yourself merry; it will be thought you say a thing in good earnest, which you only speak in jest. *Montaigne.*

Of all the several ways of beginning a book, which are now in practice throughout the known world, I am confident my own way of doing it is the best. I'm sure it is the most religious,—for I begin with writing the first sentence, and trusting to Providence for the second.

Tristram Shandy.

THE Welsh bards were much smitten by Triads.—By my mother's side I inherit a pint or so of Cambrian lymph (very apt in hot weather to set my best corks flying); therefore it is not difficult to account for my immoderate exercise on these hobbies. Lord Byron talks about his *twofold* perceptions of things:—I must say, that a more sufficing proof of want of invention in his meditative powers could not be adduced. As we mine deeper among the harmonious entanglements of nature, so doth the sacred Pythagorean number, the beautiful triangle, give richer gleams through the opacity of our corporeal incumbrances; and in those mere retainers on the flesh (the arts and sciences, in the vulgar acceptance), the points of the ever-unalterably-pyramidal emblem, the ethereal flammic symbol, are presented to all reasonably sensitive apprehensions, thick as "quills upon the fretful porcupine." But how, most profound Janus! is this preface to your chapter of trinal analogies to become pertinent to a critique on the Exhibition? Read a little farther, if you please, and it is ten to one but you will feel as easy on that score as the

VOL. V.

author—at least. I am for *this once* quite assured of an intention; and, besides that—pretty clear of a meaning,—if I could but make it out:—you'll not be troubled with it *this* month, however.

According to my theory, the life of the mind may be portioned out into three grand stages; the first and the third of which offer *externally* similar characteristics. The mind, in its simple, pure, and uninformed state, is quiescent and relying;—and the end of all its feverish aspirations after knowledge is but to return it to its original home, where the adoration of nature absorbs it wholly. For the critical art, this process applies very close:—criticism being neither more nor less than a genuine exposition of the impressions produced by a given subject on a tasteful mind, scrupulously cleared from warps and prejudices. To attain this object wholly I assume to be impossible;—owing to our perpetual and unavoidable contact with our senses, which are the primal causes of prejudice and error. It is a common thing to hear the vulgar (the well-dressed I mean) to hear the vulgar say, that "such an one has

infinite taste in poetry or painting without pretending to be a judge!"—this is nonsense. These terms are synonymes in both arts. For if it be true (which I take it cannot be denied) that taste results from experience and deep thought, carried on, indeed, perhaps, almost unconsciously, wherein does it vary from judgment?—I am now working round to the reason of my prelude. Allow me to consider (*ut probatum*) that real criticism rejects mechanical aid; then it follows that complete confidence must be reposed in him who lays claim, however modestly, to but a portion of the *cathedra*. He must show his clear-sightedness and aptitude for penetrating the high mysteries, by talking about the shapes and forms of things which nobody else can see, even with a patent lamp;—and I am not aware that this object could be attained better than by some such sentences as the foregoing. Proof also will be looked for at his hands, concerning his due preliminary considerations on the nature of his art, and on this head permit me to hope that this very sentence (if nothing had gone before it) sufficiently guarantees my qualifications. Lastly, as evidence of an incipient reformation with regard to *warps*, he must imitate me in disclaiming any pretensions to a rigid impartiality, of the which whosoever trumpeteth is a knave or a dupe.—The appositeness of my introduction is nicely developed, or else the Devil's in't; and now it has served my purpose, you may give it by way of a pinch of snuff to your friend there with the obtuse apprehension.—When he hath plucked out the heart of my mystery, he shall find Aristotle's poetics (*without notes!!!*) as easy as—lying. Perhaps all this is too terse—"Dum brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio."—It's the best part of my article, for all that—(I use the *present* auxiliary, because, though the remainder is not as yet signified on the paper, it is, and has been written "within the book and volume of my brain," to all intents and purposes, from all eternity)—It's the

best part of my article, I repeat, and if you read four pages more you'll not be the wiser! take a fool's word.

Where is the wind to-day?—"South-east."—How in the plague's name came a prayer against this most accursed of all winds to be omitted in our Litany? But there was no Somerset-house Exhibition in those days, because, there was no Somerset-house. I dare say, you may discover another reason or two, but I am quite comfortable with this.

So! we are arrived! *Pu—g—h!!* (I look on a printerly-arranged exclamation of this kind as an admirable succedaneum for a paragraph of witticisms. It gives one a consequence beyond a contributor—it is quite Editorial—and very harmless—so *Pu—g—h!* again.) What a smother! how the dust careers away yonder in the long sun-beam!—how rusty and rough are the castors of males!—how disgusted ladies are with the dimmed hue of their black morocco-slippers! how their curls uncurl their wanton tendrils! and how little straggling parties, three or four hairs in each, "fret on their temples, tickle in their napes!" How light kid gloves are darkened by the action of animal warmth! How faces shine, and bandanas whisk about over bald foreheads!—and how awkward men stick their thumbs where they should *not*, for lack of their sticks, torn away by that unfeeling caitiff, Tom Bromhead, who, couched in his green den at the very feet of Hercules, spares neither age nor sex.

I cannot bring myself to put implicit faith in that saying of Lord Bacon's, "that good men *crushed* are sweeter for the crush,"—Heaven knows that the *crush* here, to-day, is strong, and yet—I will not set down so many hundreds of my fellow creatures as bad, because they do not distil into frankincense and spike-nard.—No! Bacon for once is mistaken; * but for all that, new ventilators would not be irrelevant to the great room—so *pu—gh!* the third time—or what is still better, because Shaksperian—*pah!*

* Janus is extremely fond of distorting notable passages in notable authors, for the purpose of building some preposterous conceits thereon. This is all mighty well with dabblers like Southey, Byron, and Scott; but when he meddles with Bacon he gets the wrong pig by the ear. In fact, he had better turn Jew and evite him altogether.

Who did the Exhibition for the London Magazine last season? "Corn. Van Vinkbooms." Did he indeed? Why then let him *do it* again, as Vathek said to the Giaour. I'll none of it! Why should I get the ill-will of every exhibitor, both those I commemorate and those I do not? "Very true, dear W—but—hem! but—why you see that Cornelius has met with several little obstacles, which have hitherto prevented his attendance at the Academy—in short (I know I speak to a friend), Van Vinkbooms now lies in Horsemonger jail under sentence of death for a M. Antonio robbery in the British Museum!! Bandinelli's St. Lawrence *avec les deux fourches* was his bane. Love of art swayed him, not lucre (for often hath he offered a hundred pounds in vain), like the unhang'd pilferer of Rembrandts; yet how different their fate!" Extremely unpleasant indeed, and turns up inconveniently both for him and me—mais—helas! he-bien—(This *façon de Paris* is very dry!) I must undertake it for you, I see! Look on it as done—some way or other.

There are 1049 *works*, as they are termed, occupying in their intitulation 49 pages 4to. To give anything like an account of a quarter of these would fill three of our Magazines. Let us count the notes of admiration in our catalogue—173! too many by 100! How many double crosses?—57! Still uncompassable! Thus then we sweat down the mass for our use. Portraiture attracts patronage enough, God knows; and that patronage runs in a good course, as the goodly trees it waters testify, Lawrence, Phillips, Owen, Jackson, Chalon, and Chantrey. Praise of mine would not gain four minutes' more attention to the grandeur of Turner, the chaste sobriety of Callcott, the amenity and poetical repose of Collins, or the delicate fidelity of William Daniell. What a work of supererogation to sound the trumpet for Ward and Cooper, the Snyders and Wouvermans of the day, who have deservedly as much as they can do. The futility of explanatory criticisms on the familiar scenes appears in the designation, and now what remains to me out of this immense show? The historical department, which, notwithstanding a respectable growth

since last year, may be held between my finger and thumb like this pinch of snuff. And, first, you are all much attracted, I hope, by the veteran Northcote's sterling composition, entitled, "*The Princess Bridget Plantagenet, fourth daughter of King Edward the Fourth, who, when very young, was consigned to the care of the abbess of the monastery of Dartford, where she afterwards became a nun, and there spending her life in devotion and contemplation, was buried in that convent about the year 1517, eighth of King Henry Eighth.*" The expressions in this picture are amiable without weakness, and pathetic without a shade of drivelling: the unconscious air of the child, the warm grief of the mother, and the lofty yet kindly serenity of the white-robed abbess, are discriminated with a depth and precision which evidence equal feeling in the conception and judgment in the execution. The tone does not disgrace the invention, beaming with an even and sober light; the carnations are clean, fresh, and sanguine. Let us have a print of it from the brilliant and faithful hand of Scriven, not forgetting its admirable companion last year. As a pendant to this conventual incarceration hangs *The Burial of Christ* by the same pencil; a worn out hackneyed subject, on which the creative genius of Michel Agnolo would now fail to elevate any structure which should arrest attention by novelty. That Mr. N. should have employed his time on it, was probably the result of a choice not his own. It is, however, well composed, and possesses breadth, depth, and strong relief. The taste of colour is from the severer departments of the Bolognese school, so eloquently recommended by Sir Joshua and Fuseli as the legitimate vehicle of the dignified, the pathetic, and the awful. Between these two cool chastities is a fiery luxuriance (*Cupid and Psyche*, 18) by the now-in-oil-seldom-seen Westall, an artist who has touched every species of composition, and seldom failed to add some delicacy unknown before. If the various-styled Stothard, our Raffaëlle, has been more successful in catching the evanescent graces of every-day life, he must yield to his rival in higher and more poetical inventions; Stothard could

not have painted Westall's "Three Witches,"—nor Westall, Stothard's "French Priest's earnest Colloquy with Robinson Crusoe." Stothard, looking to his *humanities*, is rather the intenser of the twain; Westall the more universal. I find great difficulty as to precedence of merit between his "Fisherman labouring out a boat, on the wild beach of billowy Hastings," his rich landscapes of *Solitude*, and *Roslin Castle*; his tumultuous cattle piece of *Lions and Bulls*; or his in-all-limbs-beauteous *Helen*, falling like a warm sun-stream on the senses of Priam and Troy's elders, who bask like grasshoppers in her blighting loveliness. I have heard his powers denied or degraded:—let the above enumerations of achievements in so many opposite branches strike these silly, unreflecting, and petty calumniators dumb.* That Westall's style is redolent with faults no one ever affected to deny; but they are the faults not of incapacity, but of recklessness as to what he may deem (perhaps erroneously) the un-essentialities of his works. His excellencies, both in elegance of posture, brilliancy of chiaroscuro, characteristic touch, and vividness of colour, are eminently his own. In the production before us, the new method† of working with an admixture of water colours, crayons, and oil-paints, has been strictly followed; but the effect (at least as well as I can judge at so great a distance) seems hardly commensurate to the tediousness of the means. It is whispered that Mr. W. himself puts little or no faith in the notion of its being the "*Venetian Secret*," though he esteems it to comprise several desiderata, among which is *surface*. It is my very humble opinion (who am not *picture*, but *print-learned*) that it relishes a little of the Bassanos, but I find not much of Giorgione, Titiano, Tintoretto, or Schiavone, the ablest colourists of that gorgeous age. I cannot help fancying that the

usual distinctness of Mr. W.'s first conception was, in this ever-delightful subject, something dimmed by a too unvaried contemplation of Design's gaudy-tying maid. The novelty of his means threw a temporary dazzle over his fancy; and while complete admiration is given to the beauty of the lorn *Psyche*, and the wantonly-luxuriant accessories, the inadequate personification of the heavenly Breath of the World provokes our spleen. It were also to be wished that the splendid yet blind cubiculum of Apuleius had not been exchanged for an open leafy tent, where the tell-tale moonlight makes the lamp (the instrument of the helpless one's future miseries) superfluous. These things would be trifling in the ornamental style, which aims to please the eye, reckless of propriety; but Westall hitherto has held a higher mood! and, indeed, in this same "brilliance pictorial," he perchance but disports by way of unbending his inventive and reflective faculties.

This gentleman has in his possession a singular and exquisite cabinet picture of *Raffaëlo caressing his beloved Fornarina*, which internal proofs most forcibly affix to the hand of the great Roman himself. (A faithful engraving from it would confer large fame and popularity on the courageous artist who should undertake it.) A delicate *Schiavone*, various as a tulip bed with rich broken tints; and a glowing portrait, remarkable for *morbidezza*, by the scarce Morone, also make costly the walls of Mr. Westall's drawing room. In the exhibition of these gems, to real amateurs, his kindness is unwearied.

I must now abate my eyes to the sleeping *Bacchante* (21) of Stothard, which is placed immediately under No. 18. But first, after so much dry nibbling criticism, let us take a mouthful of very come-inable pretty verses by way of running illustration to the picture we have quitted.

* Who possesses this gentleman's painting from the Third Canto of the Lord of the Isles, (*Bruce, Allan, Ronald and Edith, in the outlaw's cave*)? wherein the choice and seizure of the momentous nick of time reveals an intimacy with the springs of sympathy worthy of the highest names. The state of public knowledge of the arts in this matter-of-fact country may be learnt from the miserable sight of these abilities prostituted by dire necessity to ornamental vignettes for Sharp's prose writers, and *id genus omne*!

† Supposed by Miss Cleaver, the very ingenious inventress, to be the real and true process of *Tiziano, Correggio, the Bassans, Rembrandt, Cuypp, &c.*

Shakerly Marmion, the play-writer, is their author. If you like them—buy the book! (*Legend of Cupid and Psyche*, edited by Mr. Singer, 1820) if not—let it alone!

Then in one hand she held the tremulous light,

And in the other took the sword, so bright
As 'twould her beauty and the fire outshine;
And she thus arm'd, became more masculine.

But when, by friendship of the lamp, her eye

Had made a perfect true discovery
Of all was in the room, what did she see?
Object of love, wonder of deity!

The God of Love himself, Cupid the fair,
Lie sweetly sleeping in his golden hair.

At this so heavenly sight, the lampy spire
Increased his flames, and burnt more pure,
and higher.

* * * * *

* Poor Psyche, all amazed,
With joy and wonder on his beauty gazed.
His neck so white, his colour so exact,
His limbs, that were so curiously compact:
His body sleek, and smooth.

* * * * *

A bright reflection and perfumed scent
Fill'd all the room with a mix'd blandishment,

Shot from his wings; and at his feet did lie
His bow, and arrows, and his armory.

* * * * *

* When lo,
Whether from envy, or from treachery,
Or that it had a burning appetite
To touch that silken skin that look'd so white,

The wicked lamp, in an unlucky hour,
A drop of scalding oil did let down pour
On his right shoulder.

Have you looked at this young lady, "who wears forth the odorous moisture of the flowers," with the warmth of her dainty body, bathed in the unseen dews of sleep? I say again, have you looked at her well? "Aye, truly I have!" Well, Sir! and what do you see? "I see a very handsome girl, with golden tresses, fast asleep with her pretty mouth open, and upwards; and I see a little impudent Cupid who seems extremely aware that her slumber is somewhat extraneous, and as it were rather induced by excess of stimulants, than excess of exhaustion, which to be sure is plainly enough implied in the discomposed straggle of her plump limbs; and I see a romantic white-haired goat with leering eye and upreached quivering mouth, cropping the sweet shoots of

the lush vine under the which these three lie buried!" Extremely right, Mr. A—A—What d'ye call 'em! But is this all? "All—save a pair of small brass Bacchic cymbals." L—d have mercy on us! what a blind world is this, my masters! Why, thou featherless owl! thou short-nailed mole! descriest thou not clearly that this tablet having been originally painted some time ago, the varnish, or the *macgilp*, or the *something*, has cracked Miss's skin like a dropsy, and that to hide these ravages SCUMBLING has been used!! Dost hear? SCUMBLING!! "May be so; and what of that?"

Stop a moment, will you, my dear reader? I cannot get that interrogative down yet. I must drink this glass of Sherry exactly at three swallows, and take precisely—How precision is disregarded now to be sure! in drawing, in acting, in making up prescriptions, in taking them, in the position of dragoons' feet in the stirrups, in the make of breeches, in grammar, in pronunciation, in choice of words, in—in short—I don't know why I should begin my excellent work "*On Precision*," just *here*! so I put my finger and thumb into the box over which it has hovered for the last twenty-three seconds, and take precisely—two seven-eighths pinches of Paris. I think I feel a little better now! nevertheless I do pronounce that phrase "what of that" to be the most vulgar, the most impertinent, unfeeling, malevolent, stupid, churlish, discomfiting, *unanswerable* query that Apollyon ever thrust in a man's head. It is as bad as a pail of water thrown over you, or a smack in the face!—And to meet with all this, in reward for as fine a piece of connoisseurship as you shall light upon between Vasari and Vinkbooms! fie on't, it's an ungrateful world! But for all that I will have my say, and I say that Stothard's picture is a good picture, and a loveable picture—go to! and a well-drawn,—and an expressive picture, and as good as a Poussin, and a great deal better altogether than you or I should make if we were to live, according to the Chinese wish, 1000 years, painting away all the time:—and if you come to that—so is his other little composition yonder (178. Jacob telling his dream to his

father) a design which looks as if it ought to be in Raffaello's Bible! "No matter!" said Mr. Hobson.

But come, my charming young ladies who "doat on Lord Byron," here is a picture painted on purpose for ye (*Manfred and the Witch of the Alps*, 108). A very chaste and carefully finished composition; of course more in the gusto of Rome than of Venice, though the tints are clear, and bear more transparence than is usual with Mr. Howard. The fountain spirit has great beauty of shape and features—the attitude of the guilty misanthrope is natural and characteristic, and the Alpine scenery, rocks, and wild-flowers, the torrent and its spray-begotten Iris, make up a vehicle for the actors extremely picturesque, rich, and inviting. With regard to his *Ariel released by Prospero* (72) I confess I was somewhat disappointed. The magic duke is here depicted as compelling two earthy spirits to do his bidding:—I concede that their difficultly foreshortened dusky bodies are drawn with science and feeling; they rive the pine forcefully; but now I must doubt whether a greater impression of power would not have been conveyed by causing the earth-bound tree to gape and yield up its airy kernel under the thrilling impulse of his mighty and intense *willing*:—the awful eye bent in fascinating immovability, and the mystic rod raised, as if to pour forth its sympathetic potency, would indicate this plainly enough to the spectator, as several inventions of Michel Agnolo can testify—and certainly the great secret of strength, both in writing and design, is condensation—to employ just exactly so many figures and words as will do your business—and *no more*.* The above objection, or rather suggestion, is merely my notion of the scene, instead of Mr. Howard's; whose method of relating, with eloquent dumb show, the harassing lets and annoyances inflicted on Caliban (76) cannot to my feeling be easily surpassed in vividness and intelligibility. I wish the tasteful secretary would look into Mr. Soane's translation of Undine; he would find much to his mind, which might in turn create much to our mind. Perhaps one of

his friends may see this and tell him of my hint. Don't you wish you were rich enough to purchase that Devonshire landscape, by Collins? (Buckland in the Moor, 89.) I do, with all my heart, and with all my soul, on which it would act like balm. And I wish I had Turner's exquisite little gaiety, (What you Will. 114.) And I wish I had Cooper's Battle of Strigonium. (120.) And I wish Mr. Etty had made a large fortune, and gave away his delicately and masterly executed gems to poor but ardent amateurs.—Alas! alas! Why is the will to encourage genuine merit so seldom accompanied by the means? When I look at this gentle group (*Maternal Affection*. 121.) so correctly drawn, so splendidly coloured, and so lightly touched, I long—I languish—"I cannot withdraw, but turn back at every step.—I sigh, and in sighing exclaim, unfortunate being that I am!—it is thus that all-powerful Painting keeps me under her dominion—then gaining strength I proceed, reflecting on the treasure I have quitted." Mr. Etty has as yet given us little or no specimens of his powers in sterner stuff—but why should he? His manner is peculiarly his own, and will always enamour by its tender selection of attitudes and expressions, and the genial warmth of its hues. Perhaps a greater force of legitimate chiaroscuro would add variety to his style, his effects at present depending nearly, if not entirely, on the opposition of colours. I cannot take leave of this most meritorious artist without expressing my sincere admiration of the amorous and yet modest languor infused into the bright eyes and fair lids, drooping with thick lashes, of his females.—The '*St. Catherine*,' and '*Psyche*,' in the last Exhibition at the British Gallery, owed to this beautiful trait more than half their attraction.

Let us now sit down and feast our eyes on Hilton's gallery picture (*Meleager, Atalanta, and the Boar of Diana*. 128.) How finely coloured, how very rich, exuberant, and juicy—how well made up—how *painterly*! This last tack has brought him nearer to the gorgeous port of Venice than any before. How glowing without foxey-

* It is a pity Janus's preaching and practice do not agree.

ness: how brown and mellow, yet pure and clean! How much nature and suppleness in the drawing, without vulgarity!—and how much correctness without rigidity! How cleverly brought together, and how *effectual* are the cold steel and the perspiring flesh! What a fierce pencil in the animals and the Tizianesque trees! how pulpy and delicate in the carnations!—how artfully easy are the grouping and the arrangements of the parts; and what an air of unity the whole possesses!—This in my opinion is Mr. Hilton's congenial style; the style of Vecelli—the *picturesque*, in its proper and highest sense; and it is a million of pities he should ever wander in a vain search after the antagonistic and essentially inimical graces of Parma and Rome—the result of such unchemical alliance has been, and ever will be, *neutralization*.—From those who do not comprehend "*the reason of his style*," Mr. H. must expect to hear many objections, mighty sound in themselves, but travestied into absolute nonsense by their inapplicability to the point in question. I hold that no work of ability can be tried otherwise than by laws deduced from itself;—whether or not it be consistent with itself. If this theory be true, the onus laid on the *conscientious* critic is almost equal to the author's. In our good England, however, this burthen would seem but feather-weight, judging from the spanking pace at which our periodical scalpers get over the ground:—perhaps consciences are too high in price for their pockets.*

But I don't like to be hurried along in this way; I have seen pictures enough for to day, and I won't have them put out of my head! "Sweet Janus, but three more!"—Well, Sir! which be they? "Why first here is Chalon's *Precieuses ridicules*, (162) one of the very best things he ever enchanted the fashionable world with. Can art and taste go beyond his triumph over the most preposterous costume that ever caricatured human habiliments? How pungent, how effervescent is the countenance of the rose-coloured

Beauty!—I mean the beauty dressed in crackling satin *coulour de rose*. How fierce are those shoe-ties, how awful that wig! Would any one believe that Mr. Chalon was not born and bred in the court of Louis Quatorze, instead of being at this present time alive, and in great request with the ladies, at No. 11, Great Marlborough-street, London? Tell me, Mr. Weathercock, if you would not give some of your scarcest Bonasones to be able to put that—that—bottle of Champagne for the eyes into your *Boudoir*?" Why it is not easy for me to answer that question, because Bonasones I have *none*, (they are all sold, poor dears! to pay for *themselves*)—and as to Boudoir, I cannot persuade Vinkbooms to deliver it up—I suppose he has it—I can't recollect that ever I had!—But in sober truth, I must decline farther use of my *article* eye.—It would appear an insult to notice Mr. Thomson's striking and poetical work of Prospero and Miranda (172.) in a slight and incomplete manner: and the same may be said of the excellent Lear of Briggs (198.) who is this year placed where he should be, viz. in the great room. Mr. H. P. Bone has an historical subject, in the School of Painting, (The Death of Priam. 273.) embodied with considerable force of tone and expression. It is very much in the feeling of the princes of the French school, Poussin and Le Sueur; with a little dash of West—finished very honestly; and I hope, for the credit of London, will meet with a purchaser.

The *Venus and Adonis*, by his brother, seems, as well as my dim eyes will inform me, to be placed aloft in a very unworthy situation. Both of these gentlemen work very perceptibly onwards. I must now bid you adieu, my kind companions—but let me entreat you first to admire again and again Jackson's very characteristic, and therefore bewitching, portrait of our Stephens—it is drawn *con amore*, and is by far the best of this brilliant artist's female heads.

Among the marbles, Flaxman, Westmacott, and Baily, maintain their accustomed dignity, and keep alive

* Paley once said "that he could not afford to keep a conscience!!!" This declaration was honest at any rate!

with their strenuous breath the populace-neglected embers of historic art. Westmacott's *Psyche* is affectingly simple—a pure bashful relying creature, who could live but in the breath of the Heavenly Love. The War Angel of the elegant-minded Flaxman is extremely noble—no man understands the action and powers of the skeleton better than Mr. F.; which knowledge is the *primum mobile* of grace and motion. I wonder he does not favour the public with some more of his harmonious outlines. The romantic Apollonius would furnish an interesting series, which might be lithographized by some of his pupils.

J. W.

P. S. Give my respects to your Mr. Fine Arts, and request him to write a panegyric on Wilkie's chef-d'œuvre (for so it certainly is, both in conception, composition, colour, drawing, grace, and expression; this is, indeed, fetching up lee-way with a wet sail,) with one of his most superb quills. Tell him also I shall look sharp after his critique on Mulready's "*Convalescent*;" it is a touchstone of sympathy and feeling. Mackenzie should write it, or Allan Cunningham! I desire that Mynheer Van Stinking Brooms will keep his herring-defiled paws from it—I hate that fellow most particularly. Fumigate him out of the concern!

Our friend Mr. Weathercock has omitted to notice Mr. Leslie's "*Rivals*." With some defects of execution, nothing can be more expressive than this admirable little picture; if his former productions were more attractive from their connexion with our national habits and associations, this is equally meritorious in genuine unforced humour. Nothing can excel the spirited and graceful way in which the story is told.—ED.

SONG.

1.

The morning hours the sun beguiles,
With glories brightly blooming;
The flower and summer meet in smiles,
And so I've met with woman.
But suns must set with dewy eve,
And leave the scene deserted;
And flowers must with the summer leave,—
So I and Mary parted.

2.

O Mary, I did meet thy smile,
When passion was discreetest;
And thou didst win my heart the while,
When woman seem'd the sweetest;
When joys were felt that cannot speak,
And memory cannot smother,
When love's first beauty flush'd thy cheek,
That never warm'd another.

3.

Those eyes that then my passion blest,
That burn'd in love's expression;
That bosom where I then could rest,
And now have no possession;
These waken still in memory
Sad ceaseless thoughts about thee,
That say how blest I've been with thee,
And how I am without thee.

POLYHYMNIA.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.*

It can no longer be a complaint of this age that English songs, without their music, are senseless and inanimate things; for within a very short period of time the most celebrated of our poets have contributed to this delightful species of poetry; and a young lady at her piano may with the turning over but few leaves chuse for her voice a song of Moore's, or Byron's, or W. Scott's, or Campbell's. To be sure, Moore's morality and Byron's piety are two for a pair;—but in the light Scotch words of the two latter, there is all that is unexceptionable; and even in the two former, a want of meaning is certainly their last sin. It is with very sincere pleasure that we can now add the name of Montgomery to those of the illustrious lyrists we have just mentioned; and who that has read the Wanderer of Switzerland and the minor pieces of this poet, can for a moment doubt his power to be great in song? The present little work is composed of seven very beautiful songs written to foreign airs, and as we have the author's permission to publish them in the LONDON MAGAZINE, we shall take them at his word, and let them assert their own beauty:—certainly, to our taste, they have that exquisite union of tenderness, melancholy, and truth, which makes a good song perfect.

The first piece is entitled Reminiscence; it is exceedingly plaintive and unaffectedly pathetic.

REMINISCENCE.

Where are ye with whom in life I started,
Dear companions of my golden days?
Ye are dead, estrang'd from me, or parted;
Flown, like morning clouds, a thousand
ways.

Where art thou, in youth my friend and
brother,
Yea in soul my friend and brother still?
Heav'n receiv'd thee, and on earth none
other
Can the void in my lorn bosom fill.

Where is she, whose looks were love and
gladness?

Love and gladness I no longer see;
She is gone, and since that hour of sadness
Nature seems her sepulchre to me.

Where am I? life's current faintly flowing,
Brings the welcome warning of release.
Struck with death; ah! whither am I going?
All is well, my spirit parts in peace.

The air is remarkable for sweetness and pathos. The accompaniment presents only chords repeated in regular succession, supporting, but not disturbing the voice, while the short symphonies are full of expressiveness.

Youth, Manhood, and Age, the next piece, is of another character; and though one in which the author is eminently successful, perhaps it is not the most fitted for song.

YOUTH, MANHOOD, AND AGE.

Youth, ah! youth, to thee in life's gay
morning,
New and wonderful are heav'n and earth;
Health the hills, content the fields adorning,
Nature rings with melody and mirth.
Love invisible, beneath, above,
Conquers all things; all things yield to love.

Time, swift Time, from years their motion
stealing,
Unperceiv'd hath sober Manhood brought;
Truth her pure and humble forms revealing,
Tinges fancy's fairy dreams with thought;
Till the heart no longer prone to roam,
Loves, loves best, the quiet bliss of home.

Age, Old Age, in sickness, pain, and sorrow,
Creeps with length'ning shadow o'er the
scene;
Life was yesterday, 'tis death to-morrow,
And to-day the agony between:
Then how longs the weary soul for thee,
Bright and beautiful Eternity.

The music is a fine motivo, exalted a little from its tone of deep feeling by an accompaniment of more motion and variety than the last. These things almost rise to the level of some of Haydn's Canzonets (the most exquisite things of the kind ever written),

* Polyhymnia, or Select Airs of Celebrated Foreign Composers, adapted to English Words, written expressly for this Work, by James Montgomery. The Music arranged by C. F. Hasse.

and may claim a place in the memory with his Despair, and The Wanderer.

The War Song (the words of which were given in our last No. page 456) is remarkable for strength, simplicity, and expression; mixing, however, no small portion of melody with its more animating qualities. The symphonies and accompaniments are characteristically plain.

Meet Again, is the subject of all subjects for music. It is almost a song that sings of itself!

MEET AGAIN.

Joyful words, we meet again!

Love's own language comfort darting
Through the souls of friends at parting;
Life in death to meet again!

While we walk this vale of tears,
Compass'd round with care and sorrow,
Gloom to-day and storm to-morrow,
"Meet again" our bosom cheers.
Joyful words, &c.

Far in exile, when we roam,
O'er our lost endearments weeping,
Lonely, silent vigils keeping,
"Meet again" transports us home.
Joyful words, &c.

When this weary world is past,
Happy they, whose spirits soaring,
Vast eternity exploring,
"Meet again" in heav'n at last:
Joyful words, &c.

This is set for three voices, with a solo, and a return to the trio.

There is an admirable spirit and beauty in the following.

VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.

Night turns to day, when sullen darkness lowers,

And heav'n and earth are hid from sight;
Cheer up, cheer up; ere long the op'ning flowers

With dewy eyes shall shine in light.

Winter wakes spring, when icy blasts are blowing,

O'er frozen lakes, through naked trees;
Cheer up, cheer up; all beautiful and glowing,

May floats in fragrance on the breeze.

Storms die in calms, when over land and ocean

Roll the loud chariots of the wind;
Cheer up, cheer up; the voice of wild commotion

Proclaims tranquillity behind.

War ends in peace; though dread artill'ry rattle,

And ghastly corpses load the ground;
Cheer up, cheer up; where groan'd the field of battle,

The song, the dance, the feast go round.

Toil brings repose, with noontide fervors beating,

When droop thy temples o'er thy breast;
Cheer up, cheer up; grey twilight, cool and fleeting,

Wafts on its wing the hour of rest.

Death springs to life, though sad and brief thy story;

Thy years all spent in grief and gloom;
Look up, look up; eternity and glory
Dawn through the terrors of the tomb.

The music is of an intense but darker character in its opening; the reverse of the movement of which Meet Again consists. This air has a similar, but more marked division. Here also the composer, or the adapter, has shown his knowledge of effect in the accompaniment.

The home truth of The Pilgrimage, which follows, is delightful. We could wish that English songs should be distinguished by, and valued for, this character.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF LIFE.

How blest the pilgrim who in trouble
Can lean upon a bosom friend;
Strength, courage, hope with him redouble,
When foes assail or griefs impend.
Care flies before his footsteps, straying
At day break o'er the purple heath,
He plucks the wild flow'rs round him playing,
And binds their beauties in a wreath.

More dear to him the fields and mountains,
When with his friend abroad he roves,
Rests in the shade near sunny fountains,
Or talks by moonlight through the groves;
For him the vine expands its clusters,
Spring wakes for him her woodland quire;
Yea, though the storm of winter blusters,
'Tis summer by his ev'ning fire.

In good old age serenely dying,
When all he lov'd forsakes his view,
Sweet is Affection's voice replying,
"I follow soon," to his "adieu:"
Nay then, though earthly ties are riven,
The spirit's union will not end,
Happy the man, whom Heav'n hath given
In life and death a faithful friend.

It is a bass sostenuto song, expressive and elegant. The passages are cast into the best parts of the voice. It reminds us of the *Qui sdegno* of Mozart, though the resemblance is in the style, not in the melody. There is a second part for two tenors, which adds a variety to its intrinsic beauty.

The last piece, *Aspirations of Youth*, is the call of Genius to Glory,

which can only be truly heard through the air of poetry. With infinite spirit and truth is combined a feeling which carries the invocation to the heart. We should think that this little piece beautifully sung would waken a slumbering mind to its fullest energies.

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

Higher, higher will we climb,
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time,
In our country's story ;
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper, let us toil
In the mines of knowledge ;
Nature's wealth and Learning's spoil,
Win from school and college ;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward, may we press,
Through the path of duty.
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty ;
Minds are of celestial birth,
Make we then a heav'n of earth.

Closer, closer let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit,
In the wildest weather :
O, they wander wide, who roam
For the joys of life from home.

Nearer, dearer bands of love,
Draw our souls in union,
To our father's house above,
To the saints' communion :
Thither ev'ry hope ascend,
There may all our labours end.

The music consists of an animating strain, like the War song. The succeeding verses are in the nature of variations, which are introduced either upon the melody itself, or into the accompaniment, and each is concluded with a chorus—a repetition of the last bars of the air with a different accompaniment.

Having thus given every word of this interesting publication, our readers may suppose that they need not seek the work elsewhere ; but if they suppose that, admiring it, they can do without the music, they are mistaken. The words are so married to the music, that in reading they seem to pine for that voice which gives them feeling, force, and spirit. The *Airs* are beautifully selected, and most skilfully arranged ; and we only wish that Mr. Hasse, who by this work so forcibly proves his power, would not stay here,—but, seeking other melodies, and inspiring his present companion, would lay other delightful songs at the feet of Polyhymnia.

CONTINUATION OF DR. JOHNSON'S

Lives of the Poets.

No. VIII.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE was born on the 29th of September, 1734, at Longholm, in the County of Dumfries, of which place his father, Alexander Meikle, or Mickle, a minister of the church of Scotland, was pastor. His mother was Julia, daughter of Thomas Henderson, of Ploughlands, near Edinburgh. In his thirteenth year, his love of poetry was kindled by reading Spenser's *Faëry Queen*. Two years after, his father, who was grown old and infirm, and had a large family to edu-

cate, by an unusual indulgence obtained permission to reside in Edinburgh, where Mickle was admitted a pupil at the high school. Here he remained long enough to acquire a relish for the Greek and Latin classics. When he was seventeen years old, his father unluckily embarking his capital in a brewery, which the death of his wife's brother had left without a manager, William was taken from school, and employed as clerk under the eldest son, in whose name the business was carried on.

At first he must have been attentive enough to his employment; for on his coming of age, the property was made over to him, on the condition of paying his family a certain share of the profits arising from it. Afterwards, he suffered himself to be seduced from business by the attractions of literature. His father died in 1758; and, in about three years, he published, without his name, *Knowledge*, an Ode, and a Night Piece, the former of which had been written in his eighteenth year. In both there is more of seriousness and reflection, than of that fancy which marks his subsequent productions. Beside these, he had finished a Drama, called the *Death of Socrates*, of which, if we may judge from his other tragedy, the loss is not to be lamented, and he had begun a poem on *Providence*. The difficulties consequent on his trusting to servants the work of his brewery, which he was too indolent to superintend himself, and on his joining in security for a large sum with a printer who failed, were now gathering fast upon him. His creditors became clamorous; and at Candlemas (one of the quarter days in Scotland) 1762, being equally unwilling to compound with them, as his brother advised him to do, and unable to satisfy their demands, he prevailed on them to accept his notes of hand, payable in four months. When the time was expired, he found himself, as might have been expected, involved in embarrassments from which he could devise no means of escaping. His mind was harassed by bitter reflections on the distress which threatened those whom his parent had left to his protection; and he was scared by the terrors of a jail. But they, with whom he had to reckon, were again lenient. He consoled himself with recollecting that his delinquency had proceeded from inadvertence, not from design, and resolved to be more sedulous in future; but had still the weakness to trust for relief to his poem on *Providence*. This was soon after published by Dodsley, and, that it might win for itself such advantages as patronage could give, was sent to Lord Lyttelton, under the assumed name of William More, with a representation that the author

was a youth, friendless and unknown, and with the offer of a dedication if the poem should be again edited. This proceeding did not evince much knowledge of mankind. A poet has as seldom gained a patron as a mistress, by solicitation to which no previous encouragement has been given. It was more than half a year before he received an answer from Lyttelton, with just kindness enough to keep alive his expectations. In the meantime, the friendly offices of a carpenter in Edinburgh, whose name was Good, had been exerted to save his property from being seized for rent; but the fear of arrest impelled him to quit that city in haste; and embarking on board a coal vessel at Newcastle, he reached London, penniless, in May, 1763. His immediate necessities were supplied by remittances from his brothers, and by such profits as he could derive from writing for periodical publications. There is no reason to suppose that he was indebted to Lyttelton for more than the commendation of his genius, and for some criticism on his poems; and even this favour was denied to the most beautiful among them, his *Elegy on Mary, Queen of Scots*. The cause assigned for the exclusion was, that poetry should not consecrate what history must condemn, a sacred principle if it be applied to the characters of those yet living, but of more doubtful obligation as it regards past times. When Euripides, in one of his dramas, chose to avail himself of a wild and unauthorized tradition, and to represent Helen as spotless, he surely violated no sanction of moral truth; and in the instance of Mary, Mickle might have pleaded some uncertainty which a poet was at liberty to interpret to the better part.

During his courtship of Lyttelton, he was fed at one time by hopes of being recommended in the West Indies; and, at another, of being served in the East; till by degrees the great man waxed so cold, that he wisely relinquished his suit. His next project was to go out as a merchant's clerk to Carolina; but some unexpected occurrences defeating this plan also, he engaged himself as corrector of the Clarendon press, at Oxford. Here he published (in

1767) the *Concubine*, a poem, in the manner of Spenser, to which, when it was printed, ten years after, having in the meantime passed through several editions, he gave the title of *Syr Martyn*.

Early in life, his zeal for religion had shown itself in some remarks on an impious book termed the *History of the Man after God's own Heart*; and, in 1767, the same feelings induced him to publish *A Vindication of the Divinity of Jesus Christ*, in a *Letter to Dr. Harwood*; and, in the year following, *Voltaire in the Shades*, or *Dialogues on the Deistical Controversy*.

He was now willing to try his fortune with a tragedy, and sent his *Siege of Marseilles* to Garrick, who observed to him, that though abounding in beautiful passages, it was deficient in dramatic art, and advised him to model it anew; in which task, having been assisted by the author of *Douglas*, and having submitted the *rifacimento* of his play to the two Wartons, by whom he was much regarded, he promised himself better success; but had the mortification to meet with a second rebuff. An appeal from the manager to the public was his unquestioned privilege; but, not contented with seeking redress by these means, he threatened Garrick with a new *Dunciad*. The rejection which his drama afterwards underwent at each of the playhouses, from the respective managers, Harris and Sheridan, perhaps taught him at last to suspect his own judgment.

In 1772, being employed to edit *Pearch's Collection of Poems*, he inserted amongst them his *Hengist and Mey*, and the *Elegy on Mary*. About the same time, he wrote for the *Whitehall Evening Post*. But his mind was now attracted to a more splendid project. This was a translation of the great *Epic Poem of Portugal*, the *Lusiad* of Camoens, which had as yet been represented to the English reader only through the inadequate version of Fanshaw. That nothing might hinder his prosecution of this labour, he resigned his employment at Oxford, and retired to a farm-house at Forrest-hill, about five miles from that city, the village in which Milton found his first wife,

and where Mickle afterwards found his in the daughter of his landlord. By the end of 1775, his translation was completed and published at Oxford, with a numerous list of subscribers. Experience had not yet taught him wariness in his approaches to a patron. At the suggestion of his relative, Commodore Johnstone, in an unlucky moment he inscribed his book to the Duke of Buccleugh. This nobleman had declared his acceptance of the dedication in a manner so gracious, that Mickle was once more decoyed with the hope of having found a powerful protector. After an interval of some months, he learnt that his incense had not been permitted to enter the nostrils of the new idol, and that his offering lay, where he left it, without the slightest notice. For this disappointment he might have considered it to be some compensation that his work had procured him the kindness of those who were more able to estimate it. Mr. Crowe assisted him in compiling the notes; Lowth offered to ordain him, with the promise of making some provision for him in the church; and one, whose humanity and candour are among the chief ornaments of the bench on which Lowth then sate, Doctor Bathurst, soothed him by those benevolent offices which he delights to extend to the neglected and the oppressed. Nor were the public insensible to the value of his translation. A second edition was called for in 1778; and his gains amounted on the whole to near a thousand pounds, a larger sum than was likely to fall to the share of an author, who so little understood the art of making his way in the world. It was not, however, considerable enough to last long against the calls made on it for the payment of old debts, and for the support of his sisters; and he was devising further means of supplying his necessities by a subscription for his poems, when Commodore Johnstone (in 1779) being appointed to head a squadron of ships, nominated him his secretary, on board the *Romney*. Mickle had hitherto struggled through a life of anxiety and indigence; but a gleam of prosperity came over the few years that remained. A good share of prize-

money fell to his lot ; and the squadron having been fortunately ordered to Lisbon, he was there received with so much distinction, that it would seem as if the Portuguese had been willing to make some amends for their neglect of Camoens, by the deference which they showed his translator. Prince John, the uncle to the Queen, was ready on the Quay to welcome him at landing ; and during a residence of more than six months he was gratified by the attentions of the principal men of the country. At the first institution of the Royal Academy at Lisbon, he was enrolled one of the Members. Here he composed *Almada Hill*, an epistle from Lisbon, which was published in the next year ; and designing to write a *History of Portugal*, he brought together some materials for that purpose.

When he had returned to England, he was so much enriched by his agency for the disposal of the prizes which had been made during the cruise, and by his own portion of the prize-money, that he was enabled to discharge honourably the claims which his creditors still had on him, and to settle himself with a prospect of independence and ease. He accordingly married Mary, the daughter of Mr. Robert Tomkins, of Forrester-hill, and took a house at Wheatley, a little village about five miles from Oxford. Some interruption to his tranquillity occurred from the failure of a banker, with whom his agency had connected him, and from a chancery suit, in which he too hastily engaged to secure a part of his wife's fortune. He then resumed his intention of publishing his poems by subscription, and continued still to exercise his pen. His remaining productions were a tract, entitled *The Prophecy of Queen Emma*, an ancient Ballad, &c., with Hints towards a Vindication of the Authenticity of the Poems of Ossian and Rowley (in 1782), and some essays, called *Fragments of Leo*, and some reviews of books, both which he contributed to the *European Magazine*. He died after a short illness, on the 25th of October, 1788, at Forrester-hill, while on a visit at the house of his father-in-law ; and was buried at that place. He left one son, who was an extra-clerk in the

India House, in 1806, when the *Life of Mickle* was written by the Rev. John Sim, a friend, on whom he enjoined that task, and who, I doubt not, has performed it with fidelity.

Mickle was a man of strong natural powers which he had not always properly under controul. When he is satisfied to describe with little apparent effort what he has himself felt or conceived, as in his ballads and songs, he is at times eminently happy. He has generally erred on the side of the too much rather than of the too little. His defect is not so much want of genius as of taste. His thoughts were forcible and vivid ; but the words in which he clothed them, are sometimes ill-chosen, and sometimes awkwardly disposed. He degenerates occasionally into mere turgidness and verbosity, as in the following lines :

Oh, partner of my infant grief and joys !

Big with the scenes now past my heart
o'erflows,

Bids each endearment fair as once to rise,
And dwells luxurious on her melting
woes.

When his stanza forced him to lop off this vain superfluity of words, that the sense might be brought within a narrower compass, he succeeded better. Who would suppose, that these verses could have proceeded from the same man that had written the well-known song, beginning "And are ye sure the news is true," from which there is not a word that can be taken without injury, and which seems so well to answer the description of a simple and popular song in Shakspeare ?

————— It is old and plain :
The songsters, and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their threads
with bone,
Do use to chaunt it. It is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Syr Martyn is the longest of his poems. He could not have chosen a subject in itself much less capable of embellishment. But whatever the pomp of machinery or profuseness of description could contribute to its decoration has not been spared. After an elaborate invocation of the powers that preside over the stream of Mulla, a "reverend wizard" is conjured up

in the eye of the poet; and the wizard in his turn conjures up *scene* after *scene*, in which appear the hopeful young knight, Syr Martyn, "possest of goodly Baronie," the dairy-maid, Kathrin, by whose wiles he is inveigled into an illicit amour, the good aunt, who soon dies of chagrin at this unworthy attachment, the young brood who are the offspring of the ill-sorted match, his brother, an open-hearted sailor, who is hindered by the artifices of Kathrin from gaining access to the house, and, lastly, the "fair nymph Dissipation," with whom Syr Martyn seeks refuge from his unpleasant recollections, and who conspires with "the lazy fiend, Self-Imposition," to conduct him to the "dreary cave of Discontent," where the poet leaves him, and "the reverend wizard" (for aught we hear to the contrary) in his company. Mean and familiar incidents and characters do not sort well with allegory, which requires beings that are themselves somewhat removed from the common sphere of human nature to meet and join it a little beyond the limits of this world. Yet in this tale, incongruous and disjointed as the dream of a sick man, *velut ægri somnia*, he has interspersed some lines, and even whole stanzas, to which the poet or the painter may turn again and again with delight, though the common reader will scarce find them sufficient to redeem the want of interest that pervades the whole.

His Elegy on Mary, Queen of Scots, is also a vision, but it is better managed, at once mournful and sweet. He has thrown a pall of gorgeous embroidery over the bloody hearse of Mary.

Wolfwold and Ella, of which the story was suggested by a picture of Mortimer's, is itself a picture, in which the fine colouring and spirited attitudes reconcile us to its horrors.

His Tragedy is a tissue of love and intrigue, with sudden starts of passion, and unprepared and improbable turns of resolution and temper. Towards the conclusion, one of the female characters puts an end to herself, for little apparent reason, except that it is the fifth act, and some blood must therefore be shed; Garrick's refusal, in all likelihood, spared him the worse mortification of seeing it rejected on the stage. Yet there is

here and there in it a masterly touch like the following:

Either my mind has lost its energy,
Or the unbodied spirits of my fathers,
Beneath the night's dark wings, pass to and
fro,

In doleful agitation hovering round me.

Methought my father, with a mournful
look,

Beheld me. Sudden from unconscious
pause

I wak'd, and but his marble bust was here.

Almada Hill has some just sentiments, and some pleasing imagery; but both are involved in the mazes of an unskilful or ambitious phraseology, from which it is a work of trouble to extricate them. It was about this time, that the laboured style in poetry had reached its height. Not "to loiter into prose," of which Lyttleton bade him beware, was the grand aim; and in their eagerness to leave prose as far behind them as possible, the poets were in danger of outstripping the understanding and feelings of their readers. It was this want of ease and perspicuity in his longer pieces, which prevented Mickle from being as much a favourite with the public, as many who were far his inferiors in the other qualities of a poet. When a writer is obscure, only because his reasoning is too abstruse, his fancy too lively, or his allusions too learned for the vulgar, it is more just that we should complain of ourselves for not being able to rise to his level, than of him for not descending to our's. But let the difficulty arise from mere imperfections of language, and the consciousness of having solved an involuntary enigma is scarcely sufficient to reward our pains.

The translation of the *Lusiad* is that by which he is best known. In this, as in his original poems, the expression is sometimes very faulty; but he is never flat or insipid. In the numbers, there is much sweetness and freedom; and though they have somewhat of the masculine melody, the *κτύπος ἀρσην*, of Dryden, yet they have something also that is peculiarly his own. He has in a few instances enriched the language of poetry by combinations unborrowed from any of his predecessors. It is doubtful whether as much can be said for Pope's translation of Homer. Almost all who have written much

in the couplet measure, since Waller clipped it into uniformity, have been at times reduced to the necessity of eking out their lines in some way or other so as to make the sense reach its prescribed bound. Most have done it by means of epithets, which were always found to be "friends in need." Mickle either breaks the lines with a freedom and spirit which were then unusual, or repeats something of what has gone before, a contrivance that ought to be employed sparingly, and chiefly when it is desirable to produce the effect of sweetness.

The preference which he sometimes claims in the notes for his author, above the other epic poets of ancient and modern times, is less likely to conciliate the good opinion than to excite the disgust of his readers. There is no artifice that a translator can resort to with less chance of success, than this blowing of the showman's trumpet as he goes on exhibiting the wonders of his original. There are some puerile hyperboles, for which I know not whether he or Camoens is responsible; such as—

The mountain echoes catch the big swoln sighs.

The yellow sands with tears are silver'd o'er.

Johnson told him that he had once intended to translate the *Lusiad*. The version would have had fewer faults, but it may be questioned whether the general result would have been as much animation and harmony as have been produced by Mickle.

In addition to the poems, which were confessedly his, there are no less than seventeen in Mr. Evans's collection of Ballads, of which a writer in the *Quarterly Review* * some years ago expressed his suspicion that they were from the pen of Mickle. It has been found on enquiry, that the suggestion of this judicious critic is fully confirmed. One of these has lately been brought into notice from its having formed the groundwork of one of those deservedly popular stories, which have lately come to us from the north of the Tweed. It is to be wished that Mickle's right in all of them were formally recognised, and that they should be no longer withheld from their place amongst his other poetical writings, to which they would form so valuable an accession.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF PATRICK HENRY,

THE ORATOR OF VIRGINIA.

(Continued from our last.)

THE speech, an extract from which we gave in our last, may be said to have decided the character of the contest, and given it a definitively warlike complexion. Negotiation was henceforward at an end; and, according to the proposition of Henry, Virginia presented an armed population. Soon after the adjournment of the House of Burgesses in which this resolution was adopted, an incident occurred which placed him in a new point of view before the country, and proved his ability to

become a practical patriot. In pursuance of a plan to denude the Americans as much as possible of all military stores, in case of actual hostilities, a body of men landed at Williamsburgh, the capital of Virginia, and, as it was said, under the orders of Lord Dunmore, carried away twenty barrels of gunpowder from the magazine. This was considered as a public insult; and, at a meeting convened at Newcastle, for the purpose of consulting on it, Henry so inflamed the people

* For May 1810, No. VI. The titles of the Ballads are Bishop Thurston, and the King of Scots, Battle of Caton Moor, Murder of Prince Arthur, Prince Edward, and Adam Gordon, Cumner Hall, Arabella Stuart, Anna Bullen, The Lady and the Palmer, The Fair Maniac, The Bridal Bed, The Lordling Peasant, The Red Cross Knight, The Wandering Maid, The Triumph of Death, Julia, The Fruits of Jealousy, and The Death of Allen.

that he found himself at the head of five thousand armed men, determined either upon restoration or reprisal. His determination was formed in a moment:—he marched at once upon Williamsburgh, the seat of government, collecting at every stage fresh forces, and followed by the benedictions of those who were unable to accompany him. The consequence was, that he was soon arrested in his progress, by the submission of the Governor to all his demands, and a receipt from the Receiver General for the full amount of the gunpowder carried away. Thus, having given the first impulse to the revolution in Virginia, he was also the first who headed, in that state, a military operation. This success subsequently raised him to a command in the revolutionary army, in which, however, he does not appear to have distinguished himself. But that he sustained his character, may be collected from the fact, that the army, over which he was placed, went into mourning on his resignation, which was the consequence of disgust at some disrespect which he thought was shown him. The state of Virginia also elected him three times its governor, and would have done so the fourth time, but that he positively refused the re-appointment, as inconsistent with the provisions of the constitution. Thus may he be said to have entitled himself to at least a share in the beautiful eulogium passed upon Washington by one of our sweetest poets:—

How shall we rank thee upon glory's page!
Thou more than soldier! and just less
than sage!

All that thou art reflects less fame on thee,
Far less, than all thou hast forborne to be.

In order to estimate this sacrifice correctly, it must not be forgotten, that he was still poor, oppressed by a family, and that the salary which he thus voluntarily surrendered amounted, independent of contingencies, to one thousand pounds a year.

The capture of Lord Cornwallis, at Little York, in 1781, may be said to have consummated the American revolution, and given the United States, according to Henry's prophecy, "a station amongst the na-

VOL. V.

tions of the earth." The time was not come, however, for the retirement of a patriot. This was the very moment, perhaps, in which his services were more than ever requisite. Peace had indeed arrived, but its blessings were to be rendered permanent—a code of laws was to be framed—the wounds of war were to be healed—the resources of the nation were to be developed, and America had still to show, that she could not only ruin but regenerate—that if she overthrew the altar which slavery had raised for the immolation of her people, it was only to erect a genuine temple to Liberty in its place. In this great work the Virginian senator was active and conspicuous. If we have beheld him hitherto fired and animated by the enthusiasm of freedom, lighting his country on her path to glory, and foregoing all personal considerations in that sacred cause—we may view him now on a far different theatre, but not to less advantage. The moment the victory was achieved, his animosities seemed to have ceased—he was the first to hold out the hand of peace and reconciliation to the enemy he had overcome, and, towering high above antipathy and revenge, to soften the inflictions he had not the opportunity of averting. In proof of this, we present with pleasure to the English reader the speech which he made on advocating the return of the British refugees. It combines the spirit of the Christian with the sagacity of the statesman, and in point of eloquence, is of the very highest order. It has never been published in England, that we are aware of, so that we hope to be the first to naturalize in this country an oration which does equal honour to the head and heart of its author. The measure was most obnoxious—a British refugee was a term almost of horror, and Henry drew down upon himself denunciations both "loud and deep" by his proposition in their favour. Among others, Judge Tyler, the Speaker of the Assembly, most vehemently opposed him, and in a committee of the house, demanded "how he, above all other men, could think of inviting into his family an enemy from whose insults and injuries he had suffered so severely." The fol-

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lowing was his prompt and beautiful reply.

I acknowledge, indeed, Sir, that I have many personal injuries of which to complain; but when I enter this hall of legislation, I endeavour, as far as human infirmity will permit, to leave all personal feelings behind me. This question is a national one, and in deciding it, if you act wisely, you will regard nothing but the interest of the nation. On the altar of my country's good, I am willing to sacrifice all personal resentments, all private wrongs, and I am sure I should most absurdly flatter myself, if I thought that I was the only person in this house capable of making such a sacrifice. We have, Sir, an extensive country, *without population*. What can be a more obvious policy, than that such a country ought to be peopled?—*People* form the strength, and constitute the wealth of a nation. I want to see our vast forests filled up by some process a little more speedy than the ordinary course of nature. I wish to see these states rapidly advancing to that rank which their natural advantages authorise them to hold among the nations of the earth. Cast your eyes, Sir, over this extensive country—observe the salubrity of your climate—the variety and fertility of your soil, and see that soil intersected in every quarter by bold navigable streams, flowing to the east and to the west, as if the finger of Heaven were marking out the course of your settlements, inviting you to enterprise, and pointing the way to wealth. Sir, you are destined, at some time or other, to become a great agricultural and commercial people; the only question is, whether you choose to reach this point by slow gradations, and at some distant period, lingering on through a long and sickly minority—subjected, meanwhile, to the machinations, insults, and oppressions, of enemies foreign and domestic, without sufficient strength to chastise and resist them—or whether you choose rather to rush, at once, as it were, to the full enjoyment of those high destinies, and be able to cope, single-handed, with the proudest oppressor of the old world. If you prefer the latter course, as I trust you do, encourage emigration—encourage the husbandmen, the mechanics, the merchants of the old world to come and settle in this land of promise—make it the home of the skilful, the industrious, the fortunate, and happy, as well as the asylum of the distressed—fill up the measure of your population as speedily as you can, by the means which Heaven hath placed in your power—and, I venture to prophesy, there are those now living, who will see this favoured land amongst the most powerful

on earth—able, Sir, to take care of herself, without resorting to that policy which is always so dangerous, though sometimes unavoidable, of calling in foreign aid. Yes, Sir, they will see her great in arts, and in arms—her golden harvests waving over fields of immeasurable extent—her commerce penetrating the most distant seas, and her cannon silencing the vain boast of those who now affect to rule the waves. But, Sir, you must have *men*. Those heavy forests of valuable timber, under which your land is groaning, must be cleared away—those vast riches which cover the face of your soil, as well as those which lie hid in its bosom, are to be developed and gathered only by the skill and industry of men—your timber must be worked up into ships, to transport the productions of the soil from which it has been cleared—you must have commercial men and commercial capital, to take off your productions, and find the best market for them abroad. Your great want is the want of men, and these you must have, and will have speedily, if you are wise. Do you ask how you are to get them? Open your doors and they will come in—the population of the old world is full to overflowing—that population is ground, too, by the oppressions of the governments under which they live. Sir, they are already standing on tiptoe on their native shores, and looking to your coasts with a wishful and a longing eye—they see here a land blessed with natural and political advantages which are not equalled by those of any other country upon earth—a land, on which a gracious providence hath emptied the horn of abundance—a land over which peace hath now stretched her white wings, and where content and plenty lie down at every door! Sir, they see something still more attractive than all this—they see a land in which Liberty hath taken up her abode—that Liberty whom they had considered as a fabled goddess, existing only in the fancies of poets—they see her here, a real divinity—her altars rising on every hand throughout these happy states—her glories chaunted by three millions of tongues—and the whole region smiling under her blessed influence. Let her but stretch forth her fair hand towards the people of the old world—tell them to come, and bid them welcome, and you will see them pouring in from the north, and from the south, from the east, and from the west;—your wildernesses will be cleared—your deserts will smile—your ranks will be filled, and you will soon be in a condition to defy the powers of any adversary. Much objection is made to any accession from Great Britain, and particularly to the return of the British refugees. Sir, I feel not the force of such objections. The re-

lation which we bear to these deluded people, and to their nation, is now changed. Their king hath acknowledged our independence—the quarrel is over—peace hath returned and found us a free people. Let us have the magnanimity then to lay aside our antipathies, and consider the subject in a political light;—those are an enterprising and a monied people—they will be serviceable in taking off the surplus produce of the land, and supplying us with necessities during the infant state of our manufactures. I have no prejudices against them—I have no fear from them—what, when we have laid the British Lion at our feet, shall we now show ourselves afraid of his whelps! Discard from your bosoms fears so groundless, and prejudices so disgraceful—unfetter commerce—let her be as free as air—depend upon it she will range the whole creation, and return on the wings of the four winds of heaven to bless the land with plenty.

It is quite impossible not to feel the wisdom of these sentiments. Mr. Henry's proposition was carried, and every succeeding year proves that his anticipations were well founded. America soon discovered the policy of his counsels, and, tide after tide, emigration has ever since continued to roll wealth and improvement over her provinces.

In this assembly Henry proposed a very important measure, and not less remarkable also for its boldness than for its originality. The Indians on the frontiers of the territory of the United States had long and naturally considered the white men as intruders upon that world which the "great Spirit" had allotted them. The consequence was that they were ready instruments in the hands of every enemy;—in the war of the revolution they had been formidable engines of the British power, and even in peace they hung upon the confines of civilization like a pestilential cloud ready to discharge its ruin on the first object which attracted it. Treaty upon treaty had been made with them and failed; in fact, the faith of such treaties seldom outlived the ceremonies which attended their ratification. It was under these circumstances that Henry turned his mind to the amelioration of the evil: he thought, and wisely, that the best plan would be, if possible, to unite the white man and the red man by a common bond

of interest and feeling, and thus make civilization a kind of protection to itself. For this purpose, he introduced a bill for the encouragement of intermarriages with the Indians. His inducements were a bounty on the production of the marriage certificate, another on the birth of every child, an exemption from taxes, and education at the expense of the state. This bill was read a first and second time, but unfortunately it was lost on the third reading, during the author's absence, he having been in the mean time re-elected governor of the state, and thus honourably displaced from the floor of its assembly.

Soon after this he retired temporarily from public life. In fact, necessity obliged him; he had devoted the prime of his manhood to the service of his country, and, after having been tossed about by the revolutionary tempest for seventeen years, he found himself at the age of fifty so embarrassed with debt, that he had literally to commence the world afresh. Under this pressure, he retired to Prince Edward county, and there it was that, one day conversing with his neighbours on the necessities which involved him, one of them said to him "Go back to the bar, your tongue will soon pay your debts. If you will promise to go, I will give you a retaining fee on the spot." Henry saw the wisdom of the advice. Late as it was, he returned to his profession in 1788, and, we are happy to say, was enabled to retire upon an ample independence after six years, practice in the district courts of Prince Edward and New London.

In the mean time, however, he was called again, if we may so express it, into legislative life. The Philadelphia Convention had sent forth the Federal Constitution for the consideration of the States, and this document excited in the mind of Henry the most "awful alarm." He was a zealous democrat; and even the revered name of his friend Washington could not reconcile him to an instrument, which, putting the purse and the sword in the power of the President for the time being, laid, in his apprehension, the groundwork of a despotism. He accordingly accepted the representation of Prince Edward county for the State of Virginia, and duly at-

tended the Convention at Richmond. In this assembly, he opposed most vehemently the adoption of the Constitution, on the ground which we have stated. His entire argument seems summed up in the following abstract.

If, said he, your American chief be a man of ambition and abilities, how easy is it for him to render himself absolute! The purse is in his hands—the army is in his hands, and, if he be a man of address, it will be attached to him; and it will be a subject of long meditation with him to seize the first auspicious moment to accomplish his design. Sir, will the American spirit, solely, relieve you when this event happens? I would rather, infinitely, have a King, Lords, and Commons, than a government so replete with such insupportable evils. If we make a king, we may prescribe the rules by which he shall rule his people, and interpose such checks as shall prevent him from infringing on them: but the President, in the field, at the head of an army, can prescribe the terms on which he shall reign master so far, that it will puzzle any American ever to get his head out of the galling yoke. I cannot with patience think of this idea. If he be guilty, will not the recollection of his crimes teach him to make one bold push for the American throne? Will not the immense difference between being master of every thing, and being ignominiously tried and punished, powerfully excite him to make this bold push? And where will be the existing power to punish him? Can he not, at the head of an army, beat down every opposition? Away with your President—we will have a King—the army will salute him monarch: your militia will leave you, will assist him and fight against you; and what will you have to oppose them? What will become of you? Will not absolute despotism ensue?"

These are curious speculations, and time alone can decide upon their cogency. Henry was, however, unsuccessful in his opposition. The Federal Constitution was carried by a considerable majority; and it is remarkable enough, that two future Presidents, Messrs. Madison and Monroe, voted in the majority. On the numbers being told, he made a short speech, submitting to the measure, but at the same time protesting against it.

Yet (said he) I will be a peaceable citizen—my head, my hand, and my heart, shall be free to retrieve the loss of liberty,

and remove the defects of the system in a constitutional way. I shall wait with hopes, that the spirit which predominated in the revolution is not yet gone, nor the cause of those who are attached to the revolution yet lost—I shall therefore patiently wait in expectation of seeing that government changed, so as to be compatible with the safety, liberty, and happiness of the people.

That Henry was quite sincere in an anticipation which for the sake of mankind we hope never may be realized, the opposition to power in which he was all his life necessarily involved may readily induce us to believe. He had an innate and instinctive suspicion of every man at the head of an army. On this subject, an anecdote is related of him, which, we regret to say, was not in its conclusion calculated to disembarass him of those prejudices. In the year 1798, when Buonaparte had overthrown a series of Austrian armies, and was carrying every thing before him, on its being mentioned in a company where he was, he shook his head expressively, exclaiming,—

It won't all do—the present generation in France is so debased by a long despotism—they possess so few of the virtues that constitute the life and soul of republicanism, that they are incapable of forming a correct and just estimate of *rational* liberty. Their revolution will terminate differently from what you expect—their state of anarchy will be succeeded by despotism, and I should not be surprised, if the *very man at whose victories you rejoice, should, Cæsar-like, subvert the liberties of his country.* All who know me, (continued he,) know that I am a firm advocate for liberty and republicanism: I believe I have given some evidences of this. I wish it may not be so, but I am afraid the event will justify the prediction.

About this period, a case occurred at the bar which excited the most extraordinary interest in America, and which has been always considered as that in which Henry made his most splendid professional display. It was the celebrated case of "British Debts." In this trial the state of Virginia was particularly involved, and the fortunes of many of her most eminent citizens depended on the result. The simple question was, whether the change in the American government cancelled pecuniary obligations incurred by a

citizen of America to a British subject, previous to the revolution. Henry maintained the affirmative of this proposition, and is said to have prepared himself with the most laborious minuteness. There was no one principle of law, either national or municipal, even remotely affecting the case, of which he had not made himself master. Such was the interest excited, that the speaker of the House of Representatives was left sitting alone with his clerk, all the members having *en masse* adjourned to the court house. It is not our intention, of course, to follow him in a most profound and elaborate argument, which took an entire day in the delivery; however, we cannot refrain from quoting one or two extracts, which we consider eminently forcible, and which are the only specimens our limits will allow us to give of his eloquence at the bar. The following appears to us to be a most striking description of the peculiarities attending the revolutionary contest.

The most striking peculiarity (said he,) attended the American war. In the first of it, we were stripped of every municipal right. Rights and obligations are correspondent, co-extensive, and inseparable—they must exist together, or not at all—we were therefore, when stripped of all our municipal rights, clear of every municipal engagement, burthen, or onerous obligation. If then the obligation be gone, what is become of the correspondent right? They are mutually gone—the case of sovereign and independent nations at war is far different; because there private right is respected, and domestic asylum held sacred. Was it the case in our war? No, Sir. Daggers were planted in your chambers, and mischief, death, and destruction, might meet you at your fireside! In common wars, children are not obliged to fight against their fathers, nor brothers against brothers, nor kindred against kindred. Our men were compelled, contrary to the most sacred ties of humanity, to shed the blood of their dearest connexions. In common wars, contending parties respect municipal rights, and leave, even to those they invade, the means of paying debts, and complying with obligations—they touch not private property. For example, when a British army lands in France, they plunder nothing; they pay for what they have, and respect the tribunals of justice, unless they have a mind to be called a savage nation. Were we thus treated? Were we

allowed to exercise industry, and to collect debts by which we might be enabled to pay British creditors? Had we a power to pursue commerce? No, Sir. What became of our agriculture? Our inhabitants were mercilessly and brutally plundered, and our enemies professed to maintain their army by those means only. Our slaves were carried away—our crops burnt—a cruel war carried on against our agriculture—disability to pay debts produced by pillage and devastation, contrary to every principle of national law. From that series of plenty in which we had been accustomed to live and to revel, we were plunged into every species of human calamity. Our lives attacked—the charge of rebels fixed on us—confiscation and attainder denounced against the whole Continent; and he that was called King of England, sat judge upon our case—he pronounced his judgment, not like those to whom poetic fancy has given existence—not like him who sits in the infernal regions, and dooms to the Stygian lake those spirits who deserve it,—because *he* spares the innocent, and sends *some* to the fields of Elysium—not like him who sat in ancient Rome, and wished the people had but one neck that he might at a blow strike off their heads, and spare himself the trouble of carnage and massacre,—because one city would have satisfied his vengeance—not like any of his fellow men, because he would be satisfied with nothing short of the indiscriminate destruction of a whole Continent—involving the innocent with the guilty! Yes, he sat in judgment with his co-adjutors, and pronounced proscription, attainder, and forfeiture, against men, women, and even children at the breast! Is not this description pointedly true in all its parts? And who were his co-adjutors and executioners in this strange court of judicature? Like the fiends of poetic imagination, Hessians, Indians, and negroes, were his co-adjutors and executioners! Is there any thing in this sad detail of offences which is unfounded? Any thing not enforced by the Act of Parliament against America? We were thereby driven out of their protection, and branded by the epithet *rebels*. The term may not now appear in all its train of horrid consequences. We know that when a person is called rebel by that government his goods and life are forfeited, his very blood pronounced to be corrupted, and the severity of the punishment entailed on his posterity. The jurisprudence and history of that nation prove that when they speak of rebels, nothing but blood will satisfy them. Is there nothing hideous in this part of the portrait? It is unparalleled in the history of mankind. When we contemplate this mode of warfare, we are testified in saying, that in this revolutionary

war, we had a right to consider British debts as subject to confiscation, and to seize the property of those who originated that war. If we consider the business of confiscation according to the immemorial usages of Great Britain, we shall find that the law and practice of that country support my position. The *crimen læsæ majestatis*, as it is called, involved every thing. What would have been the consequences if we had been conquered? Were we not fighting against that majesty? Would the justice of our opposition have been considered? The most horrid forfeitures, confiscations, and attainders, would have been pronounced against us. Consider their history from the reign of William the First to this day. Were not his *Normans* gratified with the confiscation of the richest estates in England? Was not England almost depopulated—its inhabitants stripped of the dearest privileges of humanity—degraded with the most ignominious badges of bondage—and totally deprived of the power of resistance to usurpation and tyranny? This inability continued to the reign of Henry the Eighth. In his reign the business of confiscation and attainder made considerable havoc. Recollect the sad and lamentable effects of the York and Lancastrian wars. To come a little lower, what happened in that island in the rebellions of 1715 and 1745? If we had been conquered, would not our men have shared the fate of the people of Ireland? What confiscations and punishments were inflicted in Scotland? The plains of Culloden and its neighbouring gibbets would show you. I thank Heaven that the spirit of liberty, under the protection of the Almighty, saved us from experiencing so hard a destiny! But had we been subdued, would not every right have been wrested from us? Would debts have been saved? Would it not be absurd to save debts, while they should hang, burn, and destroy? After presenting to your view this true picture of what would have been our situation, had we been subjugated, surely a correspondent right will be found, growing out of the law of nations, in our favour. Sir, if you had seen the sad scenes which I have known—if you had seen the simple but tranquil felicity of helpless and unoffending women and children, in little log huts on the frontiers, disturbed and destroyed by the sad effects of British warfare and Indian butchery, your soul would have been struck with horror.

It is quite unnecessary for us to dwell upon the power of such a passage as this, which we have taken almost at random from the magnificent argument in which it is contained. If any of its sentiments

should appear to partake of prejudice, the reader must recollect, that he was in this case merely an advocate, professionally retained, bound to do his duty to his clients, and addressing an American tribunal most likely to be inflamed and biassed by a reference to such topics. Acting in his unfettered capacity as a man and a legislator, we have seen, in the question of the British refugees, how free from every taint of illiberality was the mind of this truly great man.

The adoption of the constitution, which Henry in vain opposed in the assembly of Virginia, was still to be discussed in the National Congress, and he determined in that assembly to make what would most likely have proved an ineffectual resistance. He seems to have had a sincere horror of the proposed measure—the contention of parties raged furiously around him—the caution natural to age was in him perhaps excessive, and, after a life spent in speaking and fighting for the liberties of his country, he imagined he saw anarchy and despotism struggling in the perspective. Under this impulse, he presented himself a candidate for the representation of Charlotte County, in the House of Delegates, at the election of 1799. It was little to be wondered at that when he appeared at the place of election, he should be hailed and followed by an almost adoring multitude. The vision of former days arose before them—they saw him in the retrospect, rising “alone, unadvised and unassisted,” in the assembly of Virginia, proposing the measure which founded their independence, and gloriously carrying it in defiance of a furious aristocracy—they saw him afterwards embarrassed by domestic claims, and overwhelmed with debts, yet nobly relinquishing a lucrative office, because he thought its tenure unconstitutional—they saw him in the fullest tide of his prosperity, when glory waited on his footsteps, and a hemisphere hung upon his voice, simple and unaffected, as free and as familiar with his humblest acquaintance, as when, in his youthful day, he hunted the deer of the forest—no wonder, therefore, that now, in his old age, a candidate for their favour, they tu-

multuously rallied round the patriot and the friend. Henry seems to have appreciated it as he ought, with the gratitude of a man, but, at the same time, with the humility of a Christian. It is recorded that a zealous preacher of the Baptist church, whose piety was shocked at the homage paid to an individual, loudly reproached the people, asking them "why they thus followed Mr. Henry? Mr. Henry, (said he,) *is not a God.*" "No indeed, my friend," replied Henry, who overheard him, "I am but a poor worm of the dust,—as fleeting and as unsubstantial as the shadow of the cloud that flies over your fields, and *is remembered no more.*" His tone and manner affected every one—alas, they were a too sure presentiment of what was fast approaching. Before the Congress sat, for which he was, of course, triumphantly elected, he had vanished like that "fleeting and unsubstantial shadow!" He *was* in "the dust," but not, Oh! surely not to be forgotten. No, while the fame of genius is precious, or the memory of patriotism is dear—while America has a head to think, or one pulse of liberty vital in her heart, she will bend, in the pride of tears, over the grave of Henry. Peaceful be thy resting place, thou child of inspiration—may the tread of slavery never press its turf, or vex the spirit that sleeps in bliss beneath it! It was on the sixth day of June, 1799, that America lost Henry.

Of his public life, we have given quite as much as our limits will allow us, though not near so much as the merits of that life deserve. In private, he was amiable, benevolent, and beloved—a good husband—a good father, and a sincere Christian. His manners were particularly unassuming, and, at times, full of pleasantry. The following is related amongst his friends as a specimen of his light and good-natured playfulness. Being at the house of Mr. Randolph, at Richmond, Mr. R. H. Lee, a very eloquent and distinguished senator, commenced a conversation on the genius of Cervantes, and descanted at such length on the prowess of Don Quixote, that the

company began to show evident marks of the length of the dissertation. Henry, who observed this, affected to join the speaker, and following up the panegyric, remarked: "Ah! Mr. Lee, you have overlooked in your eulogy one of the finest things in the book." "Indeed," said Mr. Lee, "pray what is it?" "It is," said he, "that divine exclamation of Sancho, '*blessed be the man that first invented sleep; it covers one all over like a cloak.*'"

The genius of Henry, we have seen, was but little assisted by education—he was, indeed, almost self-taught, and through life retained the impression that there was much more to be learned from an attentive perusal of the great living volume of human nature, than from all that the shelves of philosophy could furnish. His conversation with a Mr. Wormley, a purblind book-worm in his neighbourhood, furnished a sufficient illustration of this. Meeting him one day in a book-shop, he exclaimed: "What, Mr. Wormley, still buying books!" "Yes," said Mr. Wormley, "I have just heard of a new work, which I am extremely anxious to peruse." "Take my word for it, Mr. Wormley, *we are too old to read books—read men*—they are the only volume we can peruse to advantage." It was a volume which he indeed had perused attentively, and hence arose his great power of persuasion over mankind—the human heart was to him an instrument of which he knew all the stops and chords, and touched them at his pleasure.

In concluding our brief and necessarily imperfect sketch of this extraordinary man, we have only to hope that we shall be successful in directing towards him the attention of our countrymen, fully persuaded that all classes of men may rise with advantage from the study of such a character. Contemplating him, the humblest of the people may be taught not to despair of eminence—the highest may learn a lesson of humility, and both may see that distinction is not so much the consequence of birth, as of the qualities which accompany it.

A VOICE FROM ST. HELENA.*

THIS is the title of a work on Buonaparte, far more interesting than any that have preceded it, to those who would know the real character of this extraordinary being. It shows him to us in his private life, in those moments when the Emperor is lost in the man, when the actor is off the stage: we have Napoleon in familiar intercourse with us, giving accurate, or, at least, striking portraits of his contemporaries, from the revolution down to the battle of Waterloo; reading lectures on the political state of England; and speaking of his own actions as if they belonged to other times. In such a work, it is impossible not to take an interest, and a lively interest, whatever may be our opinion of him who forms its subject: besides, all political animosity is, or ought to be, buried with him in the grave; he has become a portion of the past; the fires, that he once lit up, are now burnt out, or are only faintly glimmering in their embers; they are not to be rekindled by any political discussions; and, were it not that many of the actors in the scene with him are still alive, his story might be told with the same freedom as that of any other conqueror, who, like him, may for his little day have been the scourge and wonder of the world. As it is, we shall as much as possible avoid all comment on the work, merely giving a brief epitome of some of its principal facts.

The author sets out with a minute story of the voyage to St. Helena, from the moment when the sails were first unfurled, till the landing at James Town, a period of ten weeks, during which, he seems to have gained the confidence of the exile; if, indeed, Buonaparte can ever be said to have made a confidant of any. Enough, however, transpires in the course of this volume, to prove that he was as solitary in his sufferings as in his greatness; his mind wanted no support from communication, and therefore he was little likely to make a show of his feelings, as is the case with most men in the hour of af-

fliction. It is weakness only that makes sorrow communicative, and Napoleon's sorrow had no weakness, except it were that of anger; but all this, and much more important matter, we must leave untouched from want of space to do it justice, and proceed to the detail of his habits at St. Helena.

Napoleon's hours of rest were uncertain, much depending upon the quantum of rest he had enjoyed during the night. He was in general a bad sleeper, and frequently got up at three or four o'clock, in which case he read or wrote until six or seven, at which time, when the weather was fine, he sometimes went out to ride, attended by some of his generals, or laid down again to rest for a couple of hours. When he retired to bed, he could not sleep unless the most perfect state of darkness was obtained, by the closure of every cranny through which a ray of light might pass, although I have sometimes seen him fall asleep on the sofa, and remain so for a few minutes in broad daylight. When ill, Marchand occasionally read to him until he fell asleep. At times he rose at seven, and wrote or dictated until breakfast time, or, if the morning was very fine, he went out to ride. When he breakfasted in his own room, it was generally served on a little round table, at between nine and ten; when along with the rest of his suite, at eleven; in either case *à la fourchette*. After breakfast, he generally dictated to some of his suite for a few hours, and at two or three o'clock received such visitors as by previous appointment had been directed to present themselves. Between four and five, when the weather permitted, he rode out on horseback or in the carriage, accompanied by all his suite, for an hour or two; then returned and dictated or read until eight, or occasionally played a game at chess, at which time dinner was announced, which rarely exceeded twenty minutes or half an hour in duration. He ate heartily and fast, and did not appear to be partial to high seasoned, or rich food. One of his most favourite dishes was a roasted leg of mutton, of which I have seen him sometimes pare the outside brown part off; he was also partial to mutton chops. He rarely drank as much as a pint of claret at his dinner, which was generally much diluted with water. After dinner, when the servants had withdrawn, and when there were no visitors, he sometimes

* This work is still in the press. Our account is received from a friend, who, by favour of the publishers, has had access to the proof sheets of the first volume.—ED.

played at chess or at whist, but more frequently sent for a volume of Corneille, or of some other esteemed author, and read aloud for an hour, or chatted with the ladies and the rest of his suite. He usually retired to his bed-room at ten or eleven, and to rest, immediately afterwards. When he breakfasted or dined in his own apartment (*dans l'intérieur*), he sometimes sent for one of his suite to converse with him during the repast. He never ate more than two meals a day, nor, since I knew him, had he ever taken more than a very small cup of coffee after each repast, and at no other time. I have also been informed, by those who have been in his service for fifteen years, that he had never exceeded that quantity since they first knew him.

For the first weeks, Rear Admiral Sir George Cockburn had the charge of the fallen exile; upon the whole, he and his captive seem to have agreed tolerably well, but he was soon to be superseded by Sir Hudson Lowe, and if Buonaparte was not altogether satisfied with his first guardian, he was utterly discontented with his second. In a little time, in the usual order of things, they came to open war, Napoleon growing more and more fretful, and the governor more and more rigorous, the severity of public duty taking a deeper tinge from the feelings of the individual. Buonaparte's temper may be pretty well ascertained from his private expressions in regard to Sir Hudson; "*bugiardo*," "*sbirro*," "*Siciliano*," "*imbecile*," "*bavard*," "*capo di spioni*," were not his worst terms of reproach, yet at the same time there appears to have been some cause for this violent irritation in the irksome restraints imposed upon him, and in the natural evils of Longwood, made doubly vexatious by the want of fit accommodations, supposing always our author's statement to be literally correct. The whole island seems to be particularly unpleasant, and Longwood to be the most unpleasant part of it: sometimes for want of water Napoleon could not have a bath, which to his habits was an essential luxury, and if he attempted to move out he was either scorched up by the sun or blighted by the fogs; "*here*," he was wont to say, "*it either blows a furious wind, loaded with rain and fog, che mi taglia l'anima*, or, if that is wanting, *il sole mi brucia il cervello*, through the want of shade."

Nor do these complaints appear to have been without some reason, for he was constantly annoyed by headache, by swellings of the gums and cheeks, and by pains in the side, which last, we should suppose, were indicative of a diseased liver. All this, however, arising from the nature of the climate, Sir Hudson Lowe could not help; but whether he or the English government might not have been milder keepers, is a question not so easily decided. But this is a subject that we do not wish to dwell upon, and having first given our author's account of Napoleon's bed-room, as a specimen of his lodging, we shall go on to other matters less liable to discussion.

It was about fourteen feet by twelve, and ten or eleven feet in height. The walls were lined with brown nankeen, bordered and edged with common green bordering paper, and destitute of surbase. Two small windows, without pullies, looked towards the camp of the 53d regiment, one of which was thrown up and fastened by a piece of notched wood. Window-curtains of white long cloth, a small fire-place, a shabby grate, and fire-irons to match, with a paltry mantel-piece of wood, painted white, upon which stood a small marble bust of his son. Above the mantel-piece hung the portrait of Marie Louise, and four or five of young Napoleon, one of which was embroidered by the hands of the mother. A little more to the right hung also a miniature picture of the Empress Josephine, and to the left was suspended the alarm chamber-watch of Frederic the Great, obtained by Napoleon at Potsdam; while on the right, the consular watch, engraved with the cypher B, hung by a chain of the plaited hair of Marie Louise, from a pin stuck in the nankeen lining. The floor was covered with a second-hand carpet, which had once decorated the dining-room of a lieutenant of the St. Helena artillery. In the right-hand corner was placed the little plain iron camp bedstead, with green silk curtains, upon which its master had reposed on the fields of Marengo and Austerlitz. Between the windows there was a paltry second-hand chest of drawers; and an old book-case with green blinds stood on the left of the door leading to the next apartment. Four or five cane-bottomed chairs, painted green, were standing here and there about the room. Before the back-door, there was a screen covered with nankeen, and between that and the fire-place, an old fashioned sofa covered with white long cloth, upon which reclined Napoleon, clothed in his white morning gown, white loose trousers and

stockings all in one. A chequered red madras upon his head, and his shirt collar open without a cravat. His air was melancholy and troubled. Before him stood a little round table, with some books, at the foot of which lay, in confusion upon the carpet, a heap of those which he had already perused, and at the foot of the sofa facing him was suspended a portrait of the Empress Marie Louise, with her son in her arms. In front of the fire-place stood Las Cases, with his arms folded over his breast, and some papers in one of his hands. Of all the former magnificence of the once mighty emperor of France, nothing was present except a superb wash-hand stand, containing a silver basin and water-jug of the same metal, in the left hand corner.

In this country it has been generally supposed that Buonaparte had no other influence with the French than that of fear, but it appears that we judged of our neighbours by ourselves, and it is certain, that we feared him as much as we hated him. We had good reason for it; they, however, had not, or at least, Buonaparte thought they had not; he fancied that the French people loved him, and he tells some anecdotes, which, if true, would go far to prove it: as these are given in his own language, or nearly so, we cannot do better than quote one of them:

Napoleon showed me the marks of two wounds, one a very deep cicatrice above the left knee, which he said he had received in his first campaign of Italy, and it was of so serious a nature, that the surgeons were in doubt whether it might not be ultimately necessary to amputate. He observed, that when he was wounded, it was always kept a secret, in order not to discourage the soldiers. The other was on the toe, and had been received at Eckmühl. "At the siege of Acre," continued he, "a shell thrown by Sydney Smith fell at my feet. Two soldiers, who were close by, seized, and closely embraced me, one in front and the other on one side, and made a rampart of their bodies for me against the effect of the shell, which exploded, and overwhelmed us with sand. We sunk into the hole formed by its bursting; one of them was wounded. I made them both officers. One has since lost a leg at Moscow, and commanded at Vincennes when I left Paris. When he was summoned by the Russians, he replied, that as soon as they sent him back the leg he had lost at Moscow, he would surrender the fortress. Many times in my life," continued he, "have I been saved by soldiers and officers throwing themselves before me when I was in the most

imminent danger. At Arcola, when I was advancing, Colonel Meuron, my aid-de-camp, threw himself before me, covered me with his body, and received the wound which was destined for me. He fell at my feet, and his blood spouted up in my face. He gave his life to preserve mine. Never yet, I believe, has there been such devotion shown by soldiers as mine have manifested for me. In all my misfortunes, never has the soldier, even when expiring, been wanting to me—never has man been served more faithfully by his troops. With the last drop of blood gushing out of their veins, they exclaimed, *Vive l'Empereur!*"

The account of Moreau's death, as coming from Buonaparte, is well worthy of quotation.

"In the battle before Dresden, I ordered an attack to be made upon the allies by both flanks of my army. While the manœuvres for this purpose were executing, the centre remained motionless. At the distance of about from this to the outer gate, I observed a group of persons collected together on horseback. Concluding that they were endeavouring to observe my manœuvres, I resolved to disturb them, and called to a captain of artillery, who commanded a field battery of eighteen or twenty pieces: "*Jetez une douzaine de boulets à la fois dans ce groupe là, peut-être il y en a quelques petits généraux.*" (Throw a dozen of bullets at once into that group; perhaps there are some little generals in it.) It was done instantly. One of the balls struck Moreau, carried off both his legs, and went through his horse. Many more, I believe, who were near him, were killed and wounded. A moment before Alexander had been speaking to him. Moreau's legs were amputated not far from the spot. One of his feet, with the boot upon it, which the surgeon had thrown upon the ground, was brought by a peasant to the king of Saxony, with information that some officer of great distinction had been struck by a cannon shot. The king, conceiving that the name of the person might perhaps be discovered by the boot, sent it to me. It was examined at my head-quarters, but all that could be ascertained was, that the boot was neither of English nor of French manufacture. The next day we were informed that it was the leg of Moreau. It is not a little extraordinary," continued Napoleon, "that in an action a short time afterwards, I ordered the same artillery officer, with the same guns, and under nearly similar circumstances, to throw eighteen or twenty bullets at once into a concourse of officers collected together, by which General St. Priest, another Frenchman, a traitor and a man of talent, who had a command in the Russian

army, was killed, along with many others. Nothing," continued the Emperor, "is more destructive than a discharge of a dozen or more guns at once amongst a group of persons. From one or two they may escape; but from a number discharged at a time, it is almost impossible. After Esling, when I had caused my army to go over to the isle of Lobau, there was for some weeks, by common and tacit consent on both sides between the soldiers, not by any agreement between the generals, a cessation of firing, which indeed had produced no benefit, and only killed a few unfortunate sentinels. I rode out every day in different directions. No person was molested on either side. One day, however, riding along with Oudinot, I stopped for a moment upon the edge of the island, which was about eighty toises distant from the opposite bank, where the enemy was. They perceived us, and knowing me by the little hat and grey coat, they pointed a three-pounder at us. The ball passed between Oudinot and me, and was very close to both of us. We put spurs to our horses, and speedily got out of sight. Under the actual circumstances, the attack was little better than murder, but if they had fired a dozen guns at once they must have killed us.

We now come to a subject more peculiarly interesting to the English reader—the battle of Waterloo—a battle, which, whether for the severity of its action, or the importance of its results, has not been equalled since the day of Marathon. Every Englishman will be naturally anxious to hear Napoleon's opinion of his great rival, but we fear that he will be little satisfied when he has heard it, for it is not very favourable to the glory of our general. Napoleon asserts, that the Duke committed two capital blunders; first, in suffering himself to be surprised; and, secondly, in giving battle, for, if defeated, he must have been utterly ruined, as he could not retreat, there being a wood in his rear, and only one road by which it could be gained. On the other hand, had he retired to Antwerp, Buonaparte must have been overwhelmed by the armies of three or four hundred thousand men that were marching up against him. How far this judgment may be correct we are not military enough to decide; but we have sufficient philosophy to know, that the event proves nothing, either one way or the other. At the same time, it must in candour be observed, that

Buonaparte seems to be a somewhat partial judge in these matters; he affirms that the English are not calculated to make such good soldiers as the French; but if the general was wrong in giving battle, and his soldiers were inferior, how did he happen to gain the victory? And what does he say for himself in having been beaten by such enemies, to whom in all respects he was so superior? He is, perhaps, more correct in stating that the strength of this country is in its navy, and no less correct in his account of our smugglers, who are the most desperate beings that have ever existed since the days of Blackbeard. We know something of these wild adventurers, whose deeds, and speech, and manners, have all a romantic horror about them that does not belong to the present day; and many a tale could we fashion of them for our readers, that would blanch their cheeks more than the wildest improbabilities of fiction. The people of this country are little acquainted with their habits, or with the scenes that have been lately acted on the coast, in the attempt to put them down; an attempt which never can succeed with all the vigilance of our seamen. There is a romance in their doings as in their sufferings: disguised in the dress of the peasantry, they traverse the wildest parts of the country in the dead of night, to meet the expected boat, though the secret of its landing is known to one only, whom they follow in blind obedience. If the boat is discovered by our seamen, a light is flung into the air, or a pistol flashed off, as they term it, and she is instantly pushed off, and lost again in the darkness. If brought to close quarters they often fight desperately, though their subsequent sufferings, when wounded, are such as to beggar all description; the necessity of secrecy is paramount to all other considerations, and surgeons cannot always be trusted. We actually *knew* one instance of a poor wounded wretch festering for weeks on a mattress, with nothing else between him and the ground, till the straw was thoroughly soaked through by the impure flowings from the wound, and fungi sprang up from the dampness. But nothing will tame them, nor can you convince them

that there is any moral turpitude in their calling; a strong instance of which we saw in an old smuggler, whose son had been shot in a fray with our seamen. The Lieutenant, as noble a being as ever served his country, begged, prayed, nay implored the old man, while the body lay stretched before him, to desist from such courses, or, at least, not to bring up his remaining son to a life so perilous, but it was all in vain; he replied, that if he had twenty sons they should do the same, and the reply was clenched by an oath too horrid for repetition. We speak of facts with which we are well acquainted, and have only softened them in our recital.

It was from these men, who in their little cock-boats bade defiance to all the vigilance of our seventy-four gunships, that Buonaparte gained his intelligence during the war, and their fidelity was always found equal to their courage. But intelligence, it seems, was not the only contraband commodity that they dealt in; they often contrived to smuggle over the French prisoners from this country, and the manner of the traffic was thus: any Frenchman, who wished to rescue his friend or his relation from English captivity, would make a bargain with the smugglers to bring him over, for a certain sum proportioned to the circumstances; and it was seldom that they failed in their purpose; all that they wanted for the business was the name and age of the prisoner to be rescued, together with some token to ensure his confidence. At first Dunkirk was the place allotted to them, but these "*genti terribili*," as Buonaparte terms them, grew so outrageous at last, and played such wild pranks, that he was forced to make some order for their better behaviour. A little camp was in consequence prepared for them at Gravelines, and certain limits assigned, within which their wanderings were restrained. Here they were often assembled to the number of five hundred.

Between this detail and the burning of Moscow, are many curious anecdotes that we are for the present compelled to leave untouched. Napoleon's delineations of contemporary character are admirable: Alexander,

the King of Prussia, Moreau, Soult, Pozzo di Borgo, Fouché, Talleyrand, Carnot, Robespierre, Josephine, and a hundred names familiar to history, are sketched with a strong, though rapid hand, and the stamp of truth is on the most of them. The murders of El Arish, and the poisoning at Jaffa, are fully treated; but these and many things of more importance we must pass over, and close our notice of this first volume with Buonaparte's account of the Russian conflagration.

I was in the midst of a fine city, provisioned for a year, for in Russia they always lay in provisions for several months before the frost sets in. Stores of all kinds were in plenty. The houses of the inhabitants were well provided, and many had even left their servants to attend upon us. In most of them there was a note left by the proprietor, begging the French officers who took possession to take care of their furniture and other things; that they had left every article necessary for our wants, and hoped to return in a few days, when the emperor Alexander had accommodated matters, at which time they would be happy to see us. Many ladies remained behind. They knew that I had been in Berlin and Vienna with my armies, and that no injury had been done to the inhabitants; and moreover, they expected a speedy peace. We were in hopes of enjoying ourselves in winter quarters, with every prospect of success in the spring. Two days after our arrival, a fire was discovered, which at first was not supposed to be alarming, but to have been caused by the soldiers kindling their fires too near the houses, which were chiefly of wood. I was angry at this, and issued very strict orders on the subject to the commandants of regiments and others. The next day it had advanced, but still not so as to give serious alarm. However, afraid that it might gain upon us, I went out on horseback, and gave every direction to extinguish it. The next morning a violent wind arose, and the fire spread with the greatest rapidity. Some hundred miscreants, hired for that purpose, dispersed themselves in different parts of the town, and with matches which they concealed under their cloaks, set fire to as many houses to windward as they could, which was easily done, in consequence of the combustible materials of which they were built. This, together with the violence of the wind, rendered every effort to extinguish the fire ineffectual. I myself narrowly escaped with life. In order to shew an example, I ventured into the midst of the flames, and had my hair and eye-brows singed, and my clothes burnt off my back; but it was in vain, as they had destroyed most of the pumps, of

which there were above a thousand; out of all these, I believe that we could only find one that was serviceable. Besides, the wretches that had been hired by Rostopchin ran about in every quarter, disseminating fire with their matches; in which they were but too much assisted by the wind. This terrible conflagration ruined every thing. I was prepared for every thing but this. It was unforeseen, for who would have thought that a nation would have set its capital on fire? The inhabitants themselves, however, did all they could to extinguish it, and several of them perished in their endeavours. They also brought before us numbers of the incendiaries with their matches, as amidst such a *popolazzo* we never could have discovered them ourselves. I caused about two hundred of these wretches to be shot. Had it not been for this fatal fire, I had every thing my army wanted; excellent winter quarters; stores of all kinds were in plenty; and the next year would have decided it. Alexander would have made peace, or I would have been in Petersburg." I asked if he thought that he could entirely subdue Russia. "No," replied Napo-

leon; "but I would have caused Russia to make such a peace as suited the interests of France. I was five days too late in quitting Moscow. Several of the generals," continued he, "were burnt out of their beds. I myself remained in the Kremlin until surrounded with flames. The fire advanced, seized the Chinese and India warehouses, and several stores of oil and spirits, which burst forth in flames and overwhelmed every thing. I then retired to a country house of the Emperor Alexander's, distant about a league from Moscow, and you may figure to yourself the intensity of the fire, when I tell you, that you could scarcely bear your hands upon the walls or the windows on the side next to Moscow, in consequence of their heated state. It was the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame; mountains of red rolling flames, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean of flame below. Oh, it was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrific sight the world ever beheld!!

THE RUSSIAN TRAGEDY.

IN the collection of verses published by the University of Oxford, on the *Birth of his present Majesty*,* is a copy attributed to Spence, at that time Regius Professor of Modern History.† In 1780, when Mr. Nichols was collecting the scattered pieces of Mr. Spence for insertion in his "Collection of Poems," Bishop Lowth writes to him—"The poem on the Birth of the Prince of Wales was published in the Oxford verses very imperfectly; and, I may add, unwarrantably. Mr. Spence had in-

troduced, by way of episode, the **RUSSIAN TRAGEDY**, which was then first in every one's mouth, and was received with universal horror and detestation. The Oxford critics, very rightly and prudently, thought it not fit to be published by the University; they ought, therefore, to have sent it to the author to be reformed, or to have suppressed it entirely. Instead of this, they cut out the whole episode, about one-third of the poem, and which was the principal part in the author's view, and

* Gratulatio Solennis Universitatis Oxoniensis ob celsissimum Georgium Fred. Aug. Walliæ Principem Georgio III. et Charlottæ Reginae auspaticissime natum. Oxonii, e Typographeo Clarendoniano, 1762. Folio. Sign. H.

† For particulars of Spence (who was Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, from 1728 to 1738, author of the *Polymetis*, an *Essay on Pope's Odyssey*, and, though last, yet by far the most amusing of all his works, of *Anecdotes of Pope* and his contemporaries) we cannot do better than refer to Nichols's 8vo. *Life of Bowyer*, and Mr. Singer's *Memoir*, prefixed to his Edition of Spence's *Anecdotes*, 8vo. 1820. Mr. S. notices the lines we are about to print, as the concluding copy in the Oxford collection; this, however, is a mistake into which he has been led by an expression of Bishop Lowth's, who, in his letter to Mr. Nichols, alludes to a poem of his own, in the *Epicedia* on the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales, as "the concluding poem of the collection," a remark that will not apply to what we have here designated *The Russian Tragedy*.

for the introduction of which the whole plan of the poem was formed ; and printed the beginning and end, without any connexion or meaning, to the total destruction of the poem. If you print it from the Oxford copy, you must put asterisks in the middle, to show that it is a mere fragment. But this will raise curiosity, and enquiries will be made after the middle part, of which I believe some copies may be found ; and the publication of that avowedly by you, will, I think, even now be improper. Pray let me know what you intend as to this matter ; and I beg you to do nothing in it without consulting me."

Mr. Nichols followed the suggestion of the Bishop ; he printed the poem with asterisks, and added a note, explaining, that certain lines in

the original MS. had been omitted by the publishers of the Oxford collection. On transmitting a proof to Dr. Lowth, his Lordship expressed his approbation of this note, adding, " and I think the curious will hardly find out a copy to fill up the blank."

The Russian transactions alluded to in the poem have now become matters of history, and, after an interval of more than sixty years, may be commented upon in still stronger terms than those used by the writer of the suppressed verses. There can therefore be no impropriety in giving the lines entire, which we do from an authentic copy, and for the first time. The suppressed, and by far the most interesting, portion, is distinguished by inverted commas.

Hail to the sacred day, that gives an heir
To Britain's throne, and opes th' extended view
Of glories yet remote ! th' auspicious day,
Now crown'd with recent honours, nor before
To Britons unendear'd, that saw matur'd
In full event great Nassau's glorious plan ;
Religion, Freedom, on the solid base
Of law erected ; and th' important charge
Consign'd to Brunswic's chosen race ; a line
Of patriot kings, ordain'd to guard secure
The rich deposit, and to latest times
Inviolat the blessing to convey.

Thrice happy Britain ! by th' encircling seas
Divided from the world ; in arts, in arms
Pre-eminent : but far above the rest
In the high privilege of legal sway
Distinguish'd : where the civil pow'rs triform,
Of various aim, in union meet combin'd,
Each tempering each, in just degree, hold on
Their steady course, and tend to one fix'd point,
The general good. As in this mundane frame,
Adjusted by th' all-wise arch-builder's hand,
Each rolling sphere, wand'ring in regular maze,
Prime or attendant ; every part, each grain,
Each atom, with due poise, and moment due,
Adds his conspiring influence, and attracts,
Attracted ; while the great superior orb,
All-cheering fount of light, himself obeys
The general impulse : he from his high state
With undiminish'd majesty descends,
Revolving round the common central goal
With solemn pace, and joins the mystic dance.

O fairest form of well-built polity,
By ancient sages sought in vain, unknown
To foreign climes, Britain's peculiar boast !
O justly dear to all thy sons ; of all
Regardful ! safe in thy protection rests
The lowly cot ; nor less the regal throne

Stands firm by thee, and owns thy guardian care.
 By thee secure the sceptre of the main,
 From sire to son transmitted, shall descend
 Thro' Brunswic's line ; nor know the frequent change,
 And sad vicissitude, that still attends
 Tyrannic rule unblest. There dark Distrust,
 Pale Jealousy, and Fear with haggard look,
 For ever dwell : while lurking Fraud her snares
 Spreads thro' the guarded dome ; and close Cabal,
 Shunning day's dreaded eye, o'er danger broods.
 See, where immured in cheerless state, unseen,
 Sits the proud eastern despot ; fear'd of all ;
 Himself most insecure : no kindred near,
 No friend as his own soul ; from all the joys
 Of social life sequester'd : a dark void
 Surrounds the desert throne, distain'd with blood
 Of brethren, rivals deem'd ; congenial blood,
 Dire off'ring, at Suspicion's horrid shrine
 Pour'd out, the tyrant's guardian deity,
 Preposterous, who in frantic fear destroys
 His best supports, and with blind confidence
 Against his own bare bosom arms his slaves.

" Oh ! what avails the vast extended wild
 " Of empire, stretching from the frozen port
 " Of black Archangel to the narrow Frith
 " That eastward severs from Kamskatka's shore
 " Columbo's new-found world ; or what the toils
 " Of her fam'd monarch, rudely sage, self-taught,
 " His people's teacher, studious to diffuse
 " Thro' Russia's savage waste, dark and uniform'd,
 " The cheering rays of mild humanity,
 " If lawless rule, and rude barbaric sway
 " Still hold th' imperial throne, to perilous height
 " Advanced, and tott'ring with excess of pow'r
 " Precarious ? See, the vagrant sceptre strays
 " From hand to hand, unknowing where to rest.
 " The son, to empire born, his hopes unripe,
 " Falls helpless by the father's stern decree.
 " Nor shall the plighted oath, or sacred chrism,
 " Or still more sacred Innocence, protect
 " The cradled majesty. Great Peter's throne
 " To dark intrigue, and armed violence,
 " And female faction, lies an open prey.
 " But lo ! the youth, whom rival nations woo'd,
 " Contending which should serve him, lo ! he comes,
 " Of aspect mild, and heart humane, intent
 " From thought-debasing vassalage to raise
 " His people, and to bless the world with peace.
 " In still suspense the warring kingdoms wait
 " His high award. But ah ! what sudden gloom
 " Blots the fair scene ? I see a Fury rise,
 " From deepest Hell she rises, fired with dire
 " Ambition, vengeful hate, and jealous rage,
 " Remorseless. To horrible acts the daring fiend
 " Adds tenfold horrors ; of th' Imperial Dame
 " The form assuming, of his throne and bed
 " High partner, mother of his infant heir,
 " Dear pledge of mutual love. Impetuous forth
 " From her lord's gates, from the connubial bow'r
 " She bursts, and tossing in the tainted air
 " Alecto's Hell-enkindled torch, inflames

"To wild sedition and rebellious arms
 "The madding multitude. Oh! see! he falls
 "From his high state; he dies. The parricide
 "Triumphant reigns; and with the solemn show
 "And sanctimonious mockery, her foul deeds,
 "Unblushing, in Religion's holy garb
 "She masks. Yet more, insulting heav'n and earth,
 "The living and the dead, the sorceress weeps:
 "With loud lament, and ostentatious grief,
 "Theatric, o'er his livid corse she weeps.
 "Such tears the ruthless monster of the Nile,
 "More hateful in false semblance of compassion,
 "Sheds o'er his mangled prey. O God! avert
 "Far from Britannia, from her friends, her foes,
 "Such crimes portentous: suffer not the tongue
 "Of blasphemy presumptuous to revile
 "For one's enormous guilt the general work
 "Created fair, arraigning with bold blame
 "Thy justice, and thy slow-suspended arm."

But learn, ye Britons, with observance due,
 With holy estimation, and deep awe,
 Your country, your religion, to revere,
 Your laws, your liberty. Ye princes, learn,
 That not the vain acquist of boundless sway,
 Too big for man to wield, for angel's grasp
 Too big, but fair equality of rule,
 But pow'r, obedient to the rein of Law,
 To Reason, Justice, Faith, true greatness gives,
 Gives true authority to kings. Here fix
 The butt of your ambition; hither aim
 Your whole intent. Be this your majesty,
 Your strength: in this your safety stands; in this
 Your happiness, your virtue, and your praise.

It is not the least singular circumstance connected with the foregoing lines, that, although originally printed under Spence's name, and expressly alluded to by Bishop Lowth as Spence's production, *they have been ascribed to Lowth himself*, at that time Bishop of Limerick; who was generally reported to be the real author, and was said to have communicated them to his friend, the Professor of Modern History, for publication

among the Oxford verses. Such is the tradition; and we have some reason to believe it well-founded, having seen a memorandum in the hand-writing of a celebrated collector, (a man of learning, one well versed in the literary history of that day, and whose acquaintance with the parties rendered him a very credible witness on such a question,) in which he expressly says they were "*written by Dr. Lowth.*"

THE DRAMA.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

The Law of Java.

THE *Law of Java* is a musical play from the pen of George Colman the younger, and it has very naturally occasioned a considerable interest in the public mind, as coming from the author of the *Heir at Law*, and the *Poor Gentleman*. A great name has its disadvantages, for it certainly serves to point out defects and deficiencies with a more

inveterate force and truth. The admirers of Miss Mac Tab, the lovers of Dr. Pangloss, the worshippers of Mrs. Brulgruddery, are set a tip-toe in expectation to find objects as attractive in the new work as their first favourites; but not a trace, or a very slight one, of the powers that originated the Brulgrudderys, the Dowlasses, the Ollapods, now remains;—and the *Law of Java* is indeed a disappointment!

When George Colman was truly George Colman the younger, he was one of the pleasantest men alive; witty, inventive, original! And as we always rather incline to the memory of what is estimable and excellent, than to a dejected contemplation of what is real and indifferent, we will just say a few words upon the dramatist that *was*, and get as hastily as possible over the dramatist that *is*. The peculiar forte of George Colman lay in his combination of extravagancies of character, in his *breadth* of humorous dialogue, and in his improbable but laughable situations. Ollapod, in the Poor Gentleman, is a compound (we should say a *mixture*) of medicine, cavalry, jargon, and sporting allusions, and with this whimsical complement of pursuits, the character whirls through five acts, "ever pleasing, ever new." Dr. Pangloss, Lord Duberly, Lady Duberly, Mr. and Mrs. Brulgruddery, Caleb Quotem, are all the same violent yet whimsical caricatures of character, and all possess individually certain points which separate them from the mass of common men. Of the humour of the dialogue a thousand instances might be chosen; for there is no writer who surpasses George Colman in the merry extravagancies and increasing inventions of conversation. He piles load upon load of jolly exaggeration! Dennis Brulgruddery's account of himself in the first scene of John Bull, in which he relates to his servant Dan his birth, parentage, and education, is perhaps the richest building up of delightful lies and humorous enormities in all Colman's works. What a birth! What a parentage! What an education! "He is brought up to the church," for "he opens the pew doors:" he is "turned out for snoring at sermon time,"—for "he awakens all the rest of the congregation!" What clusters of *non sequiturs*! Dan devours up his discourse with the greediness of a Desdemona—but still the house affairs and Mrs. Brulgruddery call him thence. Pangloss's lesson to Lord Duberly is certainly another and an admirable instance of outrageous and triumphant humour. The broad ignorance of the Peer, contrasted with the pedantic and nice vanity and quickness of the Tutor, makes the finest display of absurdities possible.

VOL. V.

Of the ingenuity and pleasantry of the situations, each early play affords abundant proofs: but where such characters are created, the situations cannot avoid being powerful and striking. Dennis Brulgruddery, with his Irish wife and Yorkshire serving-man, living on a heath in Cornwall, in a public-house, without a customer, is a farce of itself. Such a *monstrous* compound is by no means common. And Trudge's discovery of Wowski, in Inkle and Yarico, is very delightful and full of contrast. It is like a reverse of Titian's Mistress and the Negro. Dr. Pangloss's contemplation of himself in a Tandem with a terrier between his legs, and Stephen's relation of the storming of the pigsty, and washing the little singed pigs in milk, are vivid *descriptions* of situations, which are quite as real and amusing as incidents themselves. This extension of situation to the second and third degree evinces the hand of the master. There is no pure and quiet comedy in George Colman's writings, no delicate delineations of the human mind in the trials and severities of life, or in its finer points of mirth; but he never affected these deeper accomplishments of dramatic writing, and it can therefore be no matter of accusation against him that he was deficient in them. He wrote to make mankind laugh;—and he succeeded beyond any other dramatic writer of any age.

There is one species of Drama for which George Colman has a strong predilection, and which we do not very greatly admire, and that is, the sentimental, half humorous, and half musical play;—such as the Mountaineers, the Surrender of Calais, the Battle of Hexham, and the Africans:—under this class indeed, but immeasurably inferior to its predecessors, comes the Law of Java. The anxiety to include all the talent of a theatre, must, we conjecture, have been the origin of this grasping and unnatural style of writing. Mr. Young, Mr. Kemble, and Mr. Mathews, and Mr. Liston, were in the receipt of salaries, and might as well be employed to the utmost, and therefore, desperate blank verse and broad humorous prose were jumbled together to allow of this assemblage of tragic and comic actors on

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the stage at once. The Mountaineers and the Surrender of Calais were the best of these nondescripts, but they were written by their author in all the freshness of his genius and his youth. The Africans was a tame and extravagant Opera,—but the dramatist was then old enough in his mind for retirement. There is a time when it is becoming in an actor to retire; there is also a time when it is no less becoming in an author to quit the stage. John Kemble and Tom Cribb have taken Nature's hint and quitted their laborious and noble professions;—George Colman the younger has come forward in his later years, like Mendoza, to try a contest, with enfeebled powers, and to suffer a defeat.

The Law of Java is a musical, serio-comic piece, in three acts, with very many characters, and few incidents. In humour, in spirit, in originality, it is decidedly unfit to be named with the previous works of its author, and we should have been glad to see it published with another name. In Colman's real youth, he prefixed the name of Arthur Griffinhoof to some of his lively productions, and now, as if in the perversity of human nature, he glares out his true name, on pieces which Mr. Griffinhoof would have shuddered at. The plot, if plot it can be called which plot is none, is founded on the distresses of a young native of Macassar and his wife, who fall into the hands of the Emperor of Java. The lady is an unconquerable lady of the Emperor's Harem; and the husband, in his visits to his better half, is caught by the guards, and sentenced to death, which sentence is however commuted for a journey to the poison tree, the common punishment of Javanese criminals. He luckily meets with his father, a Hermit, at the entrance of the desert, and as happily obtains an urn of the *un-Velno* vegetable syrup, from a returning and dying criminal. The hero and his papa get back to court just in time to save the youthful wife, who is almost persecuted to a *nonplus*. By an old law, it is discovered that the Emperor is bound to grant the criminal's request; and he, of course, requests the life of Zaide, his wife! The reader knows the sequel. The intermediate scenes are

composed of captains of the guard, and flashy feeling dons:—and there is a sort of Henry Augustus Mug in an English servant, Pengoose, written on purpose for Liston. With the exception of this character, all else is monstrous, tedious, and feeble!

Pengoose is a travelling servant of Cambridge University, chosen by some student as a valet, and left destitute at Amsterdam—to find his way about the world as he can. He is fond of making memoranda for a tour; and in these "*mems*" consists all the humour of the character. Liston was admirably lax and ridiculous in the part, and his flat face quite pointed all the blunt jokes of the author. The actors did their utmost for the piece; they seemed to remember George Colman the younger. Miss Tree was beautiful, and pathetically powerful in her acting of the Macassar wife; Miss Stephens was lively as her friend. Jones bustled through a young soldier with considerable adroitness, and Abbott looked portentous in the Emperor of Java.

The scenery was not remarkably good; and we do not anticipate a long run for this "last of the Romans."

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

Mr. Kean has taken two new parts in the course of the last four weeks; Don Felix in the Wonder, and Cardinal Wolsey in Henry the Eighth. In the latter character, he wanted dignity of person, although his soul at times towered to an immeasurable height. In the former part, he was as gentlemanly, airy, and pleasant as the most polished comedian we ever saw in the part. He played Don Felix for the benefit of Miss Tidswell, who retired from the stage after forty years' hard service. *Retirements* begin to thicken. Liston is going to quit! Mathews is banishing himself to America (where he will be lost!)—Mrs. Davison is taking a final benefit—Miss Tidswell is gone!—It is like a general *shutting up* of shops; and we only wait for the farewell addresses of Claremont and Chapman, to pull off our own critical caps, and retire ourselves. Why do not certain Magazines make their formal departures, and take benefits in their last numbers!

REPORT OF MUSIC.

THE vast quantity of materials which this month presents to our choice almost "puzzles the will." Seldom, perhaps, has there been so much music "going" in London, and certainly never more of novelty: to the facts then without further preface.

At the King's Theatre *Mose in Egitto* has been metamorphosed and brought out (with some slight additions from other works of Rossini) under the title of *Pietro l'Eremita*, and it is rendered very effective; no contemptible proof of the power of situation and circumstance in aiding art, for, as an Oratorio at Covent Garden, scarcely was there ever a more complete failure. "O, Sir," said a conductor, as celebrated for his quaintness, aptitude, and power of illustration, as in the line of his profession, "it is a great matter for a man to be able to throw his arms and legs into a note," and straightway Peter the Hermit starts up to confirm the worthy conductor.

The scene is laid in Egypt, about the time of the tenth century, where the crusaders, prisoners of Noraddin (*Zuchelli*) are forbidden by him to depart, and the land of Nile is covered with miraculous darkness, the Divine punishment for the persecution of Pietro (*Cartoni*) and the Christians. The scene is opened by Noraddin, whose apprehensions are excited by this visitation, and he promises the hermit to permit them to depart if the light be restored. Light instantly re-appears at the prayer of Peter. Orosmanes (*Curioni*), the son of Noraddin, has secretly espoused Agia (*Madame Camporese*), a Christian convert; hence this prince, agitated by the fear of losing his beloved, represents Peter as a magician, and works upon his father to break his promise, and to compel the Christians to remain. He contrives, by the assistance of his agent, Ismeno, to excite a sedition, and the people demand the detention of the captives.

Noraddin yields to their importunities in spite of the entreaties of Fatima (*Madame de Begnis*), his Sultana. The Christians being assembled for departure, under their leaders,

Pietro and Lusignano (*Begrez*), near Damietta, Noraddin recalls his vow, and Pietro menaces a fresh punishment in the destruction of the city by fire, which is immediately fulfilled.

The fluctuating Noraddin is again solicited in behalf of the Christians by Fatima, and she admits that a degree of conviction is mixed with her fears of the Deity who works such great marvels. Noraddin, seized with alarm at the impending conversion of the Sultana, promises to hasten their departure, threatening them at the same time with death if they linger. The Sultana announces this decree to Lusignano. At this moment Orosmanes enters, and learns from his father the return of an embassy, dispatched for the purpose of demanding the hand of an Arabian princess which has been pledged to Orosmanes. He receives this news, together with that of the meditated departure of the Christians, with the deepest melancholy. He seeks to conceal Agia, but is observed by Lusignano, who, at Pietro's desire, communicates the circumstance to Fatima. She pursues the fugitives to their subterraneous retreat, and brings them back.

The length of the opera here occasions a considerable contraction of the entire drama. Some of the scenes are blended, much of the last part entirely omitted, and the catastrophe changed.

The Christians and their opponents are all assembled, and Pietro is threatened with death by Orosmanes, who is himself struck dead by a thunderbolt at the moment when he is about to draw his sword to slay the hermit. The grief of Noraddin and Agia gives opportunity for some fine musical expressions, and the celebrated prayer, *Dal tuo stellato soglio*, is abstracted from the omitted third act to conclude the piece. The general effect of the music is, perhaps, more excellent than its particular parts, though it is commonly esteemed to be among the best of Rossini's works. It is certainly the finest of any of his serious compositions which have been performed in this country. The situations are often

highly productive of passion, and the music is exceedingly expressive. Of such a kind are the duets between Orosmanes and Agia, Noraddin and Fatima, and Noraddin and Orosmanes. Some of the concerto pieces are also very beautiful.

Mi manca la voce,* and *Dal tuo stellato soglio*, are fine combinations of melody and harmony. There are several duets, particularly one between Noraddin and his son, in which Zuchelli manifested fine science. Great praise is due to the singers. Camporese, in her recitatives, gave magnificent proof of her expressive power, and Curioni was very successful. This opera introduced Signor Zuchelli to an English audience, who is a novelty of some rank. His voice is a bass of most tremendous volume and extensive compass, yet scarcely so fine in its quality as that of Angrisani. He has considerable flexibility, but excels most in the sustained and declamatory parts. He is more defective in his shake than any performer we ever heard. Signor Zuchelli appeared at one of the opera concerts, but the stage is clearly his proper region.

At the Ancient Concerts Handel's *Why do the nations*, and part of Polypheme's fine business were allotted to him. Signor Zuchelli speaks English better than most Italians (indeed he was born and remained some years in England), but the style seemed new to him, and he appeared to be alarmed and ill at ease. In the orchestra he therefore sang to less advantage than on the boards of the King's theatre.

Another new, and even more attractive performance has been produced in the *Otello* of Rossini, given for Madame Camporese's benefit, on Thursday last. The plot is considerably altered from that of Shakspeare. Otello is secretly married to Desdemona, the daughter of Elmiro, a senator of Venice; she is designed for Roderigo, the son of the Doge.

Iago is a rejected lover of Desdemona, and he pretends to favour Roderigo. At the return of Otello from a triumphant expedition, Elmiro proposes Roderigo as a husband to Desdemona, when her attachment to Otello is discovered. Iago, by representing that a letter and a handkerchief, sent by Desdemona to Otello, are intended for Roderigo, works upon the Moor to determine on the murder of his wife, which he accomplishes by stabbing her in bed. Soon after, he is made acquainted with Iago's treachery, the pardon of the senate for his marriage, and Elmiro's consent; every thing promises happiness, when he undraws the curtain, exposes to view the corpse of Desdemona, and plunges the dagger into his own heart. A scream of horror from all the dramatic personæ concludes the piece, in a manner quite new to the Italian stage. It is difficult to say which is the most powerful agent in this very effective drama, the music, the situation, the singing, or the acting; but we never felt so thoroughly disposed to admit the supremacy of musical tragedy as upon this occasion. The acting of Madame Camporese, and of Curioni (whose *morning* face, by the way, bears a very strong resemblance to the busts of Shakspeare) was superb, and their singing had more of true feeling than we ever remember to have witnessed since the days of Tramezzani in *Sidagero*, and of Grassini. The music is extremely difficult of execution, it is made up of divisions, and in compass is often terrible. It has less of melody than is common to Rossini. The translation of *A poor Soul sat sighing*, is heavy and tiresome, by the repetition of no less than four verses; nevertheless, the audiences of this house have very seldom, indeed, felt so deep an interest in an opera. It will, we presume, supersede Pietro.

Signora Cinti is arrived from Paris, but has not yet appeared. Her

* This it was that gave rise to the late dispute between the two prima donnas. Madame Camporese opens the piece with the solo, *Mi manca la voce*, which words were no sooner pronounced than Madame de Begnis whispered loud enough to be heard by the singer, *E vero!* and the harmony is said to have been enforced by a return box on the ear from Madame Camporese. This part of the story we doubt, for Madame Camporese is as dignified in her manners as elevated in her profession. Her singing powers are certainly exalted by every other requisite more than by voice. So far De Begnis was right.

beauty has hitherto been more celebrated than her singing.

The opera subscription concerts have begun, but have not met very great support. At the second, which took place on the 6th of May, four German females, Mesdemoiselles Fransma, Dessaur, F. Praga, and E. Praga, sang a duet, an air, and finale, in Italian and in German, but they had not been sufficiently cultivated to please in a country where the finest vocal talents of the world are at this moment concentrated. A not less singular novelty was the introduction of a French comedy, *Frontin Mari garçon*, between the acts of the concert.

We announced in our last report the performance of Messrs. Kiesewetter and Mazas, at the Philharmonic. The former violinist appears to have improved in delicacy and in facility of execution, in which he is transcendent, even since last season. He is a great favourite with the profession as well as the public. Mr. Mazas is powerful and rich in tone, and altogether an artist of the first rank. At M. Sapiro's benefit concert he played a concerto, wholly upon the fourth string. This extraordinary conceit is, we are told, the invention of Paganelli, an Italian violinist, of whom report speaks in the highest terms. M. Mazas accomplished his task in a masterly manner; the subject *Di tanti palpiti*, was pleasing, the execution powerful, yet neat. He took the harmonics with great truth of intonation, and with fine tone, and, upon the whole, we found much to admire, where we expected only surprise. Mr. Lafont, another accession to the violinists, is also come to England, and he purposes to give a grand concert at the King's Theatre in June. We have heard him in private, and he has a fine hand. His tone is particularly rich, and his playing is delicate in taste, and elegant in fancy. He appears to avoid the extremes of execution, and is content with exhibiting a bold, finished, and classical style.

The Benefit Concerts have been uncommonly numerous and of the first order: never, perhaps, was there such a competition of talent. So numerous indeed are the claimants for public favour, that, since the first week in May, not a single open night

was or is to be found for new comers. Mr. Greatorex and Mr. Sapiro were compelled to share the same night. The Philharmonic and the Opera Concerts have the alternate Mondays; the Ancient Concert and Madame Catalani both take the Wednesdays. But Madame Catalani rules supreme. At her nights there have been present never less than 1000 persons, and the orchestra has exhibited the novel appearance of rows of ladies sitting rank above rank upon the steps erected for the musicians, who are seen to rise, as it were, out of a grove of feathers, flowers, turbans and diamonds, which obscure half their dimensions. These concerts have little to recommend them, except the GREAT IDOL herself, and whatever is superadded is listened to with such lax attention, or rather with such utter disregard, that it were far better not to be in at all. Mr. Kellner, a bass singer, not absolutely new, but yet not much heard in London since his return from Italy, sang at the third. His comic duet with Begrez, *All' idea di quel metallo*, was murdered by the slowness of the time in which it was played; and indeed, it seemed, as Signor Arionelli says of marriage, "quite out of his way." His voice is sound and good without being powerful, or indeed in any circumstance distinguished as pre-eminent. His manner is that of a man who understands thoroughly what he is about, but who is a little too ambitious to display all and more than all he is able to do. Thus his Italian song was injudiciously chosen, because it was continually deformed by notes in his falsette, (which mixture poor Arnold used to call "Bubble and squeak;") and his own composition, *The Goatherd of Appenzel*, had the same defect. At this moment, perhaps, there is no place in the vocal department more necessary to be filled than that of a principal bass singer; and Mr. Kellner seems to us to possess as many of the requisites as any of the candidates, but his success will materially depend upon his yielding his own prepossessions to the confirmed and established predilections of his hearers, and more especially to those of the conductors of concerts. Of Madame Catalani herself, we have so recently spoken at large that we could scarce-

ly do more than repeat our former opinions. There are no new facts, so narrow is the range even of her astonishing talents. Different songs afford only different modifications of the same qualities and powers. At the last of the concerts she sang *Comfort ye my people*, in the traditional English manner, received from the time of Handel himself. This concession to English feeling was judicious, but we should have preferred a more legitimate application. *Comfort ye my people* is written for a tenor, and is never so effectively sung, no, not even by Catalani herself, as by a tenor; and when the same Oratorio contains so sublime a composition for a soprano as *I know that my Redeemer liveth*, it looks something like a conceit to select the tenor song. There is scope enough even for Catalani, without *Non piu andrai* or *Comfort ye*. If this prodigious singer does actually retire at the close of these concerts, she will retire in the zenith of her powers.

Signor Ambrogetti, that prince of whim, also retires from public life. His last concert was given "at the mansion of the most noble the Marchioness of Salisbury, under the immediate patronage of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent," on the 6th of May. There was a complete concentration both of talent and of fashion. All the Italian singers in London were present, and Mrs. Salmon, Miss Goodall, and Mr. Sapiro assisted into the bargain. The Rooms were more than crowded, and it is said, the Marchioness's party consisted of nearly 500 friends in addition to those of the Signor himself.

Messrs. Cramer's Concert was held in the Great Room in the King's Theatre on the 9th, and was very fully attended. The particular treat on this occasion was a duet on two Pianofortes, played by Messrs. Moscheles and J. B. Cramer. It was indeed a grand trial of skill. The music was part of a duet, written by the latter, with a Rondo superadded by the former, and excessively difficult. No two styles can well be more distinct. Mr. Moscheles is remarkable for force, elasticity, and rapidity; Mr. Cramer for smoothness, delicacy and feeling. We need scarcely say, that both exerted themselves to the utmost, nor must we omit Mr. Dizi's

air with variations on the *perpendicular* harp; the tone was remarkably fine, and the execution delicate and beautiful.

Mr. Greateorex and Mr. Sapiro's Concerts were both on the succeeding evening to Messrs. Cramers'. No two concerts could well be more opposed. Mr. Greateorex had selected the finest serious English compositions, with a slight intermixture of Italian, principally comic, for the sake of Signor Ambrogetti. Mr. Sapiro's was almost entirely Italian. At Mr. Greateorex's, Mr. Kalkbrenner played a Fantasia with such fire, brilliancy, and perfection, as to set his claims upon an equality with the highest, whencesoever they may come. One of the most delightful things we ever heard was Dr. Cooke's Echo Song from the Passions, which was repeated this year, having first been introduced last season on a similar occasion. Miss Stephens sings from the Orchestra, and is accompanied by the organ; the echo is Miss Travis, who is accompanied by a smaller instrument placed at the opposite end of the room, in the King's box. The effect is really exquisite, though it did not quite equal that of the last performance in precision. Nothing strikes us with more amazement than the support such concerts enjoy. On this evening, both the Argyll and the Hanover-square rooms were filled with nobility and fashion.

At Mrs. Salmon's Concert, on the 17th, notwithstanding the King's visit to Covent-Garden, there was a similar display; indeed, the Great Argyll overflowed, and the ante-rooms were occupied by the company who could not obtain admission into the Concert Room. This was one of the finest concerts of the season. Messrs. Moscheles and Cramer repeated their duet with even higher effect, produced probably by the smaller space to be filled as well as by the practice gained through repetition. Mrs. Salmon made great exertions. She sang seven pieces all in different styles, and in some variations on *The Last Rose of Summer*, composed by Bochsá expressly for her, displayed marvellous powers of execution. Her voice is absolutely a violin, and in facility, and delicacy, and sweetness of tone combined, she surpasses Catalani herself as much

as Catalani exceeds all other singers in majesty, volume, and richness. Catalani awes, Mrs. Salmon delights, her audience.

Having thus conveyed some faint notion of the quantity, succession, and novelty which have satiated the musical world of the metropolis, although new trains are still appearing, we must turn to the publications, at this time not less numerous. From these we can only select, promising, however, to make good hereafter our unavoidable omissions.

The Scotch air *We're a' Noddin* is become extremely popular, more, probably, through the dispute concerning the property, raised by Mr. Hawes, than from its intrinsic merit. Messrs. Kalkbrenner, Latour, and Klose, have each taken it as a theme for variations. The composition of the first named gentleman is in the form of a fantasia. The novelty and variety, as well as the immense difficulty of its combinations, are its principal features, while vast scope is given to the expressive powers of the performer. Great science is displayed in the treatment of the subject, its several parts being constantly kept in view under different and ever-varying forms. We consider the piece as very characteristic of Mr. Kalkbrenner's style of execution. Mr. Latour has adopted the same air with variations, adding an *ad lib.* accompaniment for the flute. He has also arranged the beautiful Polacca finale in *Tancredi*, as the 12th Number of the *Operatic Airs*. Both pieces possess the elegance of Mr. L.'s manner; and the latter, from the beauty as well as the sweetness of the additions, is particularly agreeable. Mr. Klose terms his piece, *L'Esprit du moment*, a bagatelle of an easier description than the former, but possessing much that recommends it to the notice of young performers. Mr. Kiallmark has arranged the Russian air from the *National Melodies*, with variations for the Pianoforte. There is some imagination in the adagio, and the piece is on the whole very pretty, but the subject is hardly fitted for the theme of a Pianoforte lesson. We have the same objection to *Those evening bells*, set by Mr. Ries as a duet. In the latter, the variations are for the most part consonant with the expression of the original, but its simplicity can only be injured by any additions, however able in other respects.

The spirited Air, *To Ladies' Eyes*, from the Irish melodies, has been chosen as a subject for variations, by Mr. Hummel. They are brilliant and showy, with perhaps rather too much of sameness. An easy flute accompaniment adds to their effect.

La Danse; a Divertimento for harp and flute, by Mr. Dizi. The piece opens

with a cantabile introduction of great sweetness; its passages, as well as those of the variations, are divided between the instruments. The theme is simple and graceful, and is treated with much elegance. We doubt not but that this duet will become a favourite. *Charmant Ruissau, a French Air, with variations for the harp*, by C. A. Baur; a piece that unites brilliancy and effect with easy execution, and, although it cannot boast much originality, it will please from its simplicity and melody.

Sixth Fantasia à la mode for the pianoforte, on the Air, Gentle è qui l'Uccellatore, by Mr. Ries. The piece commences with an allegro in bold and spirited style, containing a few bars of the subject thrown in with much ingenuity. The theme is a lively Air of Mozart's. The variations appended by Mr. Ries are, without exception, the best we have ever seen from his hand. They are full of the gaiety and animation of the subject, and contain a constant flow of melody. The adagio is well contrasted with the spirit of the preceding and following movements, and, while it preserves the air, gives a totally different character, and is beautifully expressive. The piece concludes with a scherzando variation of much effect.

Mr. Bochsa has published another Fantasia for the harp, combining the extraordinary power and force of his execution with delicacy and grace. He has also arranged the *Airs from Otello* for the harp and pianoforte, with *ad lib.* accompaniments for the flute and violoncello. Mr. Latour has adapted selections from *La Gazza Ladra* for the pianoforte and flute.

Sul Margine d'un Rio, with variations for the pianoforte, by Pio Ciachettini. This beautiful Air has been already arranged by many composers of eminence. Mr. Ciachettini has made it a vehicle for rapid execution, during which, he has carefully preserved his subject, and has avoided the path of other writers, except perhaps in the second variation, which bears some resemblance to the third in Mr. Latour's very beautiful lesson. We are sorry to see the piece so carelessly printed.

Due Cori del Celebre Metastasio con Musica ad una voce del GG. Ferrari, elegant morceaux, more in the manner of a better age than the publications of the present day; they have melody and variety in a short compass, an airy accompaniment, and other strong recommendations of a more general nature.

Protegete O Santi Numi, a terzetto, by Liverati, is a canon in a free style, but impressively written, and capable of much effect. It presents no difficulties in execution.

Chi è colei che s'avvicina, a comic bass song by Rossini, represents an editor in all the embarrassments of solicitation from the

various claimants to his notice. He is beset on all sides.

I Bassi, tenori, le primi cantanti,
Le Mamme, gli amici, le ninfedansante.
Uno tira di quà,
L'altro tira di là,

till the poor journalist is almost beside himself. This song possesses the characteristics of Rossini's manner, melody, and rapidity of articulation and execution.

Io di tutto mi contento, is a comic duet from Mosca's opera lately produced. It pictures the shifts of a lover who has engaged himself too far with a lady, but who is anxious to misrepresent his qualities in a way to make her reject him. His candour is, however, overmatched by her's; for she declares that his avarice will only enable her to spend the more freely, and that if he is prone to use the cane, she will not be backward, "puni e schiaffi," says the damsel, "anchio so dar." The music is very lively, though, as a whole, not equal to Rossini's duets in the same manner.

Mr. Charles Smith (of Liverpool, we

presume,) has published three songs, *The Sea Boy's Dream*, *the Love Bird*, and *Why comes he not?* The first is manifestly founded on Attwood's justly celebrated cantata, *The Soldier's Dream*, and the want of originality is therefore a great drawback. Mr. Smith's song is imaginative, in many parts striking. It is, however, impossible to divest the mind of the recollection of its predecessor, and the dissatisfaction we experience at every step diminishes the pleasure the performance might otherwise give. The others are both pleasing and expressive.

When I think of my own Green Glen, by Mr. Turnbull, is a pretty song.

Stay, O Stay, thou Lovely Shade, a glee by Mr. S. Webbe, is a learned and fine composition.

To thy Love, a madrigal, by Sir J. Stevenson, is a successful imitation of that style, and is happily imagined. The melody is very pleasing, and there is a vivacious quaintness about it that is exceedingly agreeable.

May 20, 1822.

NECROLOGICAL TABLE,

FOR 1821.

Among the reminiscences associated with the date of 1821, will be found names of powerful interest; some of these belong to the historian, rather than to ourselves, whose purpose it is to record only those who have distinguished themselves in literature, science, and art. Yet there are *two* which, although they do not come within the immediate scope of our necrology, we cannot pass over in entire silence. The first of these is that of NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE, the hero of the republic, the founder of new dynasties, the imperial master of France, the humbled exile of St. Helena! He died on the 5th of May. The second is that of CAROLINE, the unfortunate Queen of England, who died on the 7th of August.

ACHERD. A learned naturalist, director of the physical class in the academy of Sciences at Berlin, and member of several foreign Academies. Died at Kunern, April 22, aged 69.

ANGUS, WILLIAM. Landscape engraver, pupil of the late William Walker, who was eminent for his productions in that line. One of his principal works is his collection of "Views of the Seats of the Nobility and Gentry," 1787—1815. Died October 12, aged 69.

BALLANTYNE, JAMES. The celebrated Edinburgh bookseller, and proprietor of the Border Press, an establishment from which have issued several of the most popular and remarkable literary productions of the present day. Mr. Ballantyne for some time conducted the Kelso Mail, a paper originally established by his elder brother James.

BANCROFT, EDWARD BARTHOLOMEW, MD. was educated to the practice of medicine, and is well known by some pro-

fessional works, especially by his *Experimental Researches concerning the Philosophy of Permanent Colours*, 1794. Having resided some time in the West Indies, he wrote a *Natural History of Guiana*, in South America, 8vo. 1769; and an *Essay on the Yellow Fever*. Dr. Bancroft did not confine himself to scientific subjects, for in 1770 he produced a *Novel*, in three volumes, entitled, *Charles Wentworth*. Died at Margate.

BARTLEMAN, JAMES. A singer of distinguished excellence. An admirably discriminative estimate of his merits as a vocal performer, and scientific musician, is to be found at page 661 of our second, and at page 569 of our third volume. Died April 15, aged 54.

BARTSCH, ADAM. Knight of the Order of Leopold, Aulic Counsellor, and Director in Chief of the Imperial Library at Vienna. This indefatigable connoisseur was well known to all print collectors by his valuable work, *Le Peintre Graveur*, in

20 volumes, 8vo. which is a valuable addition to the literature of that branch of the Fine Arts to which he more particularly devoted his time and talents. Just before his death he had completed another useful publication, in two volumes, 8vo. *Anleitung zur Kupferstichkunde*, (Introduction to the Study and Knowledge of Engravings): a work that may be considered as an excellent grammar of the art, and as affording much information within a small compass. His own etchings amount to 505. Born August 7, 1757. Died August 21.

A portrait of Bartsch will be found in the third volume of Dibdin's Biographical Tour.

BARRETT, DR. Vice-Provost of Trinity College, Dublin. For an entertaining account of the eccentricities of this singular character, the reader is referred to page 53 of our present volume.

BONNYCASTLE, JOHN, Professor of Mathematics at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, was author of several popular works in the most useful branches of the mathematics. The principal of these are, *Euclid's Elements of Geometry*, 8vo. 1789; *General History of Mathematics*, from the French of Bossut, 8vo. 1803; a *Treatise on Spherical Trigonometry*; and a *Treatise on Algebra*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1813.

BRIDEL, LOUIS. Preacher in the French Church at Basle, and Professor of Oriental Languages at the academy of Lausanne. His principal works are, French Translations of the Book of Job, of the Psalms, and of the Fifth Canto of Dante's *Inferno*; an *Essay on the Jewish Chronology*, and a variety of Papers in *Le Conservateur Suisse*. Died at Lausanne, in the month of February, in his 61st year.

BROUGHTON, ROBERT. Captain of the Royal Navy, author of *A Voyage of Discovery to the North Pacific Ocean*, 4to. was descended from an ancient family in Staffordshire. He accompanied the celebrated navigator Vancouver in his *Voyage of Discovery*, at which period he himself discovered many lands and islands during a short time that his own vessel was separated from that of Vancouver. He afterwards explored the coast of Asia, between latitudes 35° and 52° N. and surveyed several parts that had been unnoticed by La Perouse. In 1809 Capt. Broughton commanded the *Illustrious*, 74 guns, in the *Walcheren Expedition*; and in the following year was sent against the Isle of France, in the conquest of which settlement he had the honour of sharing. After the peace, he was appointed Colonel of Marines. Died at Florence, March 12, in his 59th year.

BRYAN, MICHAEL. An eminent picture collector, and a writer on the Fine Arts, was born at Newcastle, April 7, 1757. In 1781 he accompanied his elder brother to Flanders, where he continued to

reside until 1790, and became acquainted with the sister of the present Earl of Shrewsbury, whom he afterwards married. In 1794 he again visited the Continent for pictures, and in 1798 was employed to dispose of the Orleans collection, which he sold to the Duke of Bridgewater, the Marquess of Stafford, and the Earl of Carlisle. In 1812 he commenced his *Biographical and Critical Dictionary of Painters and Engravers*, 2 vols. 4to. Died March 21, aged 64.

BURNEY, REAR ADMIRAL, FRS. was eldest son of the celebrated Dr. Burney, the elegant historian of music, and brother to Dr. Charles Burney, the Hellenist, and Madame D'Arblay, the distinguished novelist. The Admiral was not an unworthy member of so literary a family; his *History of Voyages of Discovery* displays extensive reading and research, as well as geographical knowledge. He published also another work on the Eastern Navigation of the Russians. Died suddenly of apoplexy, November 17, in his 72d year.

CALCOTT, JOHN WALL, Mus. Doc. and Organist of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, was author of a *Musical Grammar*, and of a work entitled, *Statement of Earl Stanhope's System of Tuning Keyed Instruments*. Dr. Calcott's musical compositions have been universally admired for the science and genius they display. Died May 15.

CAPPE, MRS. CATHERINE. This lady, who was the relict of the late Rev. Newcome Cappe, of York, wrote several religious publications, and one or two works relating to charity schools, and female societies.

COSWAY, RICHARD, RA. An artist of distinguished celebrity.

CROME, JOHN, a native of Norwich, was a landscape painter of no ordinary merit. Of humble and obscure origin, he had the merit of acquiring a respectable independence by his application, and of rising to eminence in his profession, by the native vigour of his talent. Mr. Crome was one of the founders of the Norwich society of artists, the first provincial establishment of the kind in this country: he also formed several very excellent pupils. Died April 22.

CROMWELL, OLIVER, was a lineal descendant of the Protector, being great grandson of Henry, his fourth son, who was Lord Deputy of Ireland, and MP. for Cambridge. This gentleman is author of a very recent work, entitled, *Memoirs of the Protector Oliver Cromwell*, and his sons, Richard and Henry, illustrated by original letters, and other family papers: with six portraits, from family pictures, 4to. 1821. At one period of his life he practised as a solicitor, but of late years relinquished all professional employment. Died at Cheshunt, May 31, aged 79.

EDRIDGE, HENRY, ARA. and FAS. was born at Paddington, August, 1769. This artist's peculiar forte lay in his miniatures and water-colour portraits, which are recommended by a particular delicacy of execution. His performances in this line were very numerous; he did not however confine himself to it exclusively, occasionally cultivating his taste for landscape and picturesque scenery. Of his ability in this branch of the art he left some beautiful specimens, in a Series of Views taken during a Tour in Normandy, in the years 1817 and 1819. Died April 23.

FENTON, RICHARD. This gentleman was a barrister by profession, and was the author of an *Historical Tour through Pembroke-shire*, 4to. 1811. He also accomplished the very laborious task of translating *Athenæus*, an author hardly known by name to the English reader. This translation, however, has not been published, but the manuscript is deposited in the library of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, at Stourhead. Died in November.

FIORILLO, DOMENICO, the author of *Geschichte der Zeichnenden Kunste*, &c. His *History of Italian Painting*, although serviceable as a work of reference, contains but little originality or deep research, being principally a compilation from the numerous Italian writers on art. As an artist, he was entitled to but little praise either for the composition or the execution of his subjects; nor did he avail himself, as he might have done, of his long residence in Italy. Died Sept. 10th, in his 74th year.

FUENTES, GIORGIO, a native of Milan, early distinguished himself by his attachment to painting; and, after his first studies, directed his attention to scenic decoration, a branch of the art that was then raised to importance by the talents of Galiani and Gonzaga. Died at Milan, in July, in his 65th year.

GEYER, LUDWIG HEINRICH CHRISTIAN, a painter, actor, and dramatic writer of considerable repute in Germany. Painting was his earliest pursuit, and that to which he was more particularly attached. Yet a passion for theatrical amusements, and the hope of finding the stage a more lucrative profession, induced him to become an actor. As a dramatic writer, his compositions, although not numerous, were successful. Born at Eisleben, Jan. 21, 1780; died September 30.

GILI, FILIPPO LUIGI, was born at Corneto, 14th March, 1756. He was a canon of the Basilica of the Vatican, and superintendent of the Observatory founded by Gregory XIII. His principal studies were natural history, botany, and particularly astronomy; and he wrote many treatises on scientific subjects. The Museum of natural history which he had formed was bequeathed by him to the Lancisi library.

GREGORY, JAMES, MD. Professor of the practice of physic in the university of Edinburgh, RCP. FRS., &c. was born at Aberdeen, 1753, and was the eldest son of the late Dr. John Gregory. In 1776, he was appointed professor of the theory of physic in the university of Edinburgh, and on the retirement of Dr. Cullen was chosen to succeed him. Besides some professional works, he published, in 1792, two volumes of *Philosophical and Literary Essays*; and in the *Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh*, a paper on the *Theory of the Moods and Verbs*. Aged 68.

HARGRAVE, FRANCIS, one of his Majesty's counsel, and Recorder of Liverpool. This gentleman, who was bred to the bar, was a writer of considerable eminence on legal subjects. His law books and MSS. were some years ago purchased by parliament, and deposited in the library of Lincoln's Inn.

HENNIKER, JOHN MAJOR, LORD HENNIKER, an Irish peer, baronet, FRS. and FAS. was born 1762, and succeeded his father, the first Lord Henniker, in 1803. His lordship contributed a paper to the 11th vol. of the *Archæologia*, on Bicknacre Priory; and published also *Two Letters on the Origin, Antiquity, and History, of Norman Tiles stained with Armorial Bearings*, 8vo. 1794.

HOLROYD, THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BAKER, LORD SHEFFIELD. Early in life this nobleman became the friend of the celebrated Gibbon, whose *Memoirs* and *Posthumous works* he published in 3 vols. 4to. His lordship was a practical agriculturist, and likewise the author of a variety of publications on *Commercial and Political Subjects*. He was created an Irish peer in 1790; an English one in 1802. Died May 30th, in his 80th year.

INCHBALD, ELIZABETH. This lady (whose maiden name was Simpson) was originally an actress, and made her appearance on the Manchester stage at the early age of 13. Her person was beautiful, her talent was considerable, yet she was not destined to become a first-rate actress: she therefore left the theatre and commenced dramatic writer; here she was more successful, for her productions in this line, which are rather numerous, present some of the last scintillations of that "expiring art," Comedy. As a novel writer, her pen was less prolific, for she composed only two works of this description; but these are of very superior interest, and her "Simple Story" may be regarded as a standard and classical work. In private life her reputation was unblemished. Died Aug. 1, aged 65.

JAMES, CHARLES (Major), a writer on military subjects, and a poet of some talent. His chief work is his *Military Dictionary*, which has passed several editions. His poetical pieces appeared in two

separate collections, one in 1789, the other in 1791: among these, his lyrical effusions possess much merit. His Epigrams frequently enlivened the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*. Died April 14, aged 56.

JORDAN, CAMILLE. This celebrated orator, and political character, was born at Lyons, Jan. 11, 1771. He first visited Paris in 1790; and in 1793, when Lyons opposed the tyranny of the national convention, first displayed his eloquence. After the siege of Lyons, he retired to Switzerland, and from thence came to this country, where he formed a connection with Erskine, Fox, &c. and studied our literature, legislation, and constitution. Subsequently he went to Germany, where he also became acquainted with several of the first literati. In 1800, he was recalled to France, and opposed the pretensions of Buonaparte, then First Consul. During the imperial government, he lived in entire seclusion, occupied solely with literary pursuits. Attached to the Bourbons, he endeavoured to promote their restoration, 1814. Died 19th of May, in his 51st year.

KEATS, JOHN, a young man of distinguished genius as a poet. He died at Rome on the 28th of February, 1821, in the 25th year of his age. His works are, "Poems," published in 1817; *Endymion*, published in 1818; and *Lamia*, and other poems, published in 1820. Memoirs of his life are announced, to be accompanied with a selection from his unpublished manuscripts, which, when they appear, will be so particularly noticed in this Magazine as to render any further account at this time unnecessary.

KING, FRANCES ELIZABETH. This excellent woman, who was relict of the late Rev. Richard King, and sister to Sir Thomas Bernard, was author of *A Tour in France*, 1803; and of several religious and moral publications; viz. *The Beneficial Effects of the Christian Temper on Human Happiness*.—*Female Scripture Characters*. 2 vols. 18mo, &c. Died Dec. 23, aged 64.

KNOX, VICESIMUS, DD. a distinguished writer on subjects of education and Belles Lettres. His Essays obtained for him great reputation by the eloquence of the language and style; his *Winter Evenings' Lucubrations* are also a very agreeable collection of papers on literary topics. He also formed those popular compilations the *Elegant Extracts*, *Prose*, *Verse*, and *Epistles*. As a writer on religious subjects and divinity, he has not published much; but his productions in this line have been highly commended by those two eminent prelates, Horsley and Porteus. In his political opinions Dr. Knox was a whig. Born Dec. 8, 1752: died Sept. 6.

LINDSAY, REV. JAMES, DD. was a native of Scotland, and succeeded the celebrated Dr. Fordyce as pastor of the presbyterian congregation in Monkwell-street,

where he officiated 35 years. He published a few single sermons, but no work of particular importance. His death, which happened on the 14th of February, was very sudden; he expired while attending a meeting at Dr. Williams's Library, Red Cross street, convened for the purpose of considering Mr. Brougham's projected bill on the subject of Education.

MAISTRE, JOSEPH COMTE DE, Minister of State to his Majesty the King of Sardinia, Plenipotentiary to the court of St. Petersburg, &c. &c. was born 1753, at Chambery, of which city he became a senator in 1787. On the invasion of Switzerland by the French, in 1793, he quitted his native country. In 1799, he followed the King of Sardinia to the island of that name, and, in 1803, was appointed plenipotentiary to the Russian court, where he continued till 1817. His writings have done much for the cause of catholicism; and no one has scrutinized Voltaire more keenly. Died at Turin, Feb. 15.

MALHAM, REV. JOHN, vicar of Helton, in Dorsetshire, was a native of Craven, in Yorkshire; at the Grammar-school of which place he received his education. He wrote and edited a variety of useful publications.

MARCHENA, ABBÈ DE, died at Madrid, in February; for a sketch of his character, see page 314 of our 4th Volume.

MORGAN, REV. THOMAS, DD. was a native of Langham, Caermarthenshire, where he was born in 1752. Independently of being the author of some Discourses and Hymns, Dr. Morgan wrote for several years the Reviews of Foreign and Domestic Literature in the *New Annual Register*; many of the articles in the *General Biography*, commenced by Dr. Enfield, and subsequently carried on by Dr. Aikin, &c. and was likewise a frequent contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Died July 21, in his 61st year.

MURRAY, CHARLES, an actor of considerable talent, was son of Sir John Murray, Bart. of Broughton, Secretary to the Pretender, 1745. He was originally intended for the medical profession, but his attachment to the Drama induced him to relinquish his original destination.

NEILSON, REV. W., DD. MRIA. Author of several useful publications for schools; *Greek Exercises*, and *Key*; *Greek Idioms exhibited in Select Passages from the best Authors*, 8vo.; *Elements of English Grammar*; besides these, he wrote an *Introduction to the Irish Language* and some single Sermons.

PAGE, R. M. at one period an artist of some celebrity, terminated his existence in poverty about the latter end of last year.

PALMIERI, ABBATE VINCENZO, Professor of Theology at Pisa and Pavia, obtained considerable notoriety by supporting doctrines not very favourable to the Church

of Rome. His Treatise on Indulgencies has been translated into several languages ; but the work which has conferred on him most honour is his Treatise on the Truths of the Gospel.

PERRY, JAMES, a distinguished public journalist, of whom some account was given in our Number for January. To Mr. Perry belongs the honour of having raised the character of the daily press in respectability, giving to it an influence it did not before possess. He also considerably improved the whole system and routine of newspapers, rendering them a much more prompt channel of intelligence than formerly. Independently of his immediate professional studies, he possessed a general taste for elegant literature, of which there is sufficient proof in a very extensive and valuable collection of books which he had formed, and which have since his death been disposed of by public auction. Died December 5th, in his 65th year.

PECHEUX, LAURENCE, first painter to his Majesty the King of Sardinia, director of the school of painting, member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, and Knight of the order of St. Maurice and Lazarus. Of his talents as an artist he has left a fine monument in the beautiful Frescoes which he executed at the Villa Borghese. Died at Turin, in July.

PIOZZI, HESTER LYNCH. This lady will not be remembered so much for her own productions as for having been, during a long series of years, the friend of the celebrated Johnson. As a writer, though occasionally lively, she is frequently frivolous and flippant. Died May 2, aged 32.

POLIDORI, J. W. MD., author of the *Vampyre*, a tale, which on its first appearance was assigned to Lord Byron ; an *Essay on Positive Pleasure* ; *Ximenes*, or the *Wreath* ; the *War of the Angels* ; and a few other poetical productions. Died suddenly at his lodgings in Great Pulteney-street.

RENNIE, JOHN, was born June 7th, 1761, at Preston Kirk, in the county of East Lothian, Scotland. In his earliest youth he discovered a taste for mechanics, and commenced life as a millwright, but fortunately soon afterwards connected himself with the late Mr. Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine. On the death of Mr. Smeaton, Mr. Rennie succeeded him in many public works, and was soon at the head of the list of civil engineers. He had now sufficient scope for the exertion of his talents ; nor did he neglect the opportunity that now presented itself of acquiring fame as well as emolument. The London and East India docks, the harbours of Portsmouth, Plymouth, Liverpool, Leith, &c. the Bell Rock Light-house, the Quay at Woolwich, above all, the Waterloo bridge,

are indisputable proofs of his genius, and will perpetuate his name. M. Dupin has published a necrological memoir of him. Died October 4.

RICH, CLAUDIUS J., late resident of the East India Company at Bagdad, to which office he was raised before he had completed his 17th year, in consequence of his uncommon literary attainments and great merit. His *Memoirs of Ancient Babylon* display great historical erudition. Died at Shiraz, October 5, aged 35.

RIGBY, EDWARD, MD. An account is given of this gentleman at page 683 of our fourth volume.

RODRIGUEZ, an eminent Spanish Astronomer. He was appointed by the Spanish government to assist Biot and Arago in measuring an arc of the meridian ; and was for some time engaged in astronomical pursuits at both London and Paris. Died, aged about 45.

SALMON, ROBERT, (born at Stratford-upon-Avon, 1763,) deserves to be recorded, on account of his numerous mechanical improvements for the purposes of agricultural and rural economy. Died Oct. 9.

SCOTT, JOHN. The particulars of the life of this gentleman, author of *The Visit to Paris*, *Paris Revisited*, *The House of Mourning*, a poem, and late editor of the *London Magazine*, are too important to be given in that brief space to which our present article would limit us. We wait with anxiety for the appearance of memoirs of his life, from the pen of one who is of all persons the most competent to undertake such a work, and when these are published, we shall recur to the subject.

SCOTT, HELENUS, MD. of the Hon. East India Company, and First Member of the Medical Board of Bombay. Dr. Scott was an admirable chemist, and as a practical physician did much for the study of Pathology. It is to him that we are indebted for the practice of exhibiting, both internally and externally, the nitric and nitro-muriatic acids, as well as other agents of a similar nature, in siphilitic and hepatic diseases, and in maladies incidental to the climate of India. Died November 16, on his voyage to Van Diemen's Land.

SCOTT, Rev. THOMAS, Rector of Aston Sandford, Bucks, born at Brayloft, near Spilsby, in Lincolnshire, February, 1747, was author of several valuable theological and religious works. His *Force of Truth* is a popular publication, and has been frequently translated. Many of his writings were in reply to the objections raised against Christianity by infidel and speculative authors ; such are his *Answer to Paine* ; *Rights of God*, &c. ; but he will be best known as a commentator on the Holy Scriptures. His edition of the *Family Bible*, on which he was employed for thirty-three years, has been frequently

re-printed, and is a work of great ability and merit.

STEPHENS, ALEXANDER. This gentleman, who was a native of Elgin, in Scotland, where he was born, 1757, was educated to the profession of the law, which he abandoned for that of literature. Mr. Stephens was an author from choice, being possessed of handsome property. Died February 24.

STEVENSON, WILLIAM, FAS., was a bookseller at Norwich, and for many years proprietor of the *Norfolk Chronicle*. He was much attached to archaeological pursuits, and the study of ancient architecture, to which he contributed much by his valuable supplement to his edition of Bentham's *Ely*. Died April 13, in his 72d year.

STOTHARD, CHARLES ALFRED, son of Thomas Stothard, Esq. RA. was an artist and antiquary of considerable eminence. His pencil was chiefly employed in delineating specimens of ancient costume, and on similar subjects, which were most congenial to his predilection for antiquarian inquiry. Of this description is his *Monumental Effigies of Great Britain*, a work of great interest, and supplying much information. In 1819 Mr. Stothard exhibited to the Society of Antiquaries his drawings from the Bayeux Tapes, accompanied with an *Historical Memoir*. A short time previous to his death he had contemplated a work intended to illustrate the reign of Elizabeth. On the 28th of May, while copying a window in the church of Bere Ferrers, for a series of illustrations of the county of Devon, in Lyson's *Magna Britannia*, the ladder on which he stood broke, and, falling against a monument, he was killed on the spot.

THURSTON, JOHN, was a native of Scarborough; he designed a number of book-plates for popular works. Died, aged 48.

TWISS, RICHARD. This amusing tourist was born at Rotterdam, April 26, 1747, where his father, who was an eminent English merchant, resided. His works are *Travels in Portugal and Spain*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1772; *Tour in Ireland*, 1775; *Trip to Paris*, 1792; *Anecdotes of Chess*, 1792; *Miscellanies*, 2 vols. 8vo. 1805. Died March 5.

VENINI, (L'Abbate) FRANCESCO, Professor of the University of Parma, was a mathematician, philologist, and poet, and the author of several highly esteemed works. Died at Milan, April 5, aged 83.

VINCE, Rev. ARCHDEACON, MA. FRS. Plumian Professor of Astronomy at the University of Cambridge, known by his various writings on astronomical and mathematical subjects.

VOIGT, JEAN CHARLES GUILLAUME, was an excellent naturalist, and director of the mines at Ilmenau, on the subject of which he wrote an *Essay*, his latest production. He died at Ilmenau, January 1, in his 63th year.

WALKER, ADAM, Lecturer on Natural and Experimental Philosophy. This gentleman invented a variety of useful contrivances, machines, &c. viz. engines for raising water; improved method of pumping vessels at sea; wind and steam carriages; the empyreal air-stove; the celestina harpsicord; the eidouranion; the rotary lights on the Scilly Islands; a boat to work against the stream; a curious weather gauge, &c. Died February 11, aged 90.

WALTERS, JOHN, Architect. His principal works are, a beautiful Chapel, in the pointed style, on the London Hospital estate; the Auction Mart, by the Bank; and the Parish Church of St. Paul, Shadwell. In naval architecture he invented a diagonal truss, with metal braces to be placed on the bottom of the vessels. A discovery of considerable importance. Died at Brighton, October 4, aged 39.

WEBER, ANSELM. This celebrated composer was born at Mannheim, 1766; he was at first destined for the church, and passed through a course of theological studies, but his attachment to music preponderated, and determined him to embrace that as his profession. He afterwards travelled with the celebrated Abbe Vogel through Holland, England, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden; became director of the band at the theatre at Berlin; and subsequently, on his return from Paris, in 1805, was appointed leader at the Chapel Royal at Berlin. He set to music many of the pieces of Goethe and Schiller; for the last he composed the music of *Hermann and Thusnelda*. His operas had great success. Died March 23.

WHITAKER, Rev. THOMAS DUNHAM, LL.D. FSA., an eminent Antiquary, Historian, and Classical Scholar. In the former character he has been excelled by few with respect to research, interest, information, and taste: in proof of this, it is but necessary to name his histories of Whalley, Craven, and Richmondshire, and *Loidis in Elmete*. As a writer of modern Latin, his *De Motu per Britanniam Civico* is a work that confers honour on his pen. Born, June 5, 1759, at Rainham, Norfolk. Died, December 18, aged 63.

ZETLITZ, JENS, was a native of Norway, and a Danish poet of some eminence. Some of his lyric effusions are esteemed the happiest specimens in this class of poetry that Denmark has produced. Born 1761.

ABSTRACT OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

THERE is no foreign news this month of any interest whatever. By the arrival of a Gottenburgh Mail, it is stated, that a declaration was expected at St. Petersburg to be immediately issued by the Emperor Alexander, detailing the steps which he had taken for the maintenance of peace, and that this was to be followed by some important decision, as to the nature of which, however, we are left in the dark. The Paris papers state, that the language of the Porte had latterly become pacific; that in a note lately addressed by the Reis Effendi to the English ambassador and the Internuncio, the Divan acknowledges the obligation which it is under of conforming to treaties and of evacuating the principalities, which latter operation it states shall be commenced without delay. There is not, however, one word to which we can affix any official authenticity.

IN France affairs continue in the same unsettled state, in which probably they will remain until the death of the present king. An election tumult of a serious nature took place at Lyons, during which the military were called out, the celebrated Marseillois hymn was sung, and cries of *Vive Napoleon II.* were uttered. These are portentous omens. The elections for the Chamber of Deputies have terminated in Paris and its adjoining department almost entirely in favour of the Liberals; Talleyrand and De Cazes have both lately been to Court, and by their junction it is supposed the Ultras will be dispossessed of power. The head of the late administration, the Duke de Richelieu, died after twenty-four hours' illness of a brain fever; he was a man of mediocre talents, but high in the confidence of Louis.

WE are likely, it seems, to have the novel spectacle of a war between Russia and America. The dispute has arisen with respect to some territorial arrangements. Russia claims the sovereignty of the whole North West Coast of America within certain points, and prohibits the entrance of any foreign ships within the space claimed, and declares that she

will consider all vessels as wilfully contravening this her claim which have left an European port since last March, or shall leave an American port after the 1st of July next. The Americans have expressed their great amazement at this claim, and declare that the territorial line between the two countries ought to have been settled by commissioners appointed on each side. To this the Russian negotiator replies, that Russia being *herself* very well acquainted with the line of boundary, had no occasion to give or take any trouble on the subject. America, as might be expected, dissents from this logic, and threatens desperate deeds if the Russian claims shall be acted on. Thus matters stand at present.

HIS Algerine Highness threatens a declaration of war against Spain, on the alleged smallness of the tribute which he at present receives from that country! What does this Ultra Legitimate savage demand tribute for? It would however be a thousand pities that he and Ferdinand should quarrel.

THE last arrivals from the United States bring intelligence of rather an unpleasant nature from China. It seems there has been a serious difference between Captain Richardson, of his Britannic Majesty's frigate *Topaze*, and the native Chinese. The dispute arose at the village of Lintin, about twenty miles above Macao. The frigate's boats had gone on shore to water, when some difference arose between the seamen and the natives, who attacked the crew with bamboos and other weapons. Under these circumstances, Captain Richardson felt under the necessity of opening a fire in order to cover the retreat of his crew, the result of which was, that thirteen of the Chinese were either killed or wounded. The frigate and a large country ship were left lying at Lintin with their boarding netting up, under apprehension of an attack from the natives.

RUSSIA has just promulgated a most rigorous Tariff, by which almost every article of British manufacture is excluded from her ports!

The accounts from Ireland assumed latterly so distressing a character, that the English people have felt themselves bound to come forward and alleviate the affliction as far as was possible. London, ever forward in every office of patriotism and humanity, set the example, which has been most liberally followed by almost every part of the kingdom. A princely subscription is hourly accumulating, the first fruits of which have been already transmitted to the wretched sufferers, and have, we hope, long ere this, alleviated the miseries of many. Feeling as we do the most unqualified admiration of the noble and characteristic spirit which originated this munificence, we are yet bound to ask why it is that Ireland should call for its exercise? Why is it that a country which ought to be the main stay of the British empire, should prove only a burthen and an affliction? Why is it, that an island upon which Providence has literally squandered every blessing of soil, of climate, and of facilities both for manufactures and commerce, should thus stand a naked, desolate, and famishing pauper before the world! Surely there must be some reason for this phenomenon.

The Lord Primate of Ireland is just dead. He met his death in a manner melancholy enough, having received laudanum in place of medicine by mistake from the hands of his wife, whose affliction since amounts almost to derangement. The Bishop's will has been proved, and his personal property sworn to be under 220,000l.!! It was Fenelon, we think, who, when on his death-bed, being asked whether he would not make a will, replied "No, I die as a Christian Bishop ought to die, without money and without debts." The late Primate of Ireland was the youngest brother of Lord Bute. The Archbishop of Cashel is also dead, and so is Doctor O'Beirne, the Bishop of Meath. The latter was a Roman Catholic priest once. They have a saying in Ireland, alluding to their religious incapacities, that the Protestant religion is the best to live in, and the Catholic to die in. We are glad to hear that Doctor Magee, the Bishop of Raphoe, is to be promoted to the Archdiocese of

Dublin. He is a good man, a learned divine, and possessed of consummate ability; his work on the Atonement is considered one of the most learned theological productions of the century.

The Prince and Princess of Denmark have arrived in England, and were received most hospitably and magnificently at Court. Rumour ascribes their visit to a nationally interesting cause.

The printers and publishers of the John Bull Newspaper have been sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and a fine of 100l. each, for libels on the late Queen. One of them, who put in an affidavit of ill health, had his sentence commuted to a fine of 300l.

Our Parliamentary report for the last month contains much matter of importance. The Chancellor of the Exchequer having pledged himself to the reduction of two millions of the existing taxes, proposed a scheme for the purchase of decreasing annuities on naval and military pensions to the amount of five millions, out of the fund arising from which he proposed to meet the intended reduction. The contract, however, after having been successively offered in vain to the Bank, the South Sea company, and the speculative part of the commercial community, fell to the ground. Under these circumstances, the minister has proposed to meet the emergency in the following manner. Out of the 5,000,000l. by which these pensions are now defrayed, he intends that 2,800,000l. should be paid for forty-five years to public commissioners appointed for that purpose, and that those commissioners should, from time to time, sell so much of such annuities every year as may enable them to pay the annually decreasing amount of the pensions. As to the reduction in the taxes, the first tax to be taken off is the salt tax. This tax at present amounts to fifteen shillings a bushel, which is now to be reduced to two, thereby causing a diminution of thirteen. Government surrenders by this reduction a revenue of 1,300,000l. and retains 200,000l.; as the present amount of the tax is estimated at 1,500,000l.

The next reduction is in the lea-

ther tax ; the remission proposed on this subject, is of the duties imposed during the American and late wars. The present amount of this tax is 600,000*l.* and of this one half is now to be taken away, leaving, of course, one half still available to the government.

The tonnage duty, bringing in a revenue of about 150,000*l.* is to be entirely removed, which will certainly afford a considerable relief to the shipping interest, a circumstance of much congratulation ; her maritime interests are, in every point of view, of paramount importance to Great Britain.

The next and last tax to be removed is the Irish window and hearth tax. Our readers may recollect that on Lord Londonderry's arrival with his Majesty at the pier of Howth, he pledged his honour to a public spirited individual who demanded the boon, that he would do his best to have this tax removed, and the noble Marquis has certainly redeemed his pledge creditably. We are glad of it on every account. No man in existence *owes more* to Ireland than the Marquis of Londonderry. These taxes amounted only to 250,000*l.* and were, both in their operation and in their collection, most oppressive. The window tax was most unwise and most unproductive compared with its evil effects ; it caused the closing up of the windows in many houses, by which ventilation was impeded and disease produced. It was called in Ireland, by way of distinction, the *Typhus tax*, as to its operation the inhabitants chiefly imputed the pestilential malady which lately raged there. While on this subject, we have no hesitation in saying, that with proper economy in the collection, a saving might be made to the Irish public of at least one-third of the existing taxes. Will it be credited that, in some of the taxes in Ireland, where 200*l.* are collected, 100*l.* goes into the pockets of the officers and collectors !! Yet such is the fact. We may hereafter return to this subject.

A document has been laid on the table of the House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. Hume, which presents a statement of our newspaper circulation that would otherwise

appear almost incredible. It is an account of the stamps yearly furnished from the stamp office, to the London and provincial press. By this it appears, that the London newspapers printed in the year 1821 amounted in number to 16,254,534, and the provincial newspapers in the same year, to 8,525,252, being a total of 24,779,786 ; the duty on which amounted to 412,996*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.* ! In the year 1801, the London and provincial papers taken together amounted only to 16,084,905.

By another paper, it appears that during the two years which have elapsed since the re-enactment of the Alien Act, in July, 1820, only four persons have been sent out of England under its provisions—a small number, certainly, considering that by a parliamentary return, no less than 25,000 foreigners are now residing in this country. We believe the persons so deported were connected with the establishment in St. Helena.

A motion was made in the House of Commons, by Lord John Russell, on the subject of a Reform in the representation of the people in parliament, which, after a short debate, was negatived by a majority of 105. The minority, however, was very respectable. The numbers were, for the motion, 164—against it, 269. This, we believe, is the greatest division which has yet taken place on the reform question.

A very useful and necessary bill has been introduced into the House of Commons, by Mr. Bennet, namely, a bill for throwing open the present monopoly of public houses. The provisions of the bill are, we think, unnecessarily long, but its main object is that which we have stated. We need only adduce one fact to prove how systematic the present monopoly is : by a return to the House of Commons, it appears that out of many thousand houses annually licensed, not more than *three* new houses have been added in each year to the original number ; the same houses only being licensed from year to year. Surely this is monstrous.

By an official return made to parliament, it appears that the total exports of Great Britain for last year exceeded the amount in the pre-

ceding year, to the amount of three millions and a half; there was, however, in the imports, a comparative decrease of half a million.

Mr. Canning brought forward a measure in the House of Commons which has been successful in that house, and may be said, though by a side wind, to have established, there at least, the justice of the claims to further concessions on the part of the Roman Catholics. He obtained leave to bring in a bill to provide that peers of the United Kingdom, being otherwise duly qualified, might exercise the right of sitting in parliament, without taking the oath, or making the declaration recited in that bill. This oath and declaration are the tests which have hitherto operated as disqualifications upon the admission of Roman Catholics into parliament. Leave was given to bring in the bill; and after many animated discussions, it was carried through its different stages, by small but increasing majorities, and finally transmitted to the House of Lords. The Duke of Portland takes the custody of it in the upper house. Its success there, however, is more than problematical; the bishops, with one exception (Norwich), are hostile to the enactment; and even independently of them a considerable majority of the lay peers are understood to be opposed to it. This bill was certainly the least objectionable manner in which the principle of Roman Catholic emancipation could have been presented for the acceptance of parliament—the number of candidates for eligibility are few—the prejudices annexed to ancient family and high rank, and the associations inseparable from renowned achievements, are favourable, and the measure has the recommendation of being exclusively beneficial to the English peerage, as the Irish who could derive under it are *elective only*—but still as an acknowledgment of the grand principle, it is almost certain that the attempt will now prove abortive. It will, in all probability, be the last parliamentary experiment of Mr. Canning in the House of Commons, as we perceive by a speech of that gentleman at the anniversary dinner of the Literary Fund, that his departure for India is certain.

VOL. V.

Mr. Lennard and Mr. Warre respectively brought forward motions in the House of Commons, on the subject of our diplomatic expenditure. The first embraced the general question, and the second referred to the particular appointment of Mr. Wynne to the Swiss Cantons. These motions were supported on the grounds that retrenchment under the present circumstances of the country had become absolutely necessary in every department, that the expenditure of our ambassadors much exceeded the exigencies of their station, and that by an analogy to foreign countries, particularly to America, it would be found that government was guilty in this respect of great comparative extravagance. During the debate, Mr. Tierney stated his conviction, that a saving to the amount of 150,000*l.* might be effected in the branch of our foreign diplomacy. To these arguments it was replied, that the appointments had not latterly departed from their former scale; that at the five courts of France, Austria, Russia, Prussia, and the Netherlands, which now formed the quintuple alliance upon which the peace of Europe rested, expensive duties devolved upon our ambassadors, who were bound to sustain by their establishments a rank and splendour suitable to the character of the great nation they represented; and that there was no analogy whatever between the magnificence necessarily attached to the representatives of a monarchy, and the simplicity which characterised a republican form of government. It was also contended, that this subject was exclusively vested in the discretion of the executive, with whose right of general controul the proposed interference would be unbecoming and unconstitutional. The debate was pursued with considerable vehemence, and ended in Lord Londonderry's unequivocal declaration, that if left in a minority, he would retire from office! This was a threat which it was understood the noble Marquis had on previous occasions frequently made in private; but this, we believe, was its first public promulgation. On a division, in very full houses, ministers had a majority on Mr. Lennard's motion of 127, and

on Mr. Warre's of 106; so that the country will still have the benefit of the noble Marquis's continued official services. We should perhaps state here that by a paper lately laid before the House of Commons, it appears that this country paid last year for diplomacy the sum of 265,962*l.* including 52,642*l.* for pensions! In 1792, the total charge was only 113,989*l.* including 11,486*l.* for pensions. Fortunately, his Lordship abstained from a similar menace in the debate on the subject of the postmasters general, which was again perseveringly urged by Lord Normanby, who succeeded in convincing the house that the well-paid duties of this office might be adequately discharged by one individual—a truth indeed almost axiomatic, as one of the postmasters, Lord Clancarty, has been for the last two years necessarily absent on his diplomatic mission to the Netherlands; the consequence was, ministers were left in a minority; and Lord Salisbury, who, in the phrase of Mr. Tierney, "had served the country for many years, and was willing to serve it on the same terms to the very end of his life," was obliged to retire. This is to be followed up by the dismissal also of one of the postmasters general in Ireland; but with respect to a proposed similar arrangement for Scotland, Lord Londonderry declared, that as the postmaster there had other duties to perform, besides those of the post office, any similar reduction in that country was impracticable.

A bill has been brought in by Mr. Goulburn, the Irish secretary, for the temporary relief of the Irish by the employment of their poor. The specific measure empowers the Lord Lieutenant to advance on presentments the sum of 50,000*l.* for the making and repair of roads and other public works in Ireland. The bill was carried unanimously through the Commons, and, in consequence of the

suspension of the standing orders in the House of Lords for the purpose, it passed into an act with unusual expedition. Although there was no opposition to the bill, its introduction caused some passing remarks upon the causes which rendered such expedients necessary, one of which, and a prominent one, was stated by Mr. Plunket to be the rapacity of the Irish landholders; several individuals in both houses generously undertook the Herculean task of defending these gentlemen, on grounds, which, if they could be established, would cause, we have no doubt, very universal satisfaction amongst the tenantry of Ireland. Lord King seemed to think that Mr. Plunket's proposition was not quite general enough—his Lordship said he thought the observation ought to have run thus—"the rapacity of the Irish landholders is great—that of the Irish church is greater,—and both are exceeded by the rapacity of the government."

A motion was made in the House of Commons by Mr. Hume, on the subject of the Ionian Isles; in submitting which, the honourable member made heavy complaints of the expenditure of the government, and the abuses practised there under the present system. He moved a string of resolutions, reciting the circumstances under which these Islands were consigned to the protection of Great Britain, and pointing out some of the particular abuses which it was his object to correct. To these was added an address to the Crown, praying for an inquiry into the government of these islands. Ministers denied the accuracy of Mr. Hume's statement; and on a division, the motion was lost by a majority of 152 to 67. It appears since, by a statement of Sir Thomas Maitland, the governor of these islands, that they are at present under martial law.

May, 26.

MONTHLY REGISTER,

JUNE 1, 1822.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE discussions upon the agricultural distress have been continued almost day by day in the House of Commons throughout the present month, and with but small approximation to any beneficial results. The loans to parishes, and the expenditure of a million in the purchase of British corn to be warehoused, are schemes as completely exploded as we foresaw they would be. Indeed they fell by their own weakness, and were trampled to death without remorse, by those who affected to uphold them so long as they appeared to have any show of strength. Thus the member for Norfolk turned round upon the Marquis of Londonderry, and the Noble Lord turned round upon Mr. Irving, as the real author of the proposal for warehousing, which the Marquis had undertaken to submit to the House, but from which he withdrew his support, after having for a time made it his own by moving its adoption. This tends to prove the hesitation and uncertainty under which ministers have laboured, and still labour, and the total want of a principled foundation in their minds, upon which to build any practical scheme of relief. The latest view Lord Londonderry has taken of the subject, is to be found in his endeavour to establish, as a general principle, that it is expedient to curb importation, should importation ever be found necessary, by such a fixed duty as shall preclude the introduction of foreign corn at low prices. His Lordship appears to wish, that such a duty should be imposed as will forbid all possibility of foreign wheat, for example, being sold in England under from 65*s.* to 70*s.* per quarter, and to this, as a general but temporary proposition, the House assented. The Marquis, therefore, has prepared his bill upon these grounds, and the exact rate of duties is to be fixed hereafter. This scheme, however, will neither satisfy the grower nor the consumer. It is too low for the one, and too high for the other. At present, and for some time to come, such an act is likely to be wholly inoperative; because, should the ports be opened, the quantity of foreign wheat, already in

warehouses, which will come into the market under no duty at all, except the holders choose to accept the option of taking it out at a duty of 15*s.* per quarter, when the average price is 65*s.* will suffice for a more than an average deficiency of supply. Nevertheless there are good grounds to suppose, that importation is nearer than is generally apprehended. The following are the reasons to be adduced. Up to the year 1816 inclosure was very general. It then ceased. From 1792 to 1818 inclusive, it is found, that on average annual importation of grain of all sorts, to the amount of upwards of 1,400,000 qrs. took place, besides the introduction of flour and meal, to the amount of 338,000 cwts. The importation in 1817—1818, amounted to an annual average of 3,322,266 qrs. grain; 960,123 cwts. flour and meal. The price fluctuated from 109*s.* 1*d.* to 84*s.* 4*d.* in these two years. It is, therefore, assumed that a quantity of the English growth, equal, or nearly, to the quantity imported, more than the average, was displaced by the English farmer holding back, while the importing merchant was selling; for in the month of March, 1819, no more than 957 of foreign wheat remained under the King's lock. The stock thus held back has therefore been added to the surplus of crops above the usual average, and thus the glut has extended to the present hour; but the supply by sea to the London market, has not for many weeks past equalled more than one half (hardly indeed so much) of the usual average. It is therefore to be inferred, that the stock is exhausted, while an increasing population, and a decreasing state of cultivation, a consumption probably augmented by cheapness, together with the demand which the destruction of the potatoe crop in Ireland must originate, will soon put to proof the disputable question of the relation of supply to demand. From the facts we have recited, it should almost seem probable that the ports must open before the period assigned by the Marquis of Londonderry, (two or three years) though their immediate opening will

be prevented by the coming harvest, and the prices perhaps be still further depressed by the operation of the circumstances above mentioned. Before the publication of our next Report, the terms of the act will be settled, and its provisions will then be clearly understood. At present, the general impression is, that no benefit will be derived, either to the landed interest, or to the country.

A decision relative to tithes in Norfolk has created a great sensation, and if supported by future decisions, will produce a most important change. Hitherto, it has been customary to assess tithes at the rate of almost one-fourth of the assessment on arable land. Dr. Bulwer, the applicant to the court, endeavoured to establish this as a maxim; the court, however, decided that there was no rule of law for assessing tithes, at a proportion of the assessment of land, but that all property was assessable at its productive value.

A proposition has been made by Mr.

Crisp Brown, a great maltster of Norwich, to work his houses, for any farmers disposed to sell malt to their labourers, at the reduced price of 5s. per bushel, the trade ready money price being 6s. Mr. Brown is able to produce 6000 bushels per week, which he calculates will supply as many labourers for a month, and thus he proposes to increase the consumption of barley, and augment the comfort of the cottager. The example is worth following.

The crops are looking generally well, but begin to want rain, particularly in the light land districts. The wheats are, perhaps, the least promising. Preparations are now every where making for turnip sowing. The crops of grass are abundant. Stock is selling ruinously low, and in Smithfield, on Monday last, fell to a degree not experienced for a very long course of years.

May 25, 1822.

HORTICULTURAL REPORT FOR APRIL AND MAY, 1822.

DURING April and May, only a few successional crops require the attention of the horticulturist, his main ones being inserted in the previous months: weeding, thinning, and keeping his tribes "in order strict and due propriety," claim his chief exertions; and these cares are in no small degree increased by the mild temperature and genial showers of the present season; so rapidly indeed do the weeds advance, that the extirpating hoe needs to be the gardener's constant *vade mecum*.

April 20.—The vine (*vitis vinifera*) is expanding its empurpled leaves. 22. Honesty, or moonwort (*lunaria*), is in flower; this common yet not inelegant plant, will flourish in any soil or situation however impoverished and bleak. 24. The black currant is presenting its blossom to the bee: 26. As are also the jeannotin and codlin apples; of all the varieties of this fruit there is a promised abundance—"yet uncertain as a lover's vow." 29. The fragrant flowers of the red, and a few of the white lilac, are gradually expanding. The new sprung leaves of the sweet chestnut (*fagus castanea*), in their turn, are playing wanton in the breeze. The double white, the yellow, and some others of the earlier tulips, are fully opened; but the more illustrious varieties will not blow for some weeks. This tribe is the gayest offspring of floriculture, it is here—

Where beauty plays
Her idle freaks,
..... and while they break
On the charm'd eye, the exulting florist
marks,
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.

April has fled before the wings of Time; and although during its stay we felt some of the piercing gales of Winter, yet they were his last struggling sighs—violent, but transitory; its last days, "like those of the lovely, were peace:" so fervently did the sun beam upon its departure, and on the arrival of its successor, that the fires on our hearths were gladly extinguished; so joyous came "fair May, the grace."

May 3. The flowers of the hawthorn (*cratægus oxyacantha*), of the horse-chestnut (*æsculus hippocastanum*), and on the 6th, those of the honeysuckle "betrayed their loves before the God of Day." As this is the season when flowers are plucked from their parent stems, to wither by degrees as bouquets on side-boards and mantle-pieces, it may not be unacceptable information, that they will much longer retain their vigour and fragrance, if a small portion of common salt (six grains to a pint) be added to the water, and a small portion of the stalk be cut off at intervals of three or four days. 9. All the varieties of the strawberry, "plant of my native

soil," are now opening their blossom in healthy profusion; their runners likewise are extending on all sides: this power of extension is one of the faculties assigned by nature to the vegetable world, as a substitute for the power of loco-motion; by this gift plants have a full compensation for being stationary, since in whatever direction most nourishment is to be obtained, thither the roots proceed, and to arrive at it, will pierce the hardest intervening soils; they have even been known to penetrate the foundation of walls and overturn them. 15. The pendant columbine (*aquilegia vulgaris*) and the bold-faced peony have as-

sumed their gayest attire. 17. The lily of the valley has opened "her snowy bells," fair, modest flower—

— She nor affects
The public walk, nor gaze of mid-day sun,
She to no state, nor dignity aspires,
But silent and alone puts on her suit,
And sheds her lasting perfume, but for
which
We had not known there was a thing so
sweet
Hid in the gloomy shade.

Essex.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, May 22.)

THE legislative measures which are intended as the commencement of a new commercial system, almost diametrically opposite to the principles which have so long prevailed, are already in progress; and there can be little doubt, that a very great relaxation of the rigorous prohibitory enactments of our navigation laws will take place. It is natural that a great diversity of opinion should be manifested on a subject in which so many interests are involved. The prejudices (if so they must be called) in favour of the prohibitory and restrictive system, have become so deeply rooted, have so "grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength," that those who still fondly cherish them, are unquestionably entitled to indulgence and regard. Though we are ourselves no advocates of the exclusive system, we cannot but acknowledge that when it has been so long acted upon, great caution may be necessary in departing from it, even in favour of one demonstrably better in itself. It has been acknowledged, that our example has induced other nations to adopt a similar plan; but it may be asked, will those who have followed our example in one instance, be equally ready to follow it in another? May they not be disposed to continue their prohibitions to our detriment, though we have relaxed ours in their favour? Believing, as we do, that the adoption of a more liberal system will really be advantageous to this country, we throw out the above remarks, as an instance of what may be adduced against it; and at the same time, as a hint of the propriety and importance of securing a reciprocity from foreign nations, when we adopt measures that are to benefit them, as well as ourselves. We allude especially to Russia. The preamble to the new tariff states that His Majesty has become sensible that the

permission to import foreign manufactures may in time prove injurious to his own subjects, and to the manufactures which have greatly increased, but yet are in need of special protection. With this view, and considering the measures taken by other States for the same end, His Majesty has had a new tariff drawn up. We regret to say, that this tariff is peculiarly injurious to England; and, in the opinion of those who are most interested in it, will go near to put a total stop to our import trade to Russia. Almost every article of English produce, or manufacture, is either wholly prohibited, as refined sugars of every description, or loaded with duties nearly equivalent to prohibition. Whether Russia may be induced to adopt a more liberal system towards us, is, we think, very problematical; for it must be recollected that she has been less affected by our system than almost any other country, as her staple articles of export are such as we need, and have therefore not burdened with any exorbitant duties. Yet the Russian government seems to feel that some apology was required for adopting so rigorous a system; for in the half official Petersburg journal, the *Conservateur Impartial*, we find a long article, stating that the Russian Government considers the principles of a free trade to be as beneficial in practice, as they appear just in theory; that the Congress at Vienna in 1815 had sanctioned these principles, as likely to relieve the evils which Europe had suffered under the yoke which had oppressed its commerce, during a period of ten years: but though almost all the governments declared their intention to introduce more freedom of trade; experience and more accurate calculations soon induced them not to renounce the prohibitive system. The examples of England, Austria, France, and Prussia, are

then quoted, as making it necessary for Russia to return to that system which all the powers seem to have recognized as necessary.

We find by the latest accounts from the United States, that the celebrated Russian decree prohibiting the ships of all nations from approaching within 100 miles of the north west Coast of America, as low as 51° north latitude, and the other extraordinary pretensions set forth in that decree, have given rise to a very animated official correspondence between the President and the Russian Charge d'Affaires. If both parties persist, war seems inevitable. The President declares the navigation of those Seas to be a part of the American independence, and the Russian says, that if an American ship ventures into them, it will be seized, and confiscated. The question is most important, and we shall not be surprised if the American Government should send some vessels to make the experiment.

The English government has decided to admit the flag of the Independents of South America to trade with this country.—This, though not an actual recognition, is certainly a great step towards it.

Cotton.—The cotton market has been very steady throughout this month, and some sensation has been excited by an expectation that an additional duty will be imposed on Brazil and American cotton, on the 5th of July next. The purchases in these four weeks have been between 12 and 13,000 bales. The prices having been little varied, it will be sufficient to annex the report for the week ending May 21.—The market was steady early last week: towards the close several considerable purchases were made by speculators for re-sale in this market; the purchases are nearly 3500 bales, viz.—2900 Bengals 5½d. and 5¾d. very ordinary 5½d. and 5¾d. fair and good fair, 6d. to 6½d. good; 600 Surats very ordinary leafy 5½d. a 6d. 6½d. and 6¾d. good fair, and a few very good 7¼d.; 180 Pernams 11¼d. fair, to 11¾d. good, and 54 new Orleans 10d. and 10¼d. all in bond.

At Liverpool, in the four weeks ending May 18, the sales were about 34,000 bags; the demand was, however, duller in the last week, the sales being only 6600 bags.

Sugar.—The sugar market has been languid for some weeks, and in some instances prices have experienced a decline. The stock in the warehouses is greatly reduced, and likely to be still lower for some weeks to come. There are now hardly 6000 hhds. and trs.—The sugar market was languid and uninteresting last week; very few samples were on show, as the stock is

so much reduced, that many eminent houses have no sugars for sale: the buyers appeared however to have a sufficient supply for immediate use and did not even make enquiries as to the prices, &c.

This forenoon (21st) the market remains in the same depressed state, and though very few Muscovades are on show, yet purchases may be made a shade lower than last week.

The public sale of Barbadoes sugar this forenoon, 71 hhds. 6 tierces, sold freely at full prices, good white 73s. a 74s. 6d. middling 64s. a 69s. yellow 62s. 6d.

There was some interest excited in the refined market on Friday, on account of the minister having stated in the House of Commons that he did not believe the late Russian Tariff printed in the daily papers was a genuine document; that he did not suppose such prohibitions in some cases, and high duties in others (imports from England), would be carried into effect in Russia.* The market was firm, but yesterday and this forenoon the holders appear again anxious to effect sales at a small reduction in the prices.—Molasses are steady at 27s.

By public sale last week, 534 chests Havannah were offered, but nearly the whole was taken in; fine white at 38s., middling and good 35s. a 37s. 6d. It is since reported that the whole are sold by private contract at 35s. 36s. and 37s., which is lower than the previous market prices—426 bags Bourbon sugar went off last week at a reduction of 1s. a 2s. per cwt.; fine yellow 24s. 6d., good 22s. 6d. and 23s., brown 19s. 6d. and 20s.

Average prices of Raw Sugar by Gazette:—

April 27	33s. 6d.
May 4	32s. 10½d.
11	34s. 8d.
18	32s. 10½d.

Coffee.—In the last week of April, the market became very heavy, at a decline of 1s. to 2s.; during the following week, Jamaica further declined 3s. or 4s. Demerara and Berbice 2s. to 3s. St. Domingo remained unchanged, ordinary sold 99s. a 101s.; good ditto 102s. On the 7th instant, there were four public sales, consisting of 557 casks 425 bags; the whole sold freely, the Demerara and Berbice 2s. higher, and generally the market greatly improved as to the demand; 60 Bags Brazil, good ordinary pale, sold 100s. a 101s.; St. Domingo good ordinary 102s. a 103s. 6d., broken 98s. a 100s.; the very ordinary descriptions of Jamaica sold at low prices; fine fine ordinary, but rank, realized 109s. 6d. a 110s. 6d., good mid-

* We shall be glad to find this to be the case, but we fear from our foreign correspondence, that the Tariff, as printed, is substantially correct.

dling 132s. 6d. a 139s. 6d., fine middling 150s. a 152s.; Demerara and Berbice sold 129s. 6d. a 131s. 6d. for good middling, 123s. a 125s. for middling.

In the following week, the demand greatly improved. The prices were also better, and the result of the public sales on the 14th showed an advance of 2s. in British plantation, while the foreign fully supported the previous prices.

The public sales of coffee, brought forward last week, were considerable, consisting of 844 casks and 1481 bags; the whole sold with briskness, fully supporting the previous prices, except a large parcel of ordinary St. Domingo coffee, which found no buyers at 100s.

There were two public sales of coffee this forenoon, 50 casks British Plantation, 85 casks 712 bags foreign; the former, Demerara and Berbice descriptions, sold with briskness, at very full prices; 132s. for good middling: the latter was entirely St. Domingo, and went off rather heavily, but no reduction in the prices was submitted to; coloury was taken in at 106s. good ordinary in bags chiefly taken in at 103s. and 103s. 6d. ordinary at 101s. St. Domingo coffee continues to press upon the market: the ordinary at rather lower prices: all the other descriptions fully support last week's currency.

Oils.—Oils are generally heavy and little business doing: for Greenland there are however some enquiries, and, for parcels here 20l. has been realized: for arrival several inconsiderable contracts are reported at 22l. generally there are several buyers at that price, but they cannot purchase on such low terms.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The state of the market has been unfavourable throughout the month, and the prices of both rum and brandy have declined.

Tobacco.—There has been some speculation in tobacco, owing to an expected contract with the French government. The letters from Paris announce that the government has in fact contracted for 2387 hhds. at good prices; but this intelligence has not produced any effect on our market.

Rice.—By public sale this forenoon 270 half barrels New Carolina of fine quality sold with much briskness; all at 31s. 6d.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The tallow market has been in a very languid state. The early arrivals from the Baltic have tended to depress the prices; yet the extremely low prices, and the probability that this depression will act as a check on importation, occasioned several buyers to come forward last week; and the public sale of Friday, 424 casks Odessa yellow candle tallow, went off with considerable briskness: the first lots 34s. 6d. and 34s. 9d.; afterwards the prices advanced 35s. and 35s. 3d.; the nearest price of St. Pe-

tersburgh yellow candle tallow has since been 36.—In hemp or flax very few sales are lately reported. Letters were yesterday received from St. Petersburg, dated 3d instant; the Exchange was lower, it was quoted a fraction below 9½d.

Corn.—We can but repeat the remark we made last month, that the only fluctuations that have taken place are such as arise from the state of the supply. Our tables show that the average prices have rather improved.

Aggregate averages of the six weeks preceeding May 15th which regulate importation.

Wheat	45s. 2d.	Rye	19s. 11d.
Barley	18s. 2d.	Beans	21s. 6d.
Oats	16s. 5d.	Pease	22s. 11d.

East India Company's sale, 13 May.—Pepper, 1,130 bags Company's black, sold at 7½d. a 7½d.; 1,300 do. scratched; 1,174 do. Private Trade, 6½d. a 7½d.; Saltpetre, 830 tons, Company's, 26s. 6d. a 29s. 6d.; 170 do. scratched; 410 Private Trade, 26s. 6d. a 29s. 6d.; Cinnamon, 550 bales, 1st quality, 7s. 6d. a 7s. 9d.; 110 do. 2d do. 6s. 1d. a 6s. 2d.; 323 do. 2d do. scratched; 323 do. 3d do. 5s. 7d. a 6s.; 174 do. 3d do. 5s. 1d. a 5s. 4d.; Cloves, Licensed, 3s. 3d. a 3s. 6d.; Mace, 50 casks 1st quality, 5s. 1d.; 150 do. 1st do. scratched; Licensed, 4s. 9d. a 4s. 10d.; Nutmegs, 158 casks ungarbled, 3s. 7d.; 355 do. scratched; Cassia Lignea, 8l. 9s. a 9l. 5s.; Ginger, 14s. a 14s. 6d.

The only alteration since the sale is in Cinnamon, which is in request, but there are no sellers at the sale prices.

FOREIGN COMMERCE.

Archangel, 12th April.—The opinion entertained at the close of the last season that prices would advance, has been confirmed with respect to most of our export articles. The last purchases were *Tallow*, at 106 r.; *Potashes*, 86 r.; *Hemp*, first sort, 87 r. second 75 r.; *Linseed*, 19 r.; *Bristles*, Petersburg Brake, 72 r. Archangel Brake, 48 r.; *Crown Bristles*, 115; *Mats*, 300 to 350 r. per 1000; *Pitch*, 115 cop.; *Tar*, 7 r. to 6½ r.; *Corn*, prices nominal, viz. Wheat on the spot, 15 r.; Oats 5 r. per Chetwert; *Train Oil*, no contracts made; the price is expected to be about 8 r. per pood.

Our contract trade may be considered as ended, as almost all the Russians have returned home, and therefore little will be done till the arrival of the barks: these will most probably arrive this year sooner than usual, though we have had pretty sharp frost for some days past, which, however, cannot be lasting, as the season is so far advanced. The winter has been mild in this country beyond all example, and there is said to be no ice at all in the White Sea. We cannot exactly state the amount of the contracts concluded dur-

ing this winter, as many bargains have been made privately; but they may be estimated at, Linseed, 40,000 chetwerts; Tallow, 35,000 poods; Potashes, 5,000 poods; Pitch, 50,000 poods; Mats, 250,000; Hemp, from 10 to 15,000 poods; Tar, 10,000 barrels; Flax, 10,000 poods; Bristles, 800 poods; Russia Leather, 700 poods; and had there been sellers of some articles earlier, more would have been disposed of, as there was no want of orders.

The new supplies expected are about, *Linseed*, 50 to 60,000 chetwerts; *Tallow*, 125,000 poods; *Hemp*, 60,000 poods; *Potashes*, 10,000 poods; *Flax*, 20,000 poods. But we have still remaining 50,000 chetwerts of Linseed; and 26,000 poods of Tallow. We do not expect any corn, the prices in the interior being so high; but we have still in hand 80,000 chetwerts of Wheat, 22,000 of Oats, and 25,000 of Rye.

The prices in summer will depend on the accounts that may be received from abroad; at present we do not think they can be much higher than those last paid; but that some are likely to decline. The prices of tallow will chiefly depend on those of London. If they keep up in England, they must advance here, our stock being so small.

Riga, 12th and 20th April.—*Flax*, still in demand, Druiania and Thiesenhausen Rackitzer, 41 r. to 41½ r.; cut Badstüb, 37½ r.; Risten Threeband, 30½ r.—*Hemp*. Ukraine clean, to be delivered after the opening of the Wrake, 102 r. ready money, are asked; for Polish clean, 107 r.; Ukraine Outshot, 82 r.; Polish, 87 r. Ukraine Pass, 72 r.; Polish, 77 r. These are the prices asked; those offered are all 2 rubles lower.—*Hemp Oil* offered at 95 r.; without buyers.—*Potashes*, 50 r. per ship pound have been given for a small parcel of Polish crown.—*Tallow*. For yellow crown candle tallow, 130 r. are asked; there are no buyers of white and soap tallow, and the prices cannot be stated.

Of import articles, good middling white Havannah sugars have been lately sold at 17½ cop. on four month's credit. Light grey French salt was last sold at 55 r.; St. Ubes, 68 r.; fine Liverpool 66 r.

Hamburg, 4th May.—*Cotton*. High prices have been given this week for Georgia. The supplies of Brazil and East India accumulate, and but little is doing.—*Dyeing Woods*, &c. But very little has been doing in Indigo. The price of Logwood is unsteady. Several parcels of Fustic have been purchased, and better prices given. At an auction of Bahia Brazil wood yesterday, all was sold at much higher prices than in February, considerable sales, at better prices, having been previously made by private contract.—Thus this article, as was to be expected, seems to be recognized as a useful material for

dyeing. There are buyers, but no sellers, at the prices of the sale. Gum Senegal is still without request. Of best silver-grey cochenille there is but little in the market, and at advanced prices.

May 11.—Coffee.—At the beginning of this week very little was doing, yet the better descriptions have not only kept up, but even risen a little; the inferior sorts are rather lower.—*Dye woods*, &c. Some parcels of logwood have sold rather lower this week. The greater part of the Quercitron bark, lately imported, has met with a pretty rapid sale. There is also rather more demand for gum Senegal.—*Spices* of all kinds are not much in demand; yet pepper and East India ginger maintain their prices.—*Rice* remains firm in price.—*Tea* remains firm in price. There has been a pretty brisk demand, especially for the finer sorts.—*Sugars*. But very little is doing in Hamburg refined; yet the prices remain as before. Strong middling lumps in loaves, of which our stock is small, keep up at 9 to 9½ d.; but inferior kinds will hardly fetch 8¾ d. Good middling white crushed lumps have been sold at 9½ d. Treacle not to be had under 9½ d.

The demand for raw goods becomes more and more dull, being limited to the small quantity wanted for our refineries. Hence most descriptions have again declined ¼ d. Good middling brown Brazil have been sold at 6d. and white ditto at 8d.

Dusseldorf, 25th April.—By our latest accounts from M. Holtzschue, agent of the German Rhenish West India Company, dated from Port-au-Prince in Hayti, the German cotton goods have given great satisfaction at Hayti, and obtained the highest prices given for the English. A second cargo has just been dispatched thither, on board the Hamburg ship Concordia, Captain Hertzner. The third cargo, which is now preparing, is intended for Mexico.

Carlsruhe, May 3.—The continually increasing rigour of the prohibitory system of France is felt to be so highly injurious to the trade and manufactures of the Grand Duchy of Baden, that a motion has been made in our diet by Mr. Bassermann, to take measures of reprisal. After showing the necessity of such a proceeding, he moved to address the Grand Duke, requesting him to order a project of law to be laid before the Chamber,—1st. To prohibit the importation of every article of French produce or manufacture, and even to lay such heavy transit duties on them as should be equivalent to a prohibition,—2d. To adopt similar measures against Prussia, Holland, and England.

As an instance of the heavy duties imposed by Prussia on German produce, it is stated that Virginia tobacco is cheaper in Rhenish Prussia than the tobacco grown in the Grand Duchy of Baden.

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 Carter, M. Forton-Mill, Southampton, miller. [Minchin, 3, Verulam-buildings, Gray-inn. C.]
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 Finer, F. Drury-lane, grocer. [Flower, Fenchurch-buildings, Fenchurch-street. T.]
 Freethy, T. Acton, Middlesex, baker. [Hill, Welbeck-street. T.]
 Mottram, J. Bristol, hop-merchant. [Poole, Gray's-inn-square. C.]
 Nash, J. sen. Clandon, Surrey, farmer. [Parmer, Bedford-row. T.]
 Smith, A. J. and I. Shepherd, Brierley, Stafford, ironmasters. [Tooke, Gray's-inn. C.]
 Smith, R. Frome West Woodlands, Somerset, innholder. [Perkins, Gray's-inn. C.]
 Vaughan, T. Chorley, Lancaster, cotton-manufacturer. [Appleby, Gray's-inn. C.]
 April 30.—Amis, J. Bromyard, Hereford, victualer. [Hilliard, Gray's-inn-square. C.]
 Bentley, T. and E. Bentley, Leicester, brace-manufacturers. [Chilton, 7, Chancery-lane. C.]
 Cruso, T. Norwich, linen-draper. [Tilbury, Falcon-street. C.]
 Davis, G. East Stonehouse, Devon, ship-builder. [Raine, Temple. C.]
 Green, I. Birmingham, ironmonger. [Swain, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry. C.]
 Heath, W. Cheadle, Stafford, grocer. [Barbor, 122, Fetter-lane. C.]
 Horsley, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linen-draper. [Constable, 10, Symond's-inn, Chancery-lane. C.]
 Prothero, J. Monmouth, shopkeeper. [Gregory, 12, Clement's-inn. C.]
 Roxby, R. B. Arbour-square, Commercial-road, merchant. [Atcheson, Great Winchester-street. T.]
 Surman, F. Crowle, Worcester, maltster. [Williams, 9, Lincoln's-inn. C.]
 Watkins, W. Norton-juxta, Kempsey, Worcester, corn-dealer. [Collett, 62, Chancery-lane. C.]

- Wilson, H. Hatton-garden, auctioneer. [Hodgson, St. Mildred's-court. T.]
- Woakes, J. Hereford, upholsterer. [Wright, 5, Hart-street, Bloomsbury-square. C.]
- May 4.—Attree, Wm. Brighton, coach-maker. [Hunt, Surrey-street, Strand. T.]
- Hudson, J. Ulverston, Lancaster, victualler. [Blakelock, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street. C.]
- Jones, D. Liverpool, draper. [Blackstock, King's Bench-walk, Temple. C.]
- Jones, L. Deptford-bridge, Kent, grocer. [McDuff, Castle-street, Holborn. T.]
- Orme, H. Liverpool, common-brewer. [Adlington, Bedford-row. C.]
- Rout, J. Whitechapel, linen-draper. [Fisher, Furnival's-inn. T.]
- Salmon, J. Canterbury-buildings, Lambeth, coal-merchant. [Harris, Surrey-street, Strand. T.]
- Sansom, J. Exeter, china-dealer. [Brutton, 55, Broad-street. C.]
- Smith, M. H. Burslem, Stafford, draper. [Williams, 9, Old Buildings, Lincoln's-inn. C.]
- Sykes, J. and J. Hollis, Manchester, iron-dealers. [Adlington, Bedford-row. C.]
- Willett, F., E. Willett, and R. Willett, Thetford, Norfolk, bankers. [Blagrove, Symond's-inn, Chancery-lane. C.]
- May 7.—Bradley, W. Louth, Lincoln, linen-draper. [Handley, 6, Gray's inn-square. C.]
- Griffith, T. Hillmorton, Warwick, victualler. [Fuller, Carlton chambers, Regent-street. C.]
- Hewitt, T. Carlisle, draper. [Clennell, Staple's, inn. C.]
- Marsh, W. and W. Willatt, Hanley, Stafford, earthenware-manufacturers. [Dax, Guildford-street. C.]
- Pritchard, J. Rosomond-street, Clerkenwell, carpenter. [Devey, Dorset-street, Fleet-street. T.]
- May 11.—Ackland, H. and J. Rose, Leadenhall-market, provision-merchants. [Daniell, Essex-street, Temple. T.]
- Bird, I. T. Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk, butcher. [Sandys, Crane-court. C.]
- Bosher, J. Norway-place, Hackney-road, timber-merchant. [Hutchison, Crown-court, Thread-needle-street. T.]
- Cosser, W. Milbank-street, timber-merchant. [Sheffield, Great Prescott-street, Goodman's-fields. T.]
- Cruckshanks, J. Gerrard-street, Eldorado sash-manufacturer. [Allen, Carlisle-street, Soho. T.]
- Dryden, J. Wood-street, Cheapside, warehouseman. [Adams, Old Jewry. T.]
- Ekins, W. sen. St. Ives, Huntingdon, innkeeper. [Long, 4, Holborn-court, Gray's inn. C.]
- Ely, T. Fenchurch-street, malt-factor. [Daniell, Essex-street, Temple. T.]
- Emett, C. Mangotsfield, Gloucester, quarryman. [Poole, 12, Gray's inn-square. C.]
- Gamson, J. Gainsburgh, Lincoln, merchant. [Stocker, New Boswell-court, Carey-street. C.]
- Hawkins, J. jun. Glastonbury, Somerset, horse-dealer. [Adlington, Bedford-row. C.]
- Pearl, R. Cambridge, cook. [Farlow, Gray's-inn. C.]
- Russ, J. Evesham, Worcester, butcher. [Dark, 30, Red Lion-square. C.]
- Schofield, J. Sheffield, merchant. [Wilson, 16, Greville-street, Hatton-garden. C.]
- Tatner, W. Kent-road, victualler. [Walls, Lower Thornhaugh-street, Bedford-square. T.]
- Vincent, J. Regent-street, victualler. [Orlebar, George-street, Hanover-square. T.]
- Walwyn, R. Wood-street, Cheapside, printer. [Jones, Mincing-lane. T.]
- White, T. Regent-street, white-smith. [Rice, Jermy-street, Piccadilly. T.]
- Whitehouse, B. Dale-end, Birmingham, baker. [Smith, Basinghall-street. C.]
- May 14.—Benbow, T. Bromyard, Hereford, draper. [Williams, Lincoln's-inn. C.]
- Collard, W. Rathbone-place, baker. [Corbett, 9, Bloomsbury-square. C.]
- Dean, R. W. and T. W. Cooke, Bethnal-green, brewers. [Cranch, Union-court, Broad-street. T.]
- Devey, H. F., T. Tickell, and J. Saunders, Golds-hill, Stafford, iron-manufacturers. [Norton, 3, Gray's-inn-square. C.]
- Dannett, D. Norwich, veterinary-surgeon. [Fen-ton, Austin-friars. C.]
- Fearman, W. New Bond-street, bookseller. [Gaines, Caroline-street, Bedford-square. T.]
- Lawson, P. Bowness-hall, Cumberland, corn-factor. [Addison, Verulam-buildings, Gray's-inn. C.]
- Parkes, J., J. Parkes, jun. and J. Parkes, Warwick, worsted-manufacturers. [Amory, Throgmorton-street. T.]
- Robinson, W. Halifax, ironmonger. [Wiglesworth, Gray's-inn. C.]
- Smith, J. Wangford, Suffolk, warrenner. [Hunt, 5, Surrey-street, Strand. C.]
- Upperton, R. Petworth, Sussex, banker. [Hilliard, Gray's-inn. C.]
- Walton, S. Nantwich, Chester, linen-draper. [Wildes, Chancery-lane. C.]
- Worswick, T. Lancaster, banker. [Bell, Bow Church-yard. C.]
- May 18.—Bramwell, J. Leadenhall-street, hatter. [Mayhew, Chancery-lane. T.]
- Brittan, J. Worcester, linen-draper. [Poole, 12, Gray's-inn-square. C.]
- Burgess, J. Liverpool, dealer. [Blackstock, 4, King's Bench-walk, Temple. C.]
- Falkner, F. Manchester, warehouseman. [Hurd, Temple. C.]
- Goodwin, J. Sheffield, victualler. [Fisher, Thavies-inn. C.]
- Hamper, H. Cheltenham, Gloucester, hosier. [Vizard, 50, Lincoln's-inn-fields. C.]
- Moore, D. Bordesley-iron-works, Warwick, iron-master. [Swain, 6, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry. C.]
- Morris, S. Long Itchington, Warwick, corn-dealer. [Walker, Exchequer Office of Pleas. C.]
- Owen, J. Leadenhall-street, cabinet-maker. [Ashley, 16, Bucklersbury. T.]
- Pearson, J. Newcastle-under-Lyme, Stafford, grocer. [Wilson, 9, King's Bench-walk, Temple. C.]
- Rose, J. G. Brompton, dealer. [Pike, New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn-fields. T.]
- Stewart, R. King's-street, Cheapside, Scotch-factor. [Shaw, Verulam-buildings, Gray-inn. T.]
- Williams, P. jun. Knightsbridge, draper. [Wilde, College-hill. T.]
- May 21.—Blyth, J. Wellington, Salop, draper. [Adlington, Bedford-row. C.]
- Breedon, W. and H. Breedon, Ruddington, Nottingham, dealers. [Long, Gray's-inn. C.]
- Collins, J. Vincent-place, City-road, broker. [Fenton, Austin Friars, Broad-street. T.]
- Colson, W. Plymouth, grocer. [Swain, Frederick's-place, Old Jewry. T.]
- Dodd, J. and W. Dodd, Kirkoswald, Cumberland, grocers. [Battye, 20, Chancery-lane. C.]
- Fowler, J. S. and A. E. Fowler, Liverpool, merchants. [Taylor, John-street, Bedford-row. C.]
- Fulton, E. Earl-street, Blackfriars, coal-merchant. [Bowman, Union-court, Broad-street. T.]
- Gibson, W. and F. Fomm, Trinity-square, corn-factors. [Parther, London-street, Fenchurch-street. T.]
- Heys, J. Stockport, Chester, draper. [Battye, Chancery-lane. C.]
- Humphreys, W. Billesdon, Leicester, draper. [Moore, 8, New-square, Lincoln's-inn. C.]
- Juplin, J. Sunderland, Durham, linen-draper. [Bell, Bow Church-yard, Cheapside. C.]
- Kent, T. Kirton-Holme, Lincoln, butcher. [Jenkins, New-inn. C.]
- Newton, T. Holbeach, Lincoln, and W. Newton, Norfolk, jobbers. [Willis, 3, Warnford-court, Throgmorton-street. C.]
- Penvold, W. Clutton, Somerset, builder. [Burfoot, 2, King's Bench-walk, Temple. C.]

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.

Gazette—May 4 to May 21.

- Paterson, M. and Co. fire-brick manufacturers, Port-Dundas, near Glasgow.
- Wilson, D. merchant, St. Andrew's.
- Walker, R. victualler, Glasgow.
- Richardson, R. merchant, Lochbaben.
- Robertson, J. and Co. booksellers, Edinburgh.
- Newham, T. merchant, Glasgow.
- Malcolm, R. bookseller, Glasgow.
- Tod, J. and A. merchants, Borrowstounness.
- Gordon, W. corn-merchant, Edinburgh.
- Imray, J. stationer, Glasgow.
- Peck, S. spirit-dealer, Glasgow.

BIRTHS.

- April 13. At the Rt. Hon. Henry Goulburn's, Betchworth Park, Surrey, Mrs. Spencer Percival, a son.
19. In Upper Wimpole-street, the Rt. Hon. Lady Amelia Sophia Boyce, a son.
23. The lady of Dr. Uwins, of Bedford-row, a daughter.
25. In Hereford street, the lady of Captain Hutton, RN. a daughter.
26. At his house in Lower Brook-street, the lady of Sir William Duff Gordon, Bart. a daughter.
30. At Uffington-house, near Stamford, the Countess of Lindsey, a daughter.
- May 3. At Castle-house, Great Torrington, Devon, the lady of A. W. J. Deane, Esq. a daughter.
4. At his Lordships house, in Piccadilly, the Countess of Roseberry, a daughter.
- The lady of the Rt. Hon. Robert Peel, a son.
5. At his seat, Cuerden-hall, the lady of R. Townley Parker, Esq. a son.
6. The lady of A. Trevor, Esq. a son.
7. At his house, in Devonshire-street, the lady of James Alexander, Esq. MP. a son.
9. At Thomas' Hotel, Berkeley-square, Mrs. Lane Fox, a daughter.
- At Kew-green, the lady of John Bishop, Esq. a son.
12. In Bernard-street, Russell-square, Mrs. John George Parry, a daughter.
13. At his seat, near Exeter, the lady of Alex. Hamilton Hamilton, Esq. of the Retreat in Devonshire, and of Hullerhirst in the county of Ayr, a son.
15. At Rushall, Wilts, Lady Poore, a daughter.
- At the Vicarage, Bedford, the lady of the Rev. Dr. Jones, a daughter.
20. In Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, the lady of Colonel Hugh Baillie, a son.

ABROAD.

- At Rome, the lady of T. W. Dickinson, a son.

MARRIAGES.

- April 18. By special license, at Maple Hayes, Sir William Amcotts Ingilby, Bart. of Ripley Castle, in the County of York, and of Kettlethorpe Park, Lincolnshire, to Louisa, daughter of John Atkinson, Esq. of Maple Hayes, in the County of Stafford.
20. By special license, at All Saints, Hereford, Richard Jones Powell, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law, eldest son of Richard Powell, MD, of Bedford-place, Russell-square, to Martha Clee, only surviving daughter of the late Wm. Downes, Esq. of Hinton, near Hereford.
20. At Little St. Mary's, Durham, the Rev. James Blackburn, late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Vicar of Egainford, in the county of Durham, and of Ronaldkirk, in the county of York, to Jane, widow of the late Martin Dunn, Esq. of Durham.
23. At Kildale, Edmund Turton, Esq. of Larpool Hall, in the County of York, and Bradsted-place, Kent, to Marianne, only child of Robert Bell Livesey, Esq. of Kildale, in the County of York.
24. At Southampton, Hants, the Hon. and Rev. James Noel, fifth son of Sir Gerard Noel Noel, Bart. to Caroline Penelope, fifth daughter of the late Paul Cobb Methuen, Esq. of Corsham-house, Wiltshire.
27. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the very Rev. the Dean of Carlisle, George Rust, Esq. of Huntingdon, to Sophia, daughter of Henry Peters, Esq. of Beckworth Castle, Surrey.
30. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, E. C. Woodbridge, Esq. son of J. Woodbridge, Esq. of Charlwood Park, Surrey, to Elizabeth, daughter of Capt. Herbert, of Henrietta-street, Bloomsbury.
- At Marylebone Church, by the Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Chester, the Rev. Robert Morley Master, AM, to Frances, Mary, eldest daughter of Geo. Smith, Esq. MP. of Seisdon, Surrey.
- May 1. At Sunning, Berkshire, William Ward Heathcote, youngest son of the late Rev. C. T. Heathcote, DD, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late James Burton, Esq.
2. At Marylebone Church, William Selby, Esq.

youngest son of the late Thomas Selby, Esq. of Biddlestone, Northumberland, to Juliana, youngest daughter of the late Major O'Brien, of Bath.

- At East Barnet, Sir Thos. Whelan of Dublin, to Alicia, youngest daughter of Edward Egan, of Ussage-house, Herts.
- At Bath, Major General Sir W. Inglis, KCB. to Margaret Marianne, eldest daughter of Major Gen. Raymond.
6. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Rev. George Porcher, Henry Porcher, Esq. of Arlington-street, to Sarah, second daughter of John Pearse, Esq. of Craig's-court, Charing Cross. Also the Rev. J. Edwin Lance, to Madeline Louisa, only surviving daughter of the late Jonas Dupree Porcher, Esq. of Winslade, Devon.
6. At Halberton, the Rev. J. Eagles, AM, of Wadham College, Oxford, to Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Henry Manley, Esq. of Manley, near Tiverton, Devonshire.
8. At St. Clements Dunes, William Wastell, Esq. of Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, to Agatha Whalley, youngest grand-daughter of the late Rev. W. Barclay.
9. At Bray, Mr. George Bretton, of Maidenhead, to Anna Maria, only surviving daughter of Lawrence Norman, Esq. Mayor of that corporation.
13. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the very Rev. the Dean of Carlisle, William Turner, Esq. of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, only son of W. Turner, Esq. of Chapel Tyod in the county of Dublin, to Maria Elizabeth Frances, daughter of the late John Morris, Esq. of Eastington, in the county of Pembroke.
14. At Marylebone Church, the Rev. Edward Orlebar Smith, Rector of Holcut and Salford, in the county of Bedford, to Julia, daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Willis, of Bletchley, Bucks, and sister of John Flemming, Esq. MP. for Hants.
16. At Hornchurch, Essex, Henry Tweed, Esq. of Rumford, to Mary Johnson, eldest daughter of Wasey Stersy, Esq. of the same place.

IN IRELAND.

- At Raphoe, the Rev. Hugh McNeill, AM, Rector of Albury, Surrey, one of the Chaplains to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, and son of A. McNeill, Esq. of Bally-castle, to Anne, daughter of the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Raphoe.

ABROAD.

- At St. Helier's, Jersey, Udney Passmore, Esq. of London, to Sophia, second daughter of R. B. Poussett, Esq.
- At St. Omers, A. B. Earnest Vandechout, Capt. of Engineers, in the French service, to Anne Emilia Gregorie, second daughter of David Gregorie, late merchant at Dunkirk.

DEATHS.

- April 18. At Southampton, George Tate, Esq. of Burleigh hall, in the county of Leicester, and of Longdown, Hants.
29. At his house, in the City Road, Capt. A. F. Baillie, RN. aged 90.
- At the Herald's College, in his 92d year, Sir Isaac Heard, Garter Principal King at Arms, which office he had filled since April 1784.
- May 2.—At Wellington, Shropshire, the Right Hon. Lady Eleanor Elizabeth King, daughter of Edward Earl of Kingston, in her 60th year.
5. At his house, in Hill-street, Berkeley-square, in his 68th year, the Hon. and most Rev. William Stuart, Archbishop of Armagh, and Lord Primate of all Ireland. His Grace, who was the fifth, youngest, and last surviving son of John Earl of Bute, was translated from the See of St. David's to the Primacy of Ireland in December, 1800. His death was occasioned by a fatal mistake made by a servant, who delivered him a bottle containing some preparation of opium, instead of the medicine intended for him. It was swallowed without examination, and so powerful was its effect, that although medical aid was almost immediately obtained, it was too late to prove of the least service.
6. From the bursting of a blood-vessel, Lieutenant George Carey, of the 24th regt. Bengal Native

- Infantry, son of Richard Carey, Esq. of Newmarket, in his 20th year.
7. In his 19th year, Samuel James, eldest son of Mr. D. V. Riviere, of Cirencester-place, Fitzroy-square.
- In Pulteney-street, Bath, the Rev. William Haverfield, in his 73d year.
8. At Long's Hotel, Bond-street, aged 57, Matthew Russell, Esq. MP. of Brancepeth-castle, in the County of Durham.
- At the house of her son-in-law, Bryanston-square, Sarah, relict of Samuel Virgin, Esq. of Weymouth-street, and of the island of Jamaica.
- At Hampstead, in his 29th year, Dr. John Fraser Clarke, of the Royal East Middlesex Militia.
9. At Langley, Bucks, Elizabeth, second daughter of Maurice Swabey, Esq. DCL.
10. At Poplar, in his 46th year, Robert Glenney, Esq. Lieutenant RN.
- At the house of Major Sneyd, Upper Brook-street, Lieut.-Colonel Brownrig.
11. In Burton Crescent, Margaret Augusta, the wife of Mr. Delacour.
13. At East Malling, Kent, in her 88th year, Mrs. Elizabeth Norris, daughter of John Norris, Esq. formerly of Hempstead, in the same county, and grand-daughter of the Right Hon. Sir John Norris, Vice-Admiral of Great Britain.
- In Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, aged 56, Capt. Charles Warden, many years Commander of a ship in the Jamaica trade.
- At Northwood Rectory, the Rev. Thos. Dalton, DD. Rector of Crisbrook and Northwood, in the Isle of Wight, and of Harting, in Sussex, aged 88.
- At Milton-house, near Peterborough, in her 75th year, after a protracted illness, the Countess Fitzwilliam. Her Ladyship was Charlotte Ponsonby, youngest daughter of William, second Earl of Besborough, and his lady, Caroline Cavendish, eldest daughter of William, third Duke of Devonshire.
15. Aged 62, Charlotte, wife of Samuel Welch, Esq. of Bromley Common, Kent.
17. At Woodland Villa, near Bath, Hugh Smythe, Esq. third son of the late Sir Edward Smythe, Bart. of Acton Burnell, and Mary, daughter of Hugh Lord Clifford. In 1803, Mr. Smythe, married Lucy, second daughter and co-heiress of the late Edward Sulyarde, Esq. of Haughley-Park, Suffolk.
17. In his 70th year, William Merle, Esq. of Collier's Wood, Surrey.
18. At Burton Hall, Yorkshire, in her 25th year, Henrietta, youngest daughter of the late Rev. C. Wyvill.
19. In her 36th year, Mary, the lady of Thomas Belt, Esq. of New Boswell-court, Barrister at Law.
- At Windsor, aged 82, Mrs. Hunter, mother of H. L. Hunter, Esq. of Beechhill, Berks, and of Sir Claudius Hunter.

20. In child-bed, Mrs. Anna Nelson Hoost, eldest daughter of Mr. Turnerelli, the sculptor.

IN IRELAND.

The Rev. Dr. Thomas O'Bierne, Lord Bishop of Meath.

At his house, in Rutland-square, Dublin, his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel.

ABROAD.

- At Tours, in France, aged 19, Mary Jane, eldest daughter of Henry Bache Thornhill, Esq.
- At Valparaiso, aged 22, the Hon. Chas. Legge, Lieut. of his Majesty's ship Conway.
- At St. Petersburg, Dr. James Leighton, jun. of an inflammation of the lungs.
- At Cape Town, on his passage from India, Lieut. Col. John Stuart Jordan, of the 10th Regt. Bombay Infantry, and of Kelso, in Roxburghshire, after 26 years of important services, during which he obtained the repeated thanks of the Governor-General, medals and other distinctions.
- At Paris, aged 80, the celebrated Abbé Sicard, Director of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.
- At Spanish Town, Jamaica, Frank Thompson, Esq. only son of the late James Thompson, MP. for Evesham; in his 26th year.
- At Berhampore, in the East Indies, Captain Thos. Binny, of the 11th Light Dragoons.
- At Brussels, La Comtesse de Bathe Chanoinesse, only sister of the late and aunt of the present Sir James de Bathe, Bart.
- At Murat, Major General Hardyman, brother to Captain Lucius Hardyman, RN. CB. who so gallantly supported the honour of the British Flag in the capture of the French frigate, La Force, off the Sand's Head.
- At St. Vincent, Andrew Rose, Esq. Secretary Register.
- At Bombay, at the house of Alex. Bell, Esq. Member of Council, Thos. Morris Keate, Esq. Judge and Magistrate of Surat, by whose death the Hon. Company has lost, an able and upright servant, and his relatives and connexions a most valuable friend.
- At Benares, Major William Blake, of the 13th Regt. of Native Infantry, Bengal.
- At Paris, Robert Burton, Esq. of Hotham and North Cave, Yorkshire, late Member for Beverley, and eldest son of General Christie Burton.
- At Sea, Captain Thos. Borradaile, of the Hon. E. India Company's ship Inglis, after a long illness, with which he was attacked on leaving China.
- On his journey to Bangalore, whither he was proceeding for the benefit of his health, Sir Samuel Toller, Knt. Advocate General of Madras.
- Thomas Burgh, Esq. of the county of Kildare, and Mr. Watkins, drowned by being upset in a storm, in the Bay of Naples. Mr. B. was nearly related to the Earl of Blessington, and to the Earl of Clancarty.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS, &c.

The Rev. John Thomas, instituted by the Bishop of London, to the Vicarage of Great Burstead, in the County of Essex.—The Archbishop of Dublin (Dr. Beresford) is advanced to the Primacy of Ireland; the Bishop of Raphoe, Dr. Magee, will be Archbishop of Dublin; the Bishop of Downe becomes Archbishop of Cashel; and Archdeacon Bisset is to be Bishop of Downe.—The Rev. W. Upjohn, instituted to the Vicarage of Byham, Norfolk, on the presentation of T. T. Clarke, Esq.—The Rev. T. Hill, MA. of Trinity College, Cambridge, presented by the Dean of Lincoln to the Vicarage of Chesterfield, vacated by the death of the Rev. G. Bossley.—The Rev. W. Vaux, MA. late Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, appointed Chaplain to his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, in the room of the Rev. C. Lloyd, DD. Regius Professor of Divinity.—The Rev. W. B. Whitfield, BD. Fellow of St. John's College, Cam-

bridge, presented by the Master and Fellows of that society, to the Rectory of Lawford, in Essex, vacant by the death of the Rev. W. Wood.—The Rev. H. C. Crespiigny, collated by the Lord Bishop of Norwich, to the Vicarage of Neatishead, vacated by the death of the Rev. A. Barwick.

CAMBRIDGE.—At a full congregation, May 17, a grace passed the senate to present a petition to the House of Lords against the Roman Catholic Peers' Bill.—The Rev. George Palmer, MA. Fellow of Jesus College, presented by the Master and Fellows of that Society, to the Rectory of Harlton, in Cambridgeshire, vacated by the death of the Rev. Dr. E. D. Clarke.

OXFORD.—The venerable C. Daubeney, Bachelor of Civil Law, sometime Fellow of New College, now Fellow of Winchester, and Archdeacon of Sarum, created Doctor in Civil Law, by a decree of convocation.

Kept at the Observatory of the Naval Academy, Gosport.

The units under "Clouds" represent the days on which each modification of cloud has appeared.

Days of the Month	Phases of the Moon.	BAROMETER.			THERMO- METER.			HYGROME- TER.			WINDS.	CLOUDS.						Evaporation in Inches, &c.	Rain in Inches, &c.	
		Max.	Min.	Med.	Max.	Min.	Med.	At 8 AM.	At 2 PM.	At 8 PM.		Cirrus.	Cirro-cumulus.	Cirro-stratus.	Stratus.	Cumulus.	Cumulo-stratus.			Nimbus.
1		30.44	30.40	30.420	53	43	48	62	42	60	N	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
2		30.45	30.38	30.415	54	40	47	60	47	58	N to NE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
3		30.46	30.40	30.430	61	38	49.5	56	48	89	NE to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
4		30.34	30.26	30.300	55	45	50	67	52	65	NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
5		30.20	30.10	30.150	58	40	49	64	43	58	NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
6	○	30.02	29.98	30.000	58	36	47	60	39	52	NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
7		30.08	29.98	30.030	54	39	46.5	61	45	55	N	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
8		30.12	30.08	30.100	54	35	44.5	63	38	65	NE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
9		30.15	30.12	30.135	52	36	44	60	42	65	NE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
10		30.11	30.04	30.075	51	37	44	59	45	74	NE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
11		30.03	29.92	29.975	52	41	46.5	62	49	57	NE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
12		29.83	29.70	29.765	58	40	53.5	70	57	63	E to S	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
13		30.11	29.91	30.010	63	45	54	66	52	66	S to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
14	☾	30.11	30.07	30.090	64	50	57	66	48	60	E to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
15		30.04	30.00	30.020	69	49	59	61	50	86	NE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
16		30.08	29.98	30.030	61	41	51	73	54	90	NE to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
17		30.09	29.87	29.985	57	40	48.5	73	61	78	SE to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
18		29.75	29.75	29.750	58	38	48	68	46	74	N to NW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
19		29.82	29.80	29.810	62	40	51	65	54	74	W to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
20		29.79	29.75	29.770	60	45	52.5	60	56	68	W to S	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
21	●	29.68	29.50	29.590	62	48	55	64	58	88	SE to S	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
22		29.43	29.42	29.425	61	45	53	65	62	77	S to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
23		29.56	29.32	29.440	59	45	52	69	52	69	SW to S	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
24		29.71	29.69	29.700	61	47	54	62	57	68	S to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
25		29.80	29.63	29.715	60	45	52.5	74	52	66	SW to W	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
26		30.15	29.97	30.060	61	48	54.5	58	54	72	W to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
27		30.18	30.06	30.120	63	50	56.5	84	68	80	S to SW	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
28	☾	30.35	30.31	30.330	66	47	56.5	58	54	68	SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
29		30.30	30.27	30.285	66	53	59.5	67	52	70	E to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
30		30.32	30.29	30.305	74	48	60.5	60	48	48	NE to SE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	
		30.46	29.32	30.006	73	35	51.41	64.6	50.1	68.5		22	16	23	24	24	15	3.85	2.570	

The observations in each line of this Table, under Barometer, Thermometer, Wind, and Rain, are for a period of 24 hours, beginning at 8 AM.

RESULTS.

BAROMETER { Maximum..... 30.46 April, 3d, Wind NE.
Minimum..... 29.32 Do. 23d, Do. SW.

Range of the Mercury 1.14

Mean barometrical pressure for the Month 30.006

for the lunar period, ending the 21st instant..... 30.062

for 16 days, with the Moon in North declination 30.120

for 14 days, with the Moon in South declination 30.004

Spaces described by the oscillations of the Mercury 4.410

Greatest variation in 24 hours 0.370

Number of Changes, caused by the variations in the Weight of the Atmosphere..... 19

THERMOMETER { Maximum 73° April 30th, Wind SE.
Minimum 35 Ditto 8th, Do. NE.

Range..... 38

Mean temperature of the Air 51.41

for 20 days with the Sun in Aries 49.65

Greatest variation in 24 hours..... 25.00

Mean temperature of spring water at 8 AM..... 50.96

DE LUC'S WHALEBONE HYGROMETER.

Greatest humidity of the Air 90° in the evening of the 16th.

Greatest dryness of Ditto 38 in the afternoon of the 8th.

Range of the Index 52

Mean at 2 o'clock PM. 50.1

at 8 Do. .. AM. 64.6

at 8 Do. .. PM. 68.5

of 3 observations each day at 8, 2, and 8 o'clock 61.2

Evaporation for the month 3.850 inch.

Rain for Ditto with the gauge near the ground..... 2.570 ditto.

Ditto with ditto 23 feet high 2.270 ditto.

Prevailing Winds, NE.

A SUMMARY OF THE WEATHER.

A clear sky, 2½; fine, with various modifications of clouds, 16; an overcast sky without rain, 6½; rain, 5—Total, 30 days.

CLOUDS.

Cirrus, Cirro-cumulus, Cirro-stratus, Stratus, Cumulus, Cumulo-stratus, Nimbus.
22 16 23 — 24 24 15

A SCALE OF THE PREVAILING WINDS.

N	NE	E	SE	S	SW	W	NW	Days.
3	7	2	3½	4	4½	2	4	30

OBSERVATIONS ON THE WEATHER,

FOR APRIL, 1822.

Naval Academy, Gosport.

GENERAL REPORT.

The former and latter part of this month was fair, with easterly winds; and the intermediate time alternately wet and dry. The quantity evaporated is equal to that of some summer months; yet, from the prevailing NE. winds and slight frost, which we anticipated in our last report, the mean temperature of the air was not progressive as through the winter season, but rather retarded: however, it is $1\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ above the mean of April for many years past. As a natural consequence of the NE. winds, the mean temperature of spring water is a quarter of a degree below that of last month, which, as it respects the advance of the spring, is retrograde. The swallows arrived here on the 27th instant, twelve days later than their arrival last year. The mean of the hygrometer, as well as the great evaporation, shows that the air was very dry on fair days; and the mercury in the barometer was uniform and gentle in its elevations and depressions. We do not remember seeing, for many years past, a

greater assemblage of millepedes, slugs, snails, and worms, than now infest the ground (the caterpillars, too, are rapidly increasing in number); and they have been very voracious and destructive of the young garden plants, where precaution was not taken to get rid of them. Their numerous appearance was expected after the sun's rays had acquired power to warm the ground, from there having been scarcely any penetrating frost through the autumnal and winter months. Some blighty vapours have visited this place, but the succeeding rains have kept the profuse fruit blossoms clean and healthy.

The atmospheric and meteoric phenomena that have come within our observation this month, are 2 *antheia*, 3 *parhelias*, 5 solar, and 2 lunar halos, 3 meteors, 5 rainbows, hoar frost on eight different mornings, and 4 gales of wind, or days on which they have prevailed, namely, 2 from NE., 1 from S., and 1 from SW.

DAILY REMARKS.

April 1. A slight frost early, and fair, with a brisk and very dry wind from the north.

2. A fine day, with a brisk NE. wind: overcast by night.

3. AM. overcast, and nearly opposite winds: PM. fine, with plumose *Cirri*, which, after diverging to their greatest extent, descended, and passed to *Cirrostratus* after sunset, when they had a very red tinge. A lunar halo appeared for several hours about 7° in diameter, composed of three rings of colours, viz. yellow immediately round the moon, green and red.

4. Overcast with *Cumulostratus*, and a light breeze from NW.

5. Sunshine through the openings of *Cumulostratus* clouds, which, in accumulating, let fall a few drops of rain at noon: a fine night.

6. Fair, with a dry wind, and various modifications of clouds; the passing *Cirrocumuli* in close white flocks had a fine appearance by moonlight.

7. A light hoar frost by sunrise, and a fair day: heavy *Cumulostratus* by night, and a NE. wind.

8. Fair, but a cold NE. wind, and a few drops of rain from an inoculation of the clouds at noon.

9. A slight hoar frost early; and the day and night as the preceding. At 4 PM. a faint but perfect *antheion* appeared opposite to, and nearly of the same altitude

as the sun, upon a dense *Cumulostratus* cloud.

10. A slight hoar frost early, followed by a hard gale from the NE., with a sinking barometer, and the day mostly overcast with *Cumulostratus*: a shower of rain in the evening, and one trained meteor; and a clear sky by night.

11. A continuation of the very dry NE. gale (see evaporation column). AM. fair. PM. a solar halo, followed by an overcast sky, and rain in the night.

12. AM. overcast with *Cumulostratus*: sunshine in the afternoon, and a rainbow, whose apex was only a few degrees above the horizon: rain in the night.

13. A fair day, with a strong breeze from SW.: overcast by night with attenuated *Cirrostratus*, through which the stars were visible.

14. Calm with faint sunshine, then an attenuated veil of *Cirrostratus*, in which a solar halo appeared: cloudy and light rain at intervals by night.

15. AM. overcast and opposite winds, the upper one from SW.: PM. steady rain.

16. AM. light rain and wind from NE.: PM. fine, with one *antheion*, calm, and much dew.

17. Sunshine with *Cirrocumulus*, &c. and a variable wind, besides an upper current from the westward: the night as the preceding.

18. Hoar frost early, and a fine morning, with linear and plumose *Cirri*, *Cirro-cumuli*, and opposite winds, the upper one from SW.: PM. mostly overcast with *Cirrostratus*.

19. Hoar frost early, and a fine day and night, except a little light rain at noon.

20. Hoar frost early, and a fair day, with various modifications of clouds: rain by night.

21. Two coloured *parhelia* with white trains at 8 AM. formed in very light cirrostrative haze, (not a perceptible cloud) their respective altitudes being 24° , and their radii from the sun's centre 24° ; nearly afterwards a solar halo: PM. steady rain, and a gale from the south in the night.

22. A fine day, with a solar halo and a parhelion; heavy showers of rain after sunset.

23. Two rainbows early, and light showers of rain, followed by a fair day and night, and a freshening wind. The unilluminated part of the moon's disc reflected a bright copper-colour this and the two following evenings, till she set.

24. AM. fine, but windy: PM. showery and two rainbows. The dark part of the

moon's disc was much brighter this evening than last.

25. AM. light rain and a gale from SW. PM. fine.

26. A sunny day, with a solar halo in the afternoon, and a lunar halo in the evening: overcast with attenuated *Cirrostratus* by night, followed by rain.

27. AM. light rain and wind from the southward: gleams of sunshine in the afternoon, and overcast by night. Several swallows appeared here in the afternoon from the southward for the first time this spring, which is not so early as was expected from the mildness of the season, being 12 days later than they first appeared last spring.

28. AM. overcast and misty: a sunny afternoon, and a shrouded sky after sunset, followed by dew.

29. Fair, with distant *Cirri*, nascent *Cumuli*, and hot sunshine, till late in the afternoon: a clear sky after sunset.

30. A cloudless day and night (except a few small *Cumulus* clouds at noon), and a brisk gale from NE. The sunshine was unusually hot to-day for the latter end of April, the thermometer in the sun's rays having risen to 98° .

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Paris. 17 May.	Hamburg. 14 May.	Amsterdam 14 May.	Vienna. 4 May.	Nuremberg 9 May.	Berlin. 11 May.	Naples. 19 April.	Leipsig. 3 May.	Bremen 13 May.
London ...	25-20	36-6	40-6	9-54	fl. 10-1	6-23	584	6-16 $\frac{3}{4}$	613
Paris	—	26 $\frac{1}{8}$	58	118 $\frac{3}{4}$	fr. 119 $\frac{1}{2}$	83 $\frac{1}{4}$	22-95	—	17 $\frac{1}{2}$
Hamburg .	182	—	35	145 $\frac{1}{4}$	146	153	42	147	134
Amsterdam	57 $\frac{7}{8}$	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	137 $\frac{1}{8}$	138 $\frac{3}{4}$	144 $\frac{1}{2}$	47-50	139 $\frac{1}{4}$	126 $\frac{1}{2}$
Vienna ...	251	146 $\frac{3}{8}$	36	—	40	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	58-10	100 $\frac{1}{4}$	—
Franckfort.	3 $\frac{7}{8}$	147 $\frac{1}{8}$	35 $\frac{1}{2}$	99 $\frac{1}{4}$	100	103 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	100	111
Augsburg .	250	146 $\frac{3}{4}$	36	99 $\frac{3}{4}$	99 $\frac{3}{4}$	104 $\frac{1}{8}$	57-75	100 $\frac{1}{2}$	—
Genoa	473	82 $\frac{3}{4}$	89 $\frac{1}{8}$	61 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	—	19-5	—	—
Leipsig	—	—	—	99 $\frac{1}{8}$	99 $\frac{1}{4}$	104 $\frac{1}{8}$	—	—	111
Leghorn ...	511	88 $\frac{1}{4}$	98	57	—	—	—	—	—
Lisbon ...	557	37 $\frac{1}{4}$	41	—	—	—	49-30	—	—
Cadiz	15-50	93 $\frac{3}{8}$	102 $\frac{3}{4}$	—	—	—	—	—	—
Naples ...	431	—	82 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	—	—	—	—	—
Bilbao ...	15-50	—	102	—	—	—	—	—	—
Madrid ...	15-60	94 $\frac{1}{2}$	103 $\frac{3}{4}$	—	—	—	—	—	—
Oporto	557	37 $\frac{1}{8}$	41 $\frac{1}{8}$	—	—	—	—	—	—

COURSES OF FOREIGN EXCHANGE AT

ON	Franckfort. 13 May.	Breslaw. 8 May.	Stockholm. 3 May.	Petersburg. 26 April.	Riga. 26 April.	Antwerp 15 May.	Madrid. 27 April.	Lisbon. 27 April.
London	152	6-22 $\frac{1}{4}$	11-32	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 $\frac{11}{16}$	39-11	—	51 $\frac{1}{4}$
Paris	80 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	22 $\frac{1}{2}$	100 $\frac{1}{4}$	—	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	548
Hamburg	147 $\frac{1}{4}$	151 $\frac{1}{2}$	121 $\frac{3}{4}$	8 $\frac{3}{4}$	8 $\frac{1}{4}$	34 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	38 $\frac{1}{4}$
Amsterdam .	139 $\frac{1}{2}$	144 $\frac{1}{4}$	115 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 $\frac{3}{4}$	9 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	—	42 $\frac{1}{2}$
Genoa	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	2820

MARKETS.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

From April 30 to May 21.

Amsterdam, C. F.....	12-5	12-8
Ditto at sight	12-2	12-5
Rotterdam, 2 U.....	12-6	12-9
Antwerp	12-1	12-3
Hamburgh, 2½ U	37-2	37-6
Altona, 2½ U.....	37-3	37-7
Paris, 3 days' sight.....	25-20	25-30
Ditto.. 2 U	25-50	25-60
Bordeaux	25-50	25-60
Frankfort on the Main }	154	155
Ex. M..... }		
Petersburg, ruble, 3 Us....	9	
Vienna, cf. flo. 2 M	10-10	10-12
Trieste ditto	10-10	10-12
Madrid, effective ...	37	
Cadiz, effective.....	36½	
Bilboa	36½	
Barcelona	36	
Seville	36½	
Gibraltar.....	30½	
Leghorn	47½	48½
Genoa	44	44½
Venice, Ital. Liv.....	27-60	
Malta	45	
Naples	40	40½
Palermo, per oz.	118	
Lisbon.....	50½	50½
Oporto	51	51½
Rio Janeiro	46	
Bahia	51	
Dublin	9½	
Cork	9½	

PRICES OF BULLION.

At per Ounce.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Portugal gold, in coin	0	0	0	0	0	0
Foreign gold, in bars	3	17	10½	0	0	0
New doubloons	3	15	0	3	14	6
New dollars	0	4	9½	0	0	0
Silver, in bars, stand.	0	4	11½	0	0	0

The above Tables contain the highest and the lowest prices.

Average Price of Raw Sugar, exclusive of Duty, 32s. 11½d.

Bread.

Highest price of the best wheaten bread in London 9½d. the quartern loaf.

Potatoes per Ton in Spitalfields.

Kidneys	£0	0	0	to	0	0	0
Champions ...	0	0	0	to	0	0	0
Oxnobles.....	0	0	0	to	0	0	0
Apples.....	0	0	0	to	0	0	0

HIGHEST AND LOWEST PRICES OF COALS (IN THE POOL),

In each Week, from April 29, to May 20.

	April 29.	May 6.	May 13.	May 20.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Newcastle.	32 6 to 41 0	30 0 to 39 9	30 0 to 38 3	31 0 to 35 3
Sunderland	31 6 to 41 6	31 6 to 41 6	31 0 to 41 0	0 0 to 0 0

AVERAGE PRICE OF CORN

IN THE TWELVE MARITIME DISTRICTS.

By the Quarter of 8 Winchester Bushels, from the Returns in the Weeks ending

	April.	April.	May.	May.
	20	27	4	11
Wheat	44 2	44 7	45 7	46 8
Rye -	19 8	18 7	19 5	20 8
Barley	18 10	17 11	17 7	17 5
Oats	16 1	16 3	16 5	17 4
Beans	21 11	21 1	21 4	22 4
Peas	16 1	21 11	22 8	22 11

Corn and Pulse imported into the Port of London from April 22, to May 18.

	English	Irish	Foreign	Total
Wheat	28,558	438	—	28,996
Barley	17,094	—	—	17,094
Oats	43,400	1,420	1,179	45,999
Rye	154	—	—	154
Beans	6,268	—	—	6,268
Pease	1,707	—	—	1,707
Malt	21,737	Qrs.;	Flour 83,690	Sacks.

Foreign Flour 130 barrels.

Price of Hops per cwt. in the Borough.

Kent, New bags ...	50s. to 84s.
Sussex, ditto	50s. to 65s.
Essex, ditto	0s. to 0s.
Yearling Bags	0s. to 0s.
Kent, New Pockets	56s. to 80s.
Sussex, ditto	50s. to 70s.
Essex, ditto	0s. to 0s.
Farnham, ditto	0s. to 0s.
Yearling Pockets ...	0s. to 0s.

Average Price per Load of

	Hay.	Clover.	Straw.
	£. s.	£. s.	£. s.
Smithfield.			
3 0 to 4	0..4	0 to 4	10..1 6 to 1 16
Whitechapel.			
3 10 to 4	0..3	18 to 5	0..1 8 to 1 16
St. James's.			
3 0 to 4	6..3	4 to 4	8..1 7 to 1 17

Meat by Carcase, per Stone of 8lb. at

Newgate.—Beef	1s. 8d. to 2s. 8d.
Mutton...1s.	8d. to 2s. 4d.
Veal....2s.	8d. to 4s. 0d.
Pork....2s.	0d. to 4s. 0d.
Lamb...4s.	0d. to 4s. 4d.
Leadenhall.—Beef....	1s. 8d. to 2s. 8d.
Mutton...1s.	10d. to 2s. 4d.
Veal ...2s.	8d. to 4s. 4d.
Pork1s.	8d. to 4s. 0d.
Lamb...4s.	0d. to 4s. 8d.

Cattle sold at Smithfield from April 26, to May 20, both inclusive.

Beasts.	Calves.	Sheep.	Pigs.
10,775	1,758	122,220	1,630

ACCOUNT OF CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, INSURANCE AND GAS-LIGHT
COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, &c.

By Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, 'Change-Alley, Cornhill.

(May 21st, 1822.)

	Per Share.	Annual Div.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.		Per Share.	Annual Div.	No. of Shares.	Shares of.
Canals.	£. s.	£. s.		£.	Bridges.	£. s.	£. s.		£.
Andover.....	5	—	350	100	Southwark	20	—	7356	100
Ashby-de-la-Zouch	16	—	1482	100	Do. new	58	7½ p.c.	1700	50
Ashton and Oldham	100	4	1760	—	Vauxhall	15	—	3000	100
Basingstoke	6	—	1260	100	Do. Promissory Notes	100	5	54,000l.	—
Do. Bonds	40	2	54,000l.	—	Waterloo	5	—	5000	100
Birmingham (divided)	600	24	2000	25	— Annuities of 8l.	33	—	5000	60
Bolton and Bury	95	5	477	250	— Annuities of 7l.	26	—	5000	40
Brecknock & Abergavenny	80	4	958	150	— Bonds	102	5	60,000l.	—
Chelmer and Blackwater	93	5	400	100	Roads.				
Chesterfield	120	8	1500	100	Barking	30	—	300	100
Coventry	1000	443	500	100	Commercial	105	5	1000	100
Croydon	2	—	4546	100	— East-India				
Derby	135	6	600	100	Branch	100	5	—	100
Dudley	63	3	2060½	100	Great Dover Street	40	1 19	492	100
Ellesmere and Chester	61	3	3575½	133	Highgate Archway	4	—	2323	50
Erewash	1000	58	231	100	Croydon Railway	—	1	1000	65
Forth and Clyde	470	20	1297	100	Surrey Do.	—	1	1000	60
Gloucester and Berkeley, old Share	—	—	1960	100	Severn and Wye Do.	31 10	1 6	3762	50
Do. optional Loan	—	—	—	60	Water Works.				
Grand Junction	245	9	11,815½	100	East London	100	—	3800	100
Grand Surrey	55	3	1521	100	Grand Junction	55 10	2 10	4500	50
Do. Loan	101 10	5	60,000l.	—	Kent	31	1 10	2000	100
Grand Union	21	—	2849½	100	London Bridge	50	2 10	1500	—
Do. Loan	100	5	19,327½	100	South London	30	—	800	100
Grand Western	3	—	3096	100	West Middlesex	55	25	7540	—
Grantham	145	8	749	150	York Buildings	24	—	1360	100
Huddersfield	13 10	—	6312	100	Insurances.				
Kennet and Avon	18 10	16	25,328	100	Albion	50	2 10	2000	600
Lancaster	27	1	11,699½	100	Atlas	4 15	6	25,000	50
Leeds and Liverpool	360	12	2,879½	100	Bath	575	40	—	—
Leicester	290	14	545	—	Birmingham	300	25	300	1000
Leicester & Northampton Union	82	4	1895	100	British	50	3	—	250
Loughborough	3400	170	70	—	County	40	2 10	4000	100
Melton Mowbray	221	11	250	100	Eagle	2 12 6	—	40,000	50
Mersey and Irwell	—	30	—	—	European	20	1	50,000	20
Monmouthshire	165	10	2409	100	Globe	133	6	1,000,000l.	100
Do. Debentures	100	5	43,526½	100	Guardian	10	—	—	100
Montgomeryshire	70	2 10	700	100	Hope	4 5	6	40,000	50
Neath	420	25	247	—	Imperial	93	4 10	2300	500
North Wilts	—	—	1770	25	London	27	1 4	3900	25
Nottingham	200	12	500	150	London Ship	19	1	31,000	25
Oxford	670	32	1720	100	Provident	17	18	2500	100
Peak Forest	70	3	2400	100	Rock	1 18	2	100,000	20
Portsmouth and Arundel ..	40	—	2520	50	Royal Exchange	260	10	745,100l.	—
Regent's	31 10	—	12,294	—	Sun Fire	—	8 10	—	—
Rochdale	52 10	2	5681	100	Sun Life	23 10	10	4000	100
Shrewsbury	170	9 10	500	125	Union	40	1 8	1500	200
Shropshire	125	7	500	125	Gas Lights.				
Somerset Coal	107 10	7	771	50	Gas Light and Coke (Char- tered Company)	71	4	8000	50
Stafford, & Worcestershire ..	700	40	700	140	Do. New Shares	65	3 12	4000	50
Stourbridge	210	9	300	145	City Gas Light Company ..	113	—	1000	100
Stratford on Avon	11	—	3647	—	Do. New	60	—	1000	100
Stroudwater	495	22	—	100	Bath Gas	17	16	2500	20
Swansea	180	10	533	100	Brighton Gas	20	—	1500	20
Tavistock	90	—	350	100	Bristol	26 10	1 14	2500	20
Thames and Medway	20	—	2670	—	Literary Institutions.				
Trent & Mersey, or Grand Trunk	—	75	1300	200	London	27	—	1000	75gs
Warwick and Birmingham ..	220	10	1000	100	Russel	10 10	—	700	25gs
Warwick and Napton	210	9	980	100	Surrey	5	—	700	30gs
Wilts and Berks	4 10	—	14,288	—	Miscellaneous.				
Wisbeach	60	—	126	105	Auction Mart	22	1 5	1080	50
Worcester and Birmingham ..	25	1	6000	—	British Copper Company ..	52	2 10	1397	100
Docks.					Golden Lane Brewery	10	—	2299	80
Bristol	14	—	2209	146	Do.	6	—	3447	50
Do. Notes	100	5	268,324l.	100	London Commercial Sale ..	15	1	2000	150
Commercial	80	3	3132	100	Rooms	15	4	—	—
East-India	160	8	450,000l.	100	Carnatic Stock, 1st Class ..	90	3	—	—
East Country	31	—	1038	100	Do.	74	3	—	—
London	108	4	3,114,000l.	100	City Bonds	—	5	—	—
West-India	185	10	1,200,000l.	100					

Daily Price of Stocks, from 25th April to 25th May.

1822	Bank St.	3 p. Cent. Reduced.	3 p. Cent. Consols.	3 1/2 p. Cent.	4 p. Cent.	New 4 p. Cent.	5 p. Cent. Navy.	Long Annuities.	Imperial 3 p. Cent.	Omnium.	India St.	India Bonds.	South Sea Stock.	Excheq. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
Apr.															
25	239	77 1/2	78 1/2	88 1/2	94 1/2	95	102 1/2	19 3/4	—	—	241	—	—	3 5	78 1/2
26	240	77 3/4	78 3/4	88 3/4	94 3/4	—	102 3/4	19 3/4	—	—	—	58	87 1/2	2 5	78 3/4
27	239	77 1/2	78 1/2	88 1/2	94 1/2	—	102 1/2	19 3/4	—	—	241	58	—	3 5	78 1/2
29	238	77 1/2	78 1/2	—	94 1/2	95 1/2	102 1/2	19 3/4	—	—	—	58	—	3 5	78 1/2
30	238	77 1/2	78 1/2	—	94 1/2	95 1/2	102 1/2	19 3/4	—	—	242	56	—	2 5	78 1/2
May															
1	236	77 1/2	78 1/2	—	—	—	—	19 3/4	—	—	—	55	—	2 4	78 1/2
2	237 1/2	77 3/4	78 3/4	88 1/2	94 1/2	95 1/2	102 1/2	19 3/4	77 1/2	—	—	55	88 1/2	par 3	79 1/2
3	238	78 1/2	79	89 1/2	94 1/2	—	102 3/4	19 3/4	—	—	—	54	89	1 4	79 1/2
4	239 1/2	78 3/4	79 1/2	89 1/2	94 1/2	—	102 1/2	19 3/4	—	—	—	54	—	1 3	79 1/2
6	239 1/2	77 3/4	78 3/4	89 1/2	94 1/2	—	102 1/2	19 3/4	—	—	243 1/2	57	—	1 4	79 1/2
7	240	78 1/2	79 1/2	89 1/2	94 1/2	95 1/2	102 1/2	19 3/4	—	—	—	60	—	1 4	79 1/2
8	240	78 1/2	79 1/2	89 1/2	94 1/2	—	102 1/2	19 3/4	77 1/2	—	243	59	88 1/2	1 4	79 1/2
9	239 1/2	78 1/2	79 1/2	89 1/2	94 1/2	—	102 1/2	19 3/4	—	—	—	58	88 1/2	1 4	78 1/2
10	238 1/2	77 3/4	78 3/4	88 1/2	94 1/2	—	102 1/2	19 3/4	77 1/2	—	—	56	89	1 4	78 1/2
11	238 1/2	77 3/4	78 3/4	—	94 1/2	—	102 1/2	19 3/4	76 1/2	—	—	55	—	2 pld	78 1/2
13	239	77 3/4	78 3/4	—	94 1/2	—	102 1/2	19 3/4	—	—	242 1/2	52	94	ld p	78 1/2
14	238 1/2	77 3/4	78 3/4	88 1/2	94 1/2	—	102 1/2	19 3/4	—	—	—	51	90	3 2d	79
15	240	77 3/4	78 3/4	88 1/2	94 1/2	—	102 1/2	19 3/4	77 1/2	—	—	—	—	2d1p	79 1/2
16	—	78 1/2	79 1/2	89 1/2	94 1/2	—	102 1/2	19 3/4	—	—	—	50	—	ld2p	79 1/2
17	240	78 1/2	79 1/2	89 1/2	94 1/2	—	102 1/2	19 3/4	77 1/2	—	—	52	—	ld1p	79 1/2
18	—	78 1/2	79 1/2	89 1/2	94 1/2	—	102 1/2	19 3/4	—	—	—	—	—	lp1d	79 1/2
20	240 1/2	78 1/2	79 1/2	89 1/2	94 1/2	95 1/2	102 1/2	19 3/4	—	—	—	53	—	p 2p	80 1/2
21	240	78 1/2	79 1/2	89 1/2	94 1/2	—	102 1/2	19 3/4	77 1/2	—	243 1/2	55	—	p 3p	80 1/2
22	240	78 1/2	79 1/2	89 1/2	94 1/2	95 1/2	102 1/2	19 3/4	—	—	243 1/2	55	90	1 3	80
23	240	78 1/2	79 1/2	89 1/2	94 1/2	—	102 1/2	19 3/4	77 1/2	—	—	—	—	1 3	79 1/2
24	—	78 1/2	79 1/2	89 1/2	94 1/2	shut.	—	19 3/4	—	—	—	55	—	3p p	80 1/2
25	—	78 1/2	79 1/2	89 1/2	94 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

IRISH FUNDS.

	Bank Stock.	Government De- benture, 3 1/2 per ct.	Government Stock, 3 1/2 per ct.	Government De- benture, 4 per ct.	Government Stock, 4 per ct.	Government De- benture, 5 per ct.	Government Stock, 5 per ct.	City Debentures.	Grand Canal Loan, 4 per cent.	Grand Canal Stock, 6 per cent.	Royal Canal St.
Apr.											
25	244 1/2	88 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	102 1/2	102 1/2	—	72	—	—
29	—	88 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	102 1/2	102 1/2	—	71 1/2	—	—
May											
1	244 1/2	88 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	101 1/2	101 1/2	—	71 1/2	28 1/2	—
4	243 1/2	89 1/2	89 1/2	—	—	102 1/2	102 1/2	—	71 1/2	23	—
9	—	90 1/2	89 1/2	—	—	102 1/2	102 1/2	101	—	—	—
11	245 1/2	90 1/2	89 1/2	—	—	102 1/2	102 1/2	97	—	—	—
15	244 1/2	90	89 1/2	—	—	102 1/2	102 1/2	—	71 1/2	—	—
18	245 1/2	90 1/2	89 1/2	—	—	—	103	—	—	23	—

Prices of the FRENCH FUNDS, From April 27 to May 20.

	5 per Cent.	Bank Actions.
Apr.		
30	87	60
May		
1	88	—
4	87	95
6	88	20
9	87	75
11	88	15
13	88	25
15	88	40
17	88	35
20	88	45

AMERICAN FUNDS.

	IN LONDON.						NEW YORK.		
	May 7	10	14	17	21	24	April 6	16	May 1
Bank Shares.....	22-10	22-10	22-10	22-10	22-10	22	113	110	105
6 per cent.....	1812....	—	—	—	—	—	106	102 1/2	103
	1813....	—	—	95	95	—	107	104	103 1/2
	1814....	—	—	—	98	—	108	106	106
	1815....	—	—	101 1/2	101 1/2	—	109	109	108 1/2
5 per cent.....	1821....	96	96	96	96	—	107	—	—

By J. M. Richardson, Stock-broker, 23, Cornhill.

